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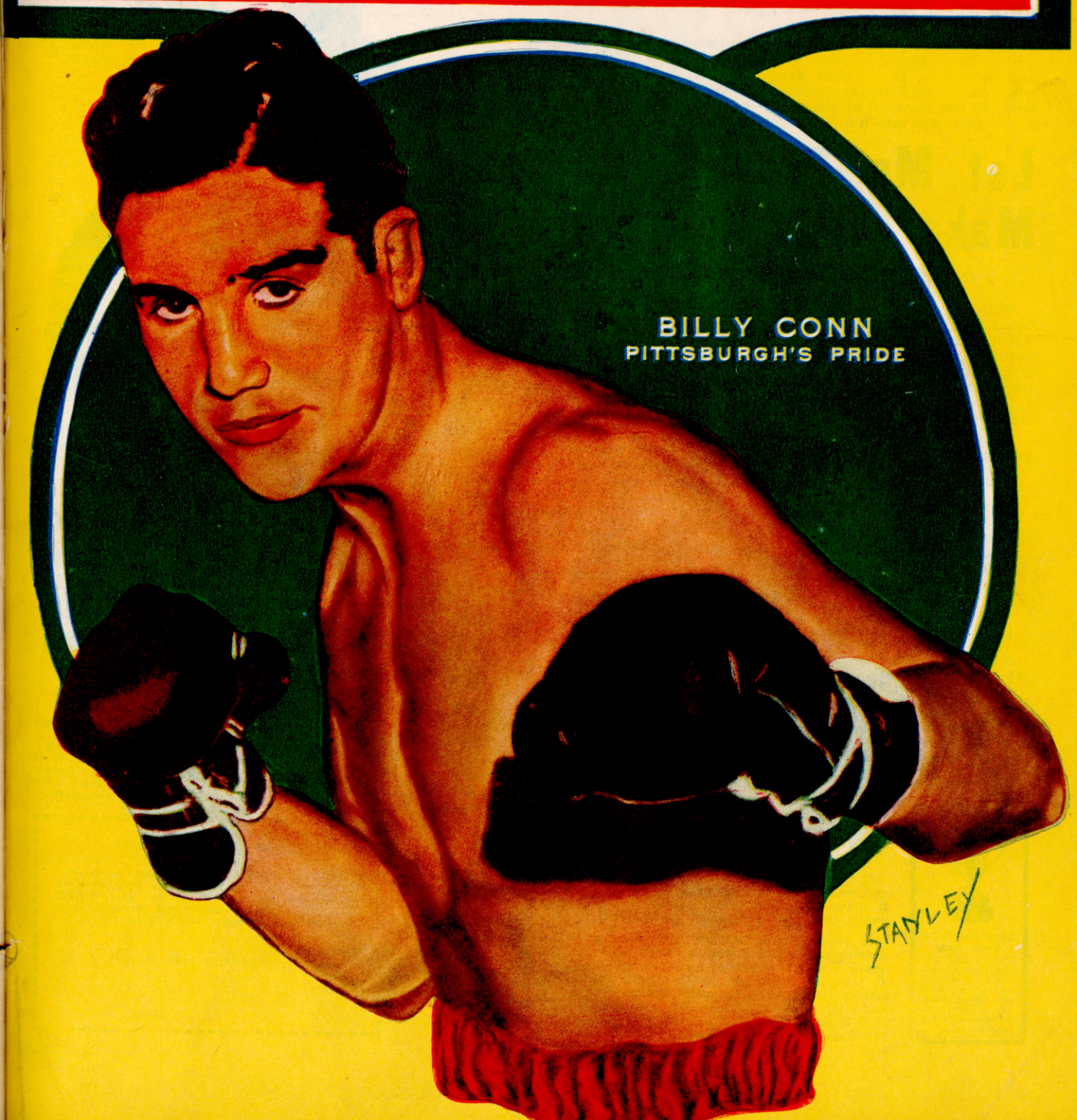

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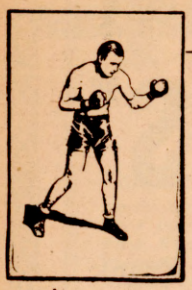

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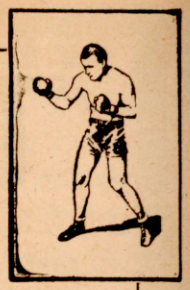

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In Our Next Issue

The winter program. An article on the indoor season that will give you the lowdown on those who will take part in the leading bouts this winter.

Mike Jacobs has arranged a splendid dish for New York fight fans. With the war in Europe halting all boxing, New York will be the mecca for fisticuffs this winter.

A few weeks ago one of the world's most famous boxing writers, Bob Edgren, passed into the Great Beyond. Bob and his son were frequent contributors to this publication. The Ring will honor Bob Edgren with an article by his son, "Memories of a Great Sports Writer."

Ring readers will enjoy this intimate story of the man who did much to shape the career of many star pugilists.

Half a century has passed since James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan fought their memorable battle at New Orleans in which Gentleman Jim won the heavyweight crown. Times flies! Many changes have taken place in boxing since the first championship bout with gloves took place. Hype Igoe, a veteran scribe, takes you over that long stretch in an interesting story, "Fifty Years Ago."

These and feature articles by The Ring staff—Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, A. D. Phillips and Eddie Borden.

In addition news from all parts of the world. Read what's going on among the boxers in battle-scarred Europe. You'll find all in the next issue.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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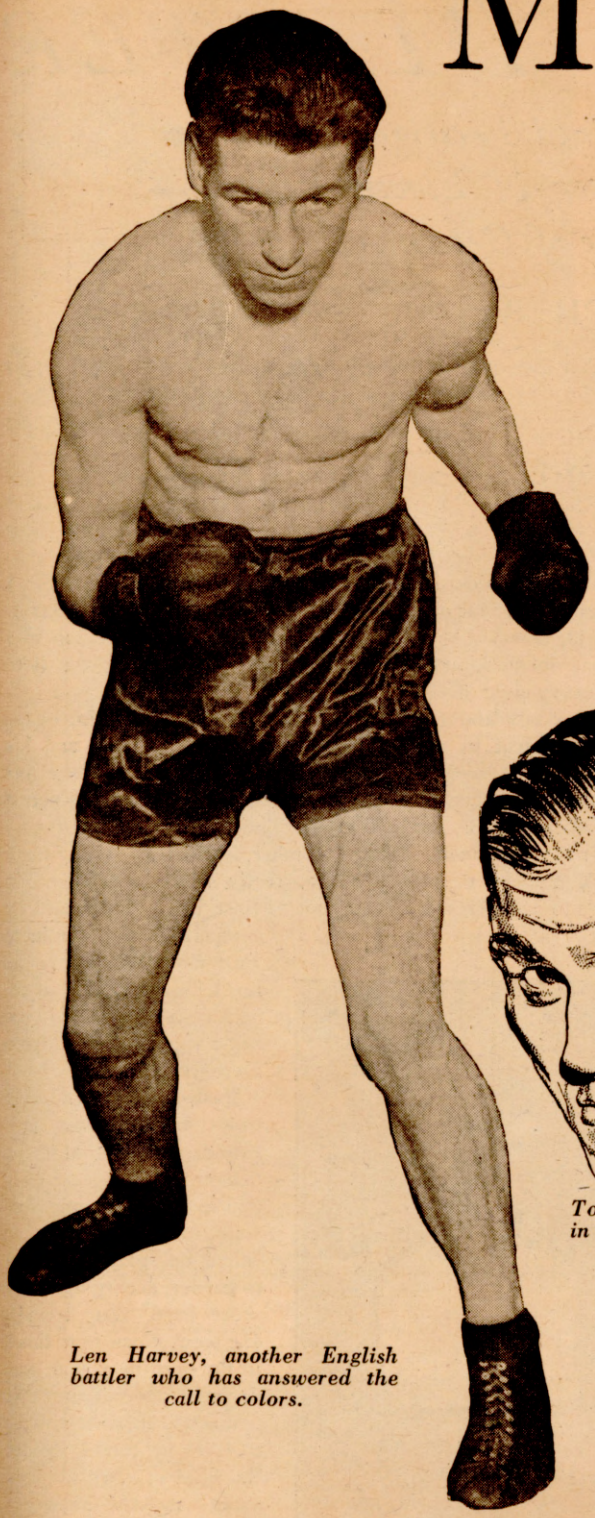
Mr. Boxer Sees It Through

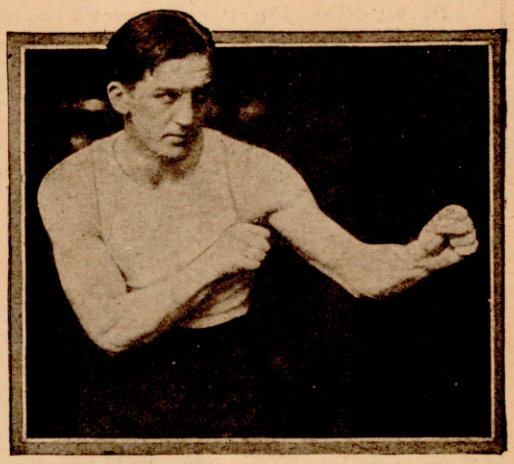
Fine Response of Professional Scrappers to National Calls — Farr, Harvey Carpentier Known to be in Service

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Len Harvey, another English battler who has answered the call to colors.

Tommy Farr, who is in the Royal Air Force.



Georges Carpentier, veteran of first World War, who has gone back for more.

OVER on the other side men are marching, planes are flying, guns are roaring. There is a war. And when there is a war, can boxers be far behind?

Among the first of the ringmen to get into action in the conflict were Tommy Farr and Len Harvey, who enlisted in the Royal Air Force. Georges Carpentier, who came to the United States for his fight with Jack Dempsey fresh from World War service in the French Air Force, is back with that arm of the service.

Soon after Germany marched into Poland, Max Schmeling got into an army uniform. He is an observer for the artillery service.

Other battlers over on the other side are getting into various branches of their national service from day to day. It is impossible to keep track of the enlistments, as secrecy attends all personal and mass moves over there.

Suffice it to say that boxing is sure to uphold its end in patriotism, in response to national call, no matter in which cause.

It isn't, as some folks believe, that boxers are belligerent birds, running around looking for a fight. As a matter of cold fact, your 1939 boxer is the most peace-loving man in the world. He knows what it means to be hurt, what it means to stand up and give and take, and he appreciates the blessings of peace.

Your army and navy man is not the jingo. The war-monger is the bird with stooped shoulders and flat feet, who wants to egg on those who can fight, those who would respond in a moment of national emergency.

And so the big guns boom across Europe, and boxing's splendid man power dashes off to the skirling of the pipes, to soul-stirring beat of drums, to the call of national survival.

It's a pity that all this fine man power should be thrown into the maws of Mars. But there is a fight, and fighters feel it is their's not to wonder why, their's but to do or die—and they march and they fly.

It's a pity that Farr should have to give up his intention to go back to the ring. It's a shame that after his long career as a belligerent in war and in the ring, Gorgeous Georges should have to go to battle once again.

But they go. It's always been that way. From away back. In our own Civil War, our boxers were among the first to enlist. Our ringsters did their duty in the World War, and so did those of England and France. At that time, boxing in Germany did not amount to much.

There is no need to go over the ring careers of those who have answered the call. There is need only to acclaim their acceptance of a duty, their recognition of their obligations to country, to self—and to Boxing.

(Continued on page 44)

LOUIS STILL MASTER

World Heavyweight Champion Gained Prestige by Manner in Which He Disposed of Bob Pastor in Eleven Rounds— Sets Record for Defense of Crown

By NAT FLEISCHER

ANOTHER world heavyweight championship fight has been decided and again the defending title-holder rests comfortably on his high perch—the undisputed king of his domain. Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber from Detroit, for the eighth time since he gained the laurels by knocking out Jimmy Braddock in Chicago, successfully defended his crown, this time Bob Pastor, New York State champion, being the victim. In 38 seconds of the eleventh round Bob was counted out by Referee Sam Hennessey at Briggs Stadium in Detroit, but not until he gave Joe the toughest battle he has had since he won the championship, not excepting Joe's fifteen-round affair with Tommy Farr.

The quest is on again. The man who controls boxing in America, Mike Jacobs, is on the hunt again for a fellow who will rate as a good drawing card against Joe Louis. Here, there and everywhere, the same query is being asked in boxing circles—who is there who can beat the Brown Bomber?

The situation, so far as the heavyweight class is concerned, is a grave one, but it wouldn't be so if the fight game had a free hand as in the past; if promoters were permitted to promote and managers could manage new, growing talent, without strings attached. We may find the man who can lick Louis, but it's going to take a long time—just so long as the Detroit Slugger continues to keep in his present form.

But the task would be simplified if the one-man monopoly in boxing in America were broken and the sport were turned back to those to whom it belongs. Under the present monopoly rule, boxers who show the least semblance of championship calibre, are grabbed by Mike Jacobs. Their activity is throttled, because Uncle Mike is afraid to risk defeat at the hands of some mediocre opponent, and thus the boy who might have a chance to develop properly, and whose contests against such talent in various parts of the country for minor promoters would help to develop the sport, is shoved into the background. There he is kept until a spot is found for him at a club in which Mike Jacobs has some interest.

How long can this go on? It isn't fair and the sooner this monopoly is broken by concerted action on the part of American promoters, managers and boxers, the better.

* * *

ANOTHER world heavyweight championship fight has gone down into ring history, and the aftermath finds us arguing, pro and con, on the merits of Louis, the champion, those of Pastor, the defeated, courageous challenger and those who might now be considered as a possible opponent for the knockout king of pugilism. Out of the mass of arguments, comes one unanimous point, however—that Bob Pastor did a man's size job in a man's size manner, and came out, despite his defeat, the hero of the heavyweight division.

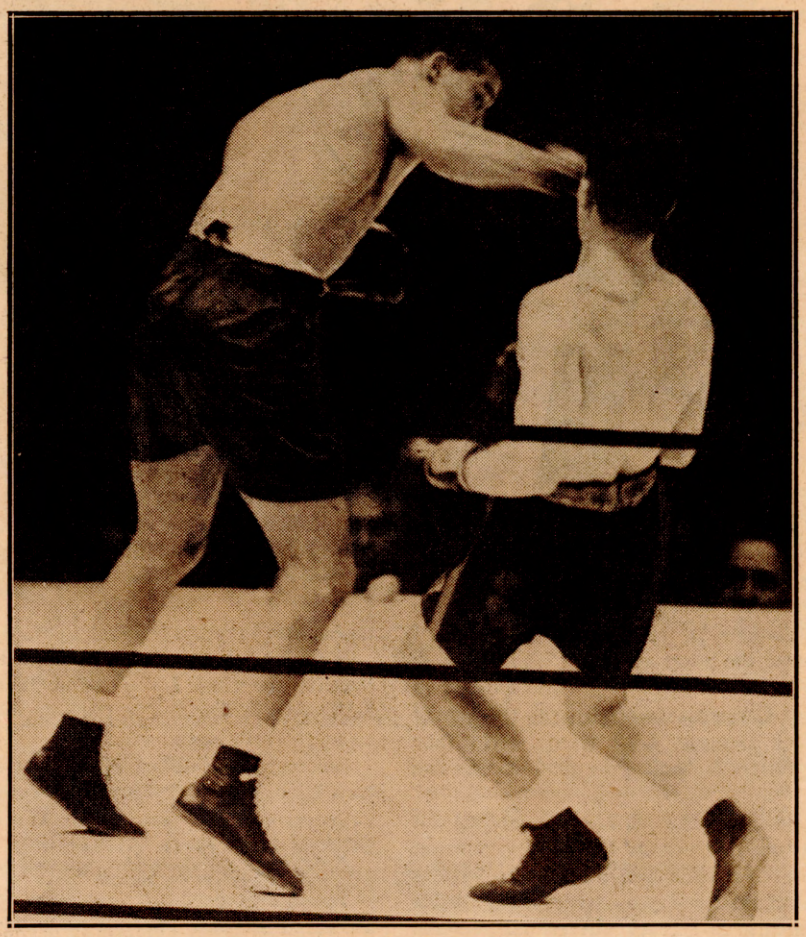
They may talk about the Gallant Galento and praise him to the skies for his feat in sending Joe Louis to the canvas, and his knockout victory over Lou Nova, but in my opinion, even this combination didn't compare to the gallant stand of the 183-pound New Yorker, Pastor, against Louis. The demand of Joe Jacobs for a return engagement with the Bomber, is challenged by Jimmy Johnston, manager of Pastor, and correctly so. Before Galento is ushered into another big money shot against Louis, he should be compelled to eliminate Pastor, for Bob is as much deserving of that return engagement as is the bar-room brawler from New Jersey.

Pastor, dropped five times in the first two rounds, fought like a demon against great odds and in the next eight sessions, the New Yorker rolled up sufficient points to garner, according to my score card, four rounds. He went down four times in the opening round, was dropped once in the next frame and then went more than eight rounds before the final crusher put him away in the eleventh round.

Compare that with the stand against Louis by Galento, the man for whom Joe Jacobs claims first call on the Bomber's services! He dropped Louis and then was slaughtered. A little less than four rounds is all he could stand up before the Bomber's fists.

* * *

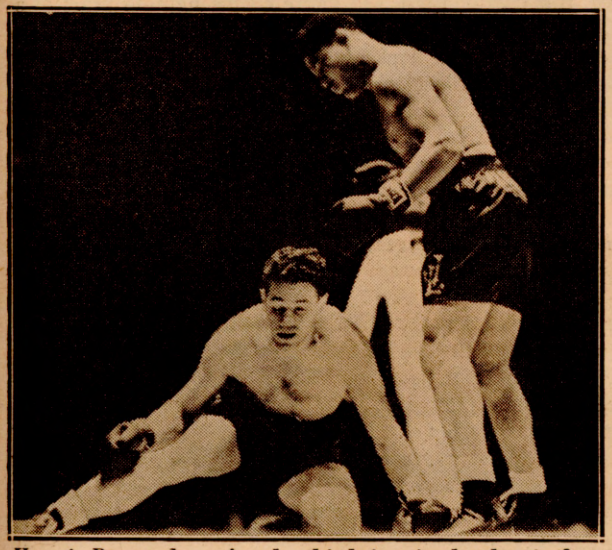
PASTOR lingered longer with the Bomber than most of the



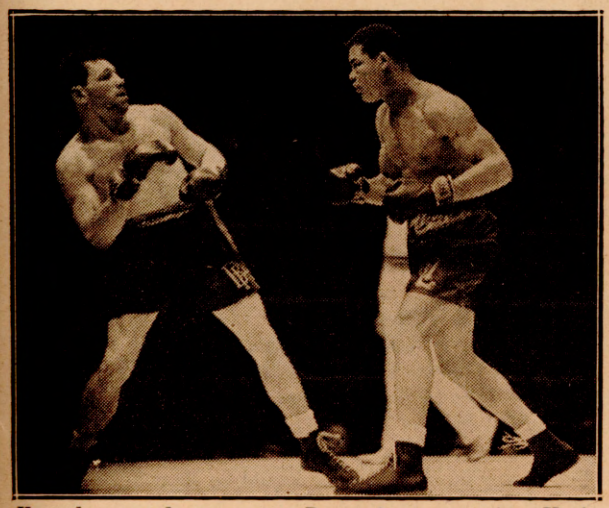
This is the punch that ended the Pastor-Louis fight. It was not a right to the jaw, but a powerful right on the temple, that rendered Bob helpless.

Courage Not Sufficient

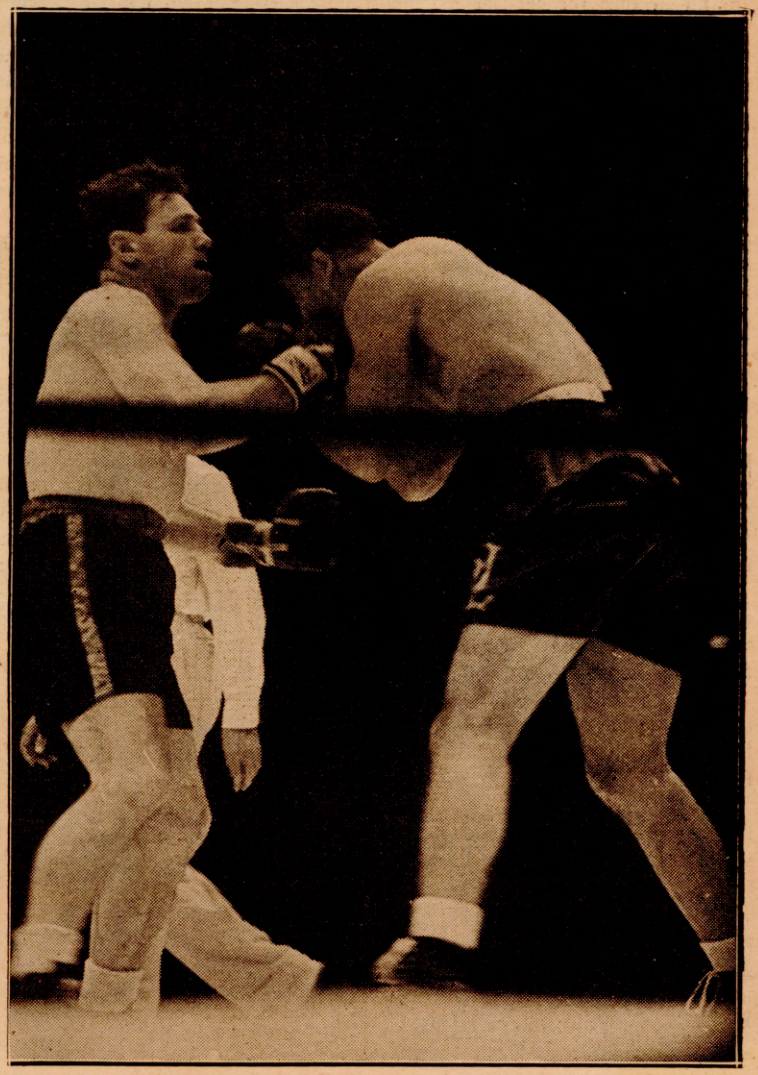
Pastor taking a count of nine after having stopped a left with his chin in the very first session of the Battle of Detroit.



Here is Pastor down for the third time in that hectic first round in Briggs Stadium. A right crash to the chin sent the New Yorker to the deck.



Here they stand, toe to toe. Pastor is not running. He is ready to mix it with Louis, and, as a right to the jaw soon proved, this was a Pastor mistake.



A glimpse of the fifth round, in which Bob rallies strongly and proves that he has a chance, after all. Pastor wins this round on points. He is hooking his right. It was a round in which Bob proved beyond doubt that he had no fear. He sailed in and did a fine job.

experts had predicted. In fact, he surprised all hands, even his most ardent admirers, by giving Joe the best fight since the king dethroned Jimmy Braddock. Bob provided the fans with more action than they had anticipated, and with as fine a display of courage as has been seen in any battle in which Joe Louis has been a participant, New York's aspirant to world heavyweight honors endeared himself to the followers of fisticuffs.

It was a most gratifying performance, one, which, even though defeat was his man's share, must have tickled the palate of Bob's mentor, little Jimmy Johnston. Pastor didn't fill the prediction of Jimmy by winning the crown, but he did the next best thing—he proved to the New York Commission, which for two years did nothing to aid him in his battle for recognition as a contender, that he was a credit to the state in which he lives.

His showing against the renowned slugger from Detroit was also gratifying to The Ring, whose Editor kept pounding away at Bob's qualifications until Pastor gained the fight to which his fine record entitled him. All honor to Pastor and his little, tireless manager whose campaign in the face of tremendous odds, gained for his boy the fight for the championship.

* * *

THE contest, as usual, brought on the subject of Louis' greatness as compared to that of other champions. Unfortunately, the majority of those who discuss this subject, forget that greatness cannot be measured merely in the type of men a champion whips or the number he takes into camp, but the manner in which he does it.

And in that respect, let me again repeat what I have often written, that Joe Louis, measured by any standard, is a great two-fisted fighter. He is not a superman, but who is? Every champion from Sullivan down, had his ups and downs. Style and condition of an opponent play a big part.

Knocking out a fighter like Pastor isn't by any means a cinch. Who among the many professionals Bob has met, has been able to turn the trick?

He possesses what it requires to keep a fighter of the Louis type worried. He often made Joe miss and on many occasions side-stepped or backed away from vicious blows. That's why he was able to last so long. Often he took some of the Bomber's thunderous clouts going away, and thus avoided an early knockout.

* * *

THERE seemed to be little doubt throughout that thrilling, fine, gentlemanly fought battle, who would win. It was a matter of time. Watching the affair closely from a ringside seat, one could clearly vision what was going to happen when Joe's fists caught the target either in a stationery position or as it was coming in, and the first opportunity Joe had to cut loose under those conditions, he connected with the telling punches.

Pastor earned the crowds' plaudits by the manner in which he chose to fight the greatest ring gladiator of the age. He discarded the bicycle he used in their first engagement and often carried the battle into the enemy's territory. He was unafraid.

He circled the Bomber when he found Joe set for the delivery of the haymaker and after making him miss, shot over rights and lefts to the Bomber's face. If only Bob had carried a wallop into the ring, he, instead of Louis, might have scored the knockout.

Bob hit him often enough but the power behind the punch was missing and that little matter was the dividing point between victory and defeat. It cost Pastor the fight and enabled his rival to score a knockout.

Bob's dreams of conquest were crushed. The hopes of his mentor to be the manager of a world champion, collapsed as Joe Louis, coming out for the eleventh round, met the rushing target with the full weight of his body behind a right that struck Bob high on the cheek, just below the eye.

* * *

THE way was paved for the decisive blow with a hard left to the jaw followed by a snappy left jab to the mouth. Then came the right. Pastor's knees buckled. One came off the canvas and then he toppled over on his left side.

The count got under way. Bob tried to raise himself. He got to his knees and resting on them, he tried desperately to push himself up with his hands but the effort was too great. He remained in that kneeling position, his gloves grounded in the resin, as Referee Hennessey, a most capable official, counted the doleful decimal. It was the end of a courageous battle, one of the best in recent years.

The victory had been gained by the man with the most guts, as is most often the case. Pastor, spitting blood through his mouthpiece, was lifted from the canvas and brought to his chair. The boy who pleaded in vain for two years for a chance to show New Yorkers that he was a suitable opponent for the title-holder, proved that he was all heart—a worthy challenger for the greatest heavyweight king of recent years.

He was the hero in defeat. No longer were the shouts of "Bicycle Bob" to follow him. Now it was "Courageous Bob," and well had he earned that title.

* * *

ONLY the great heart that beat beneath that stalwart bosom of the New Yorker saved him from a knockout in that opening round. The groans of that gathering in Briggs Stadium could be plainly heard around the ringside as the relentless attack, the vicious two-fisted thrusts of the Bomber, like the attack of a snarling animal after its prey, began to take its toll. Lefts and rights crashed against the New Yorker's face and had left their mark.

The fans, almost to a man, thought it was all over. Another poor victim had been brought to the chopping block, so they remarked. But they had failed to figure on the fighting heart of a young New Yorker who had come to vindicate himself against the attacks that had been hurled at him since he lasted ten rounds in a cycling race against his present opponent.

Pastor had not gone out to Detroit to die on the pugilistic block so early. He would prove that he could fight, and prove it he did, to the satisfaction of all and to the keen delight of his game little manager, Jimmy Johnston. They were both vindicated in that fight—the master mind and his pupil.

The man who looked so easy a victim showed strong recuperative powers and lasted through what must have appeared Hell to him in that first session. A right and left to the chin dropped him for a count of three. A left to the jaw sent him sitting on the canvas for a count of nine. A left to the jaw, a right to the jaw and another right, and poor Bob went down again for a seven count. Then, just as the bell sounded, a light left to the chin put Pastor down for one.

And so, just as it appeared to all that Bob would prove the mark it was expected he would be, the New Yorker survived one of the most gruelling sessions a heavyweight has been through in recent months. He had amazed the 35,000 in that stadium, and even if he had done little more in the succeeding rounds, he already had earned his fee. The crowd had received its money's worth in that one round.

* * *

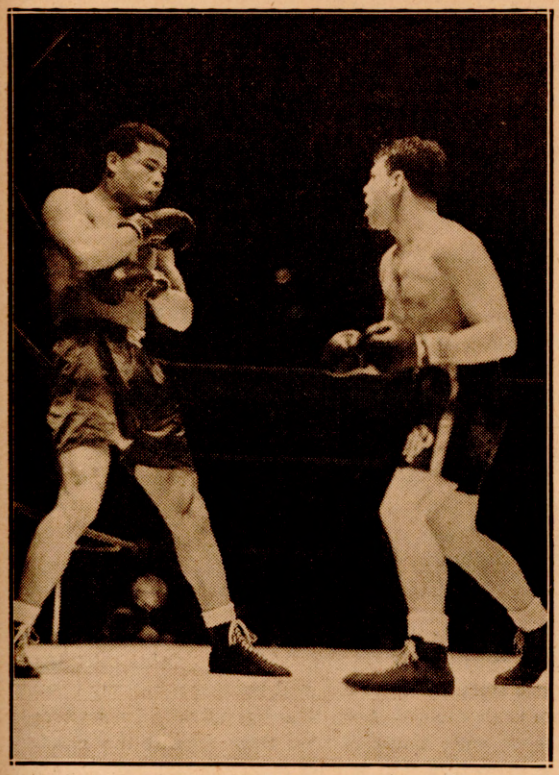
BUT Bob was not content. He had a score to even and little did the fans realize what was in store for them during the remainder of the battle. The fight had only started.

Bob came out erect, with clear eyes, and a fighting spirit, as the gong sounded for the second round. He was made of stern stuff—that the gathering soon learned. Eyes flashing, head cleared, he faced his sturdy foe.

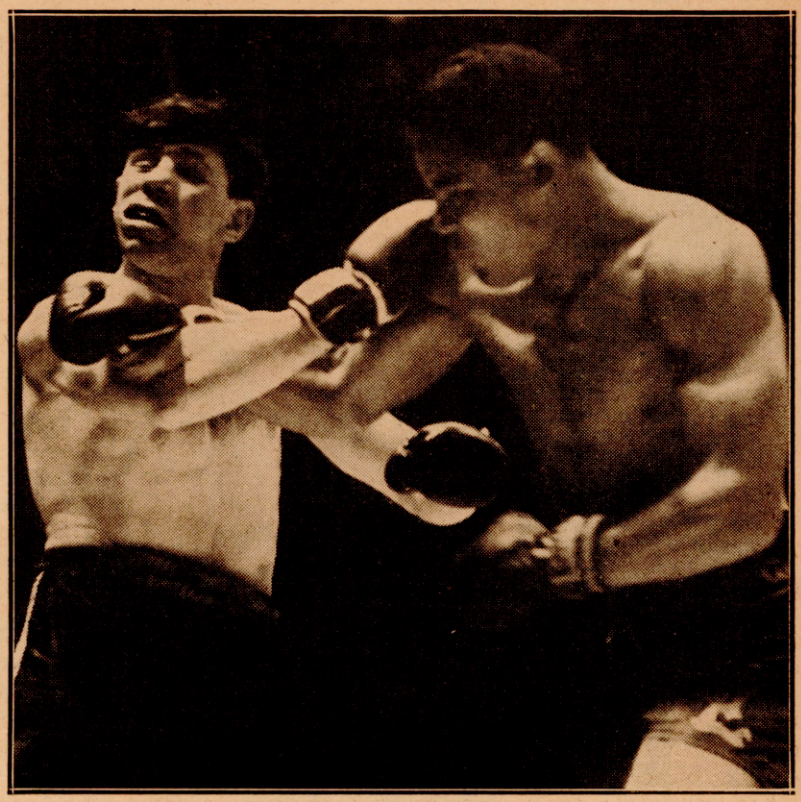
Louis caught him with a left to the eye but Bob popped his left to Joe's eye in retaliation. Then came four right uppercuts to Louis' body that seemed to madden the champion. He leaped forward and crashed a left to the chin, then a right and two lefts to the mouth. Bob staggered under the impact of the last two blows and the claret flowed from his nose as a left collided with that organ. Rights and lefts to the face were followed by a left to the eye and that organ became puffed.

It again was murmured that Bob was no match for his man. It appeared that at any moment now he would be shunted out of the picture and that moment seemed to arrive a few seconds later as Louis ripped up a powerful right to the jaw and down went the challenger for a count of nine. *(Continued on page 43)*

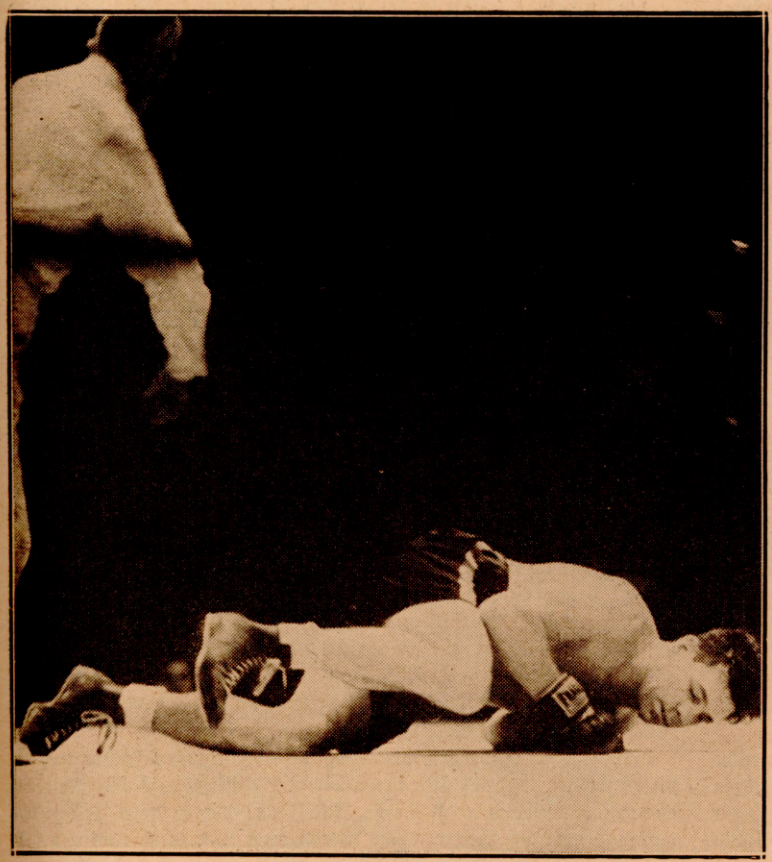
Bomber Triumphs Again



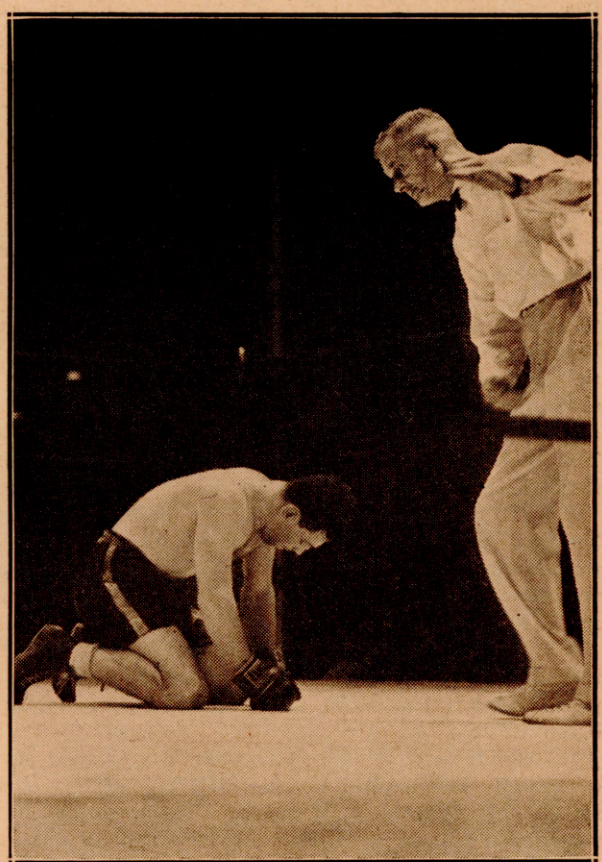
Louis backed against the ropes in the eighth round, in which Pastor swarmed all over the champion. It was Bob's best session, and Joe's most bewildered one.



Here we see Bob looking like a gargoyle. It is a bit of the tenth round, which Pastor won. Louis just has popped his left to Bob's chin.

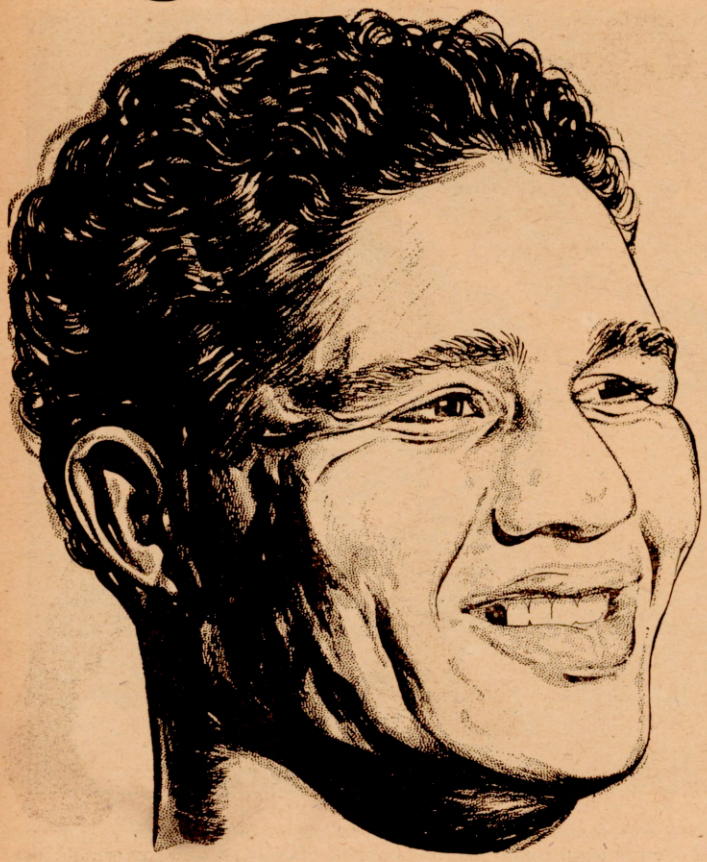


Here we see Pastor down for the last time, in the eleventh round. He has taken a hard right to the jaw, followed by a left, and he is face downward.



Another knockout triumph for Joe Louis. And the end for the fight for Pastor. On hands and knees, he is counted out by Referee Sam Hennessy in thirty-eight seconds of the eleventh round.

ROLL OUT the BARREL!



Arturo Godoy, South American, who will clash with Joe Louis in Madison Square Garden this winter.

WELL, boys, where do we go from here? Not so long ago your correspondent, and other hombres who write about things fistic, got out on the roof and hollered, "What a pretty world this is, when we have so many fine heavyweights to grow into menaces for Joe Louis."

We picked the highest roof, too, and we shouted in our shrillest pitch.

But—what now, little man, what now? Tony Galento, whom the N.B.A. insisted on picking for the No. 2 ranking among the heavyweights, and whom some folks rated a real fighter with a title change, was belted out by Louis when Joe decided to do the belting.

Lou Nova, a product of a new school, the return of the Tunney-sort-of-type, was hammered to a fare-thee-well by this same Galento, who had been belted into a corn husk by Louis.

Bob Pastor, New York's big hope for the re-development of a Tunney, was walloped out by Louis in Detroit in the eleventh round. Although Pastor made by far the best showing of anyone who thus far has faced the Brown Bomber, there is no room for doubt that Pastor is not the man to beat Joe.

Billy Conn, Pittsburgh's pride, the man they think will grow into the heavyweight ranks, did not weigh more than 172½ pounds when he beat Melio Bettina for the second time, in Pittsburgh recently.

It seems futile at this time to expect Conn to grow physically or fistically into a place of heavyweight contention of serious nature. Conn is not growing, and he is not developing the punch which must go with fighting as a heavyweight. It is conceivable that if Conn makes a conscious effort to pick up weight, and forces a hot-housing process on Dame Nature, he will lose his natural speed and fall in the fistic ranking. Speed is Billy's greatest asset, as it was in Jim Corbett's career.

SO, we say once again, what's the answer and where do we go from here? There is no sense in kidding ourselves. This Joe Louis man may not be the greatest fighter we have had, but right now he is in a class all by himself, with prospects of getting out an extra to scare him not so bright.

About this Louis man. He is one of the most devastating hitters the game has seen. On a par with the most deadly of all time. But he has a one-track mind, and if asked to detour, just can't adapt himself.

Some unfeeling persons have said that the heavyweight champion is half Joe Louis and half Jack Blackburn. It behooves Joe and his managers to keep Jack in cotton batting, to preserve him from all harm, and keep him in Joe's corner. Without Blackburn to plan for him, to checkmate rival moves, Joe would not be a great fighter—not even with his hitting ability.

There is no sense in disguising the fact that the situation is discouraging. Mike Jacobs, the big chain store man, says a new elimination tournament is on the tapis. Good gosh, we have gone from one elimination tournament into another, and we are as dizzy as a kid going on his fifteenth straight carousel ride, still looking for the brass ring.

* * *

WELL, boys, where do we go from here, we are forced to repeat. It seems that if the crop of heavyweights parading in this country are considered, then it will become necessary to start all over again with each of those who has already been whipped by Louis, one or more times, and pit them against the Bomber.

But such a procedure will not be good for the gate, and our Uncle Michael is not over-anxious to stage any heavyweight championship fight unless a good gate is assured. That's why he is seeking talent elsewhere than from among those who have been beaten by Joe.

You all have heard of Al Weill? Well, he is the manager of two world champions, Lou Ambers, the lightweight king, and Joey Archibald, the featherweight title-holder. Al believes that if he is lucky, he will have a third champion in his care. That's why Weill decided to resurrect a heavyweight who has twice whipped Tony Galento and now holds the South American heavyweight championship. You guessed it. Arturo Godoy is his name.

Weill, finding that Godoy no longer is managed by Lou Brix, signed the South American king to a contract, and then presented his case to Mike Jacobs.

"Here you are worrying about a challenger for Joe Louis for the Garden for next February. I've got your man. Let Pastor and Galento fight it out for your next outdoor shot if you want to give one of them another chance at Joe, but for your indoor fight, I think the best bet and best drawing card is my Arturo Godoy," concluded Weill.

* * *

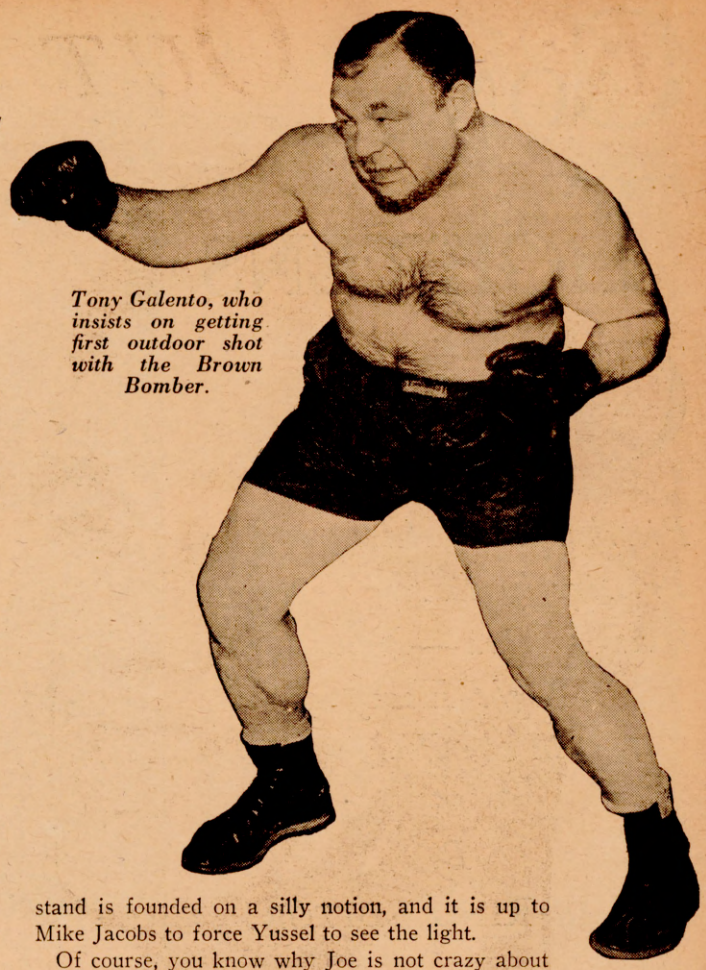
MIKE decided that Al was right and so, for the first indoor appearance of Louis, the South American champion will be his opponent. And since Godoy is a tough, rough battler, he may be just the man to give Louis the kind of fight that the public will like. Despite the fact that he has lost a number of bouts, Godoy beat Galento in ten rounds and in six and also has a knockout victory over Jack Roper. He beat Lovell in twelve rounds to win the crown after losing a ten-round decision. In his last starts, he lost a ten-round verdict to Valentin Campolo and to Primo Eduardo in ten. Yet, he's a new face and that should help him.

He has been training for another American campaign and upon an assurance that he was in excellent condition and that he was eager for a match with Louis, Weill decided to help Godoy by signing him and then having Jacobs sign him to a contract for the Louis battle. Thus at least one phase of the Louis 1940 campaign is out of the way.

Now for the summer campaign. How best to get an opponent for the Bomber out of the rest of the material on hand, is what

Galento Must Fight Pastor Before There Can Be Any Progress Toward Getting New Foe for Louis

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Tony Galento, who insists on getting first outdoor shot with the Brown Bomber.

Mike Jacobs must work out. The logical thing for him to do would be to match Pastor and Galento, and give the winner the outdoor chance, unless Godoy should come through a victor, in which case the whole situation would be changed. He could then let the Galento-Pastor loser fight Nova after Lu has had a chance to heal well and get into fighting condition again. Thus he could have an extra heavyweight bout that would draw very well in New York.

Joe Jacobs, who lets a lot of material flow from his voice box, walks into the market place and yodels, "Galento gave Louis the best fight. We are not meeting Pastor. We want another chance at Louis before anyone else gets to him. We know that the next time Galento gets in the same ring with Louis, he'll knock out that so-called Superman."

* * *

NOW, Joe Jacobs always has been able to cut the bologna very thin, but this is much too thin. Pastor went eleven rounds with Louis. That's a lot of rounds. How many did Galento last?

To be sure, Galento happened to get Louis down. But if they met again, this would not recur.

Definitely and decidedly, Pastor now ranks over Galento right behind Louis in my heavyweight book for next summer's first outdoor shot.

It is for Pastor and not Galento to do the dictating. Joe Jacobs' stand is founded on a silly notion, and it is up to Mike Jacobs to force Yussel to see the light.

Of course, you know why Joe is not crazy about a fight with Pastor. In the first place, even if Tony should beat Bob, where would he be? Right where he was the night he picked himself up in New York after Louis had knocked him out—on the outside looking in.

Bob Pastor, New York State title-holder, who seeks match with Galento to decide Louis' first outdoor opponent.

If Galento fights Pastor, Bob will make Tony do some moving. Those Galento legs, that Galento stomach are not built for track competition. If Tony reached Bob, Pastor would go down. Certainly. But Galento can be pitched to. Puh—lenty.

So you see, Joe Jacobs hollers he should not be expected to send Tony against Pastor.

Galento could go around the country knocking out stumble bums again. But where would that get him? Just farther away from the beer bar in Jersey. The customers are not paying out for that sort of hooey any more. There is work to be done—and it involves a fight with Pastor.

* * *

THE situation is admittedly difficult. But not a subject for darkest pessimism. This heavyweight stuff is strange material. You never can tell. You sit back and moan that the situation is shot.

Meanwhile some husky kid is working in a log camp, some lad is developing in a city gymnasium both of them unknowingly headed for heavyweight competition.

Certainly the incentive is tremendous. Boxers no longer need parade cauliflower ears. They no longer are seriously hurt.

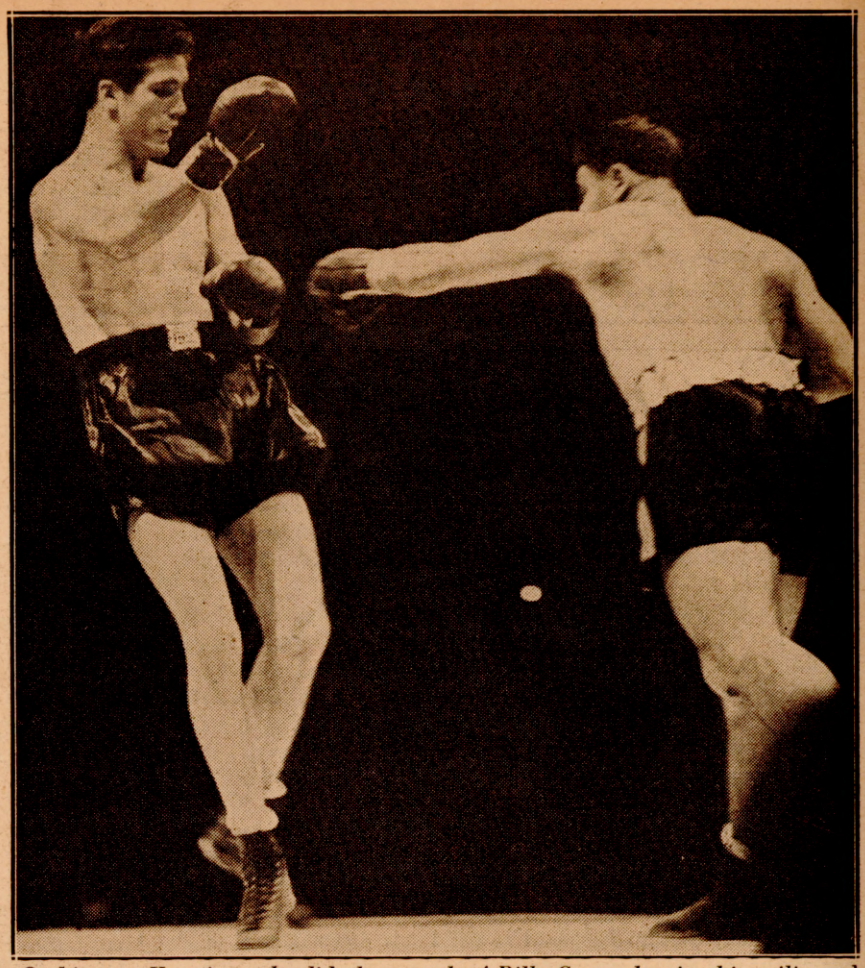
Joe Louis has collected $1,551,322 for his professional fights. Just think that over. A young man who had been only too glad to get his five bucks a day on the Ford assembly line.

Louis is no mental genius. In fact, he sometimes gives you the impression that he is dull. Yet, as heavy- *(Continued on page 44)*

CONN TIGHTENS GRIP

Pittsburgher Adds to His Prestige by Latest Triumph Over Bettina—Now Ranks Best Light-Heavyweight in the World

By
THE RING EDITOR



On his toes. Here is a splendid photograph of Billy Conn, showing his agility and nimbleness. Here he is shown getting out of range of Bettina's left.

BILLY CONN further tightened his grip on first choice for light-heavyweight honors by his second victory over Melio Bettina at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh. It was Conn's first defense of the "crown" awarded him by the American boxing commissions, who declared John Henry Lewis' title vacant because of physical disability, and he came through with flying colors.

As in their first battle, Conn permitted his rival to roll up a big lead and then dashed down the home stretch in a manner that left no doubt about his superiority. In rounds won, he had only a margin of one on Bettina, but in general ability, all-around ring craft, he gained the laurels by a much wider division. The decision of the judges and Referee Robinson was unanimous, and so was that of the gathering of 18,422 fans who paid a record gross for Pittsburgh of $67,892 to see the mill.

Conn proved that he is a sweet boxer of the Tunney and Loughran school, and that he lacks the punch that will enable him, even should he put on sufficient weight to become a heavyweight contender, to clash with devastating punchers of the Joe Louis type. He is not within earshot of the Brown Bomber right now and I doubt that he ever will be. Billy is not the type who can take on weight and retain his craftiness. Once he puts on extra beef, he'll lose his cunning, and with that gone and no wallop to carry him along, he'll not be of much value as a heavyweight.

* * *

FOR six rounds Bettina handed Conn much more than any of his recent opponents have tossed his way. It was all Melio's in that period. Then came the change. Conn began to hit the target. He caught many of Bettina's blows in the open glove. He ducked and countered like a real champion and from the seventh through the fifteenth, with the exception of the thirteenth round, he piled up a lead that gained for him the verdict.

Those early rounds were disconcerting to handsome Billy. He bled from a cut in the nose and one under the left eye and took a good shellacking. The crowd was stupefied as round after round went Bettina's way.

But when Billy got going, it was a howling, home greeting that he received from his followers who, it seemed, turned out en masse to see their idol. The apprehension that was clearly shown in the early rounds gave way to enthusiastic cheers.

The rugged, awkward Bettina had begun to slip. That was evident. His peculiar southpaw, crouching style had been solved by Billy and thereafter Conn came out of his shell, quit his defensive tactics and set sail with a vengeance after the man who had belittled him for six sessions. Thenceforth, Billy was the superb boxer, the ring general who ripped blows in from all angles and made his opponent almost flounder around the ring.

The thirteenth round was an exception. In that session, Bettina regained his poise, tore into his man, battered him against the ropes, ripped blows into his body and connected with many good wallops to the face. He tried hard to open the cut in Conn's eye, but Billy's boxing enabled him to steer clear of that extra damage though he couldn't avoid getting some of the hefty wallops to his already bleeding nose.

* * *

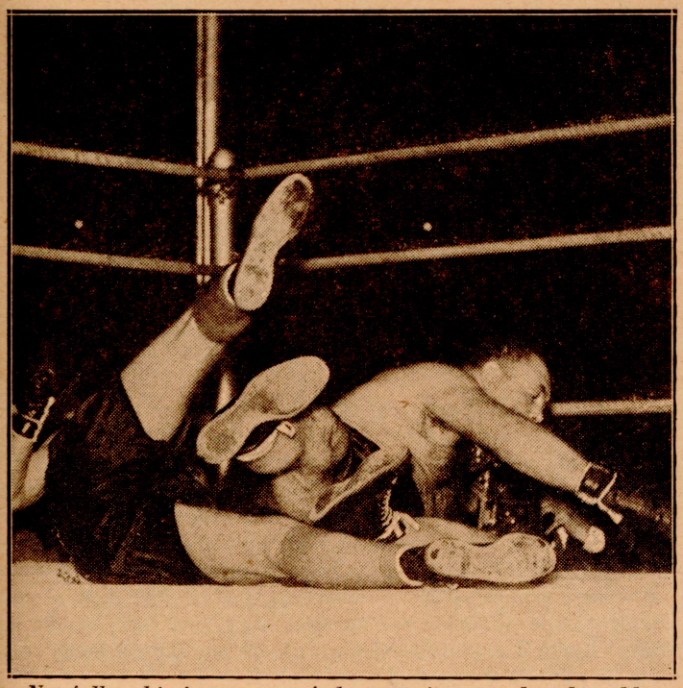
BETTINA kept plunging in head first with drives that slowed up Conn and turned the Conn followers into deadly silence. Had Melio been able to keep up that barrage for the next two rounds he would have earned the decision.

When Conn got into action again in the last two rounds, he battered Bettina unmercifully with a shower of lefts and rights and had Melio hanging on for dear life. It seemed that at any moment Billy might score a knockout or at least drop his sturdy opponent, but Conn lacked the punch and the day was saved for the New Yorker. He had the Beacon fighter groggy twice in those last two rounds, and once in the seventh and again in the eleventh.

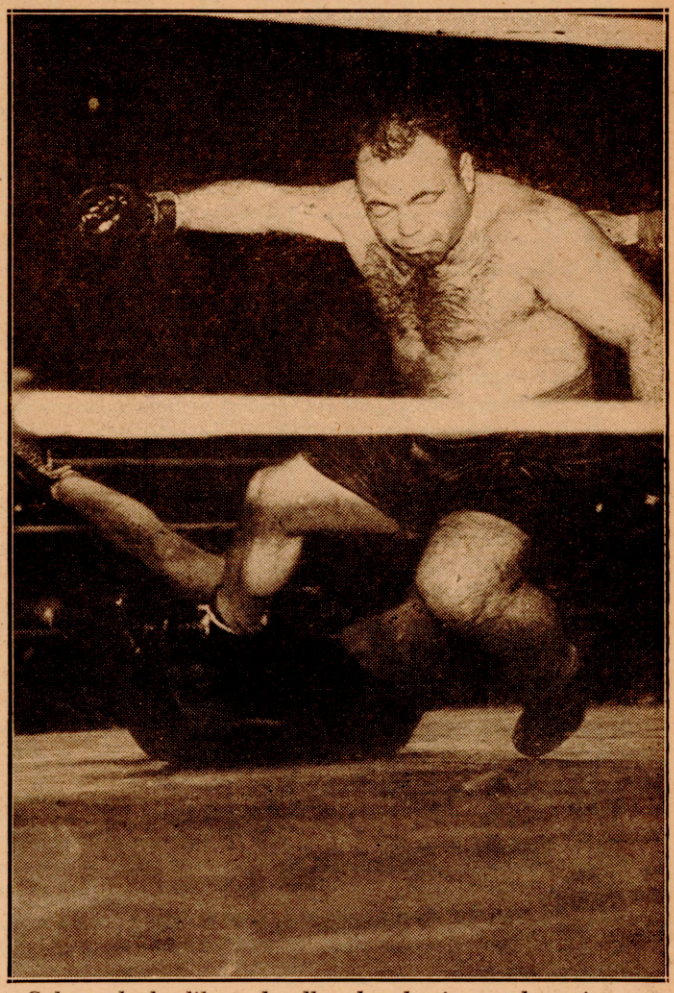
Conn pressed his advantage as the fight neared the end, because he realized that any let-up would cause his defeat, in view of Melio's big early lead. He set Bettina on his heels with a right drive to the jaw and then shifted to a body attack that made Bettina clinch as often as he could get away with it.

Vicious digs to the mid-section in the fifteenth round caused Melio to flounder across the ring *(Continued on page 42)*

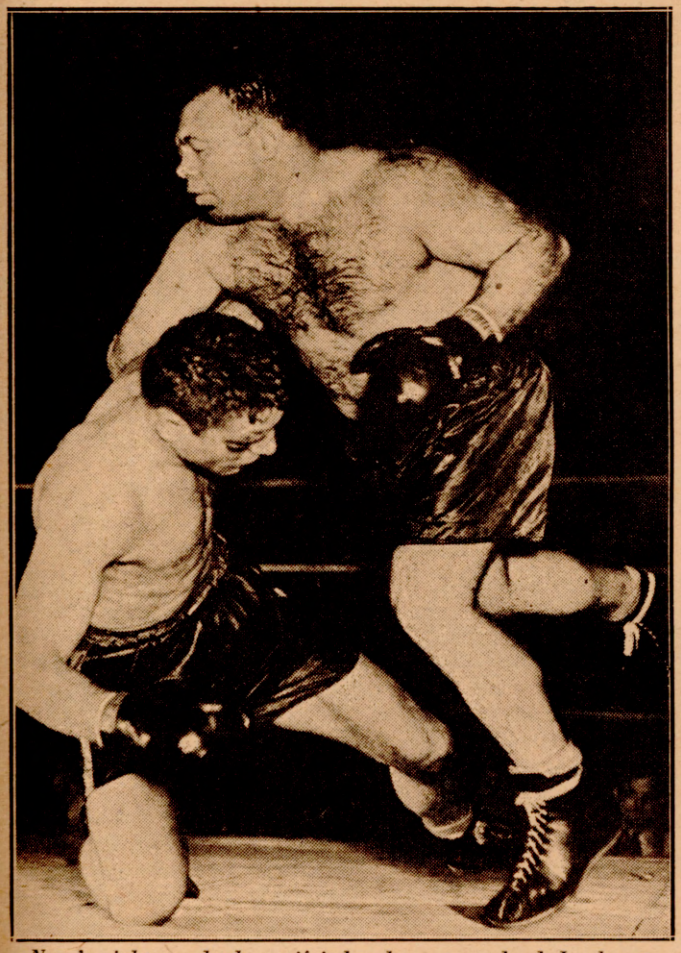
BATTLESHIP NOVA IS SUNK



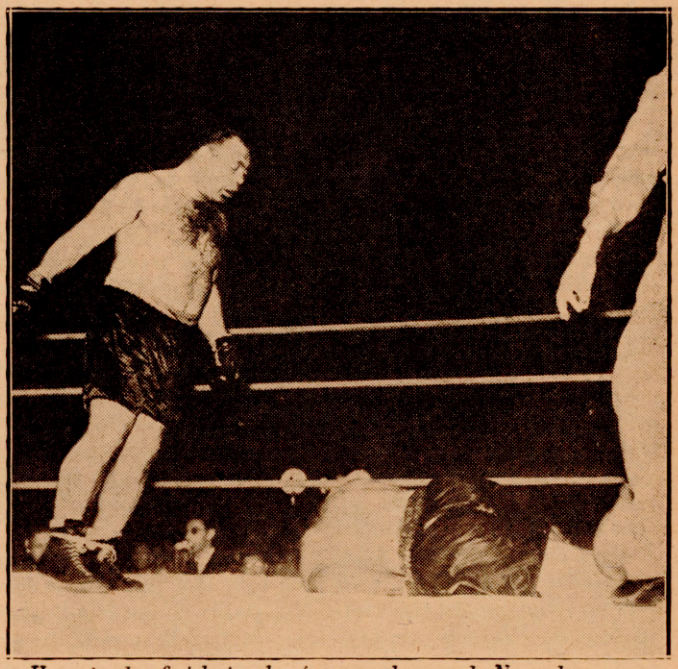
No, folks, this is not one of those ancient rough-and-tumble fights, but actually a contest under 1939 rules. Such is boxing!



Galento looks like a hurdler, but he is merely trying to prevent squashing Lou in one of Nova's tumbling acts.



Nova's right eye looks as if it has been torpedoed. It almost was ripped from its socket by Galento's very active thumb. Tony also used his head.



Here is the finish in the fourteenth round. Nova has gone down after Tony had stuck his thumb into Lou's bad eye, blinding the Californian.

TONY BACK IN PICTURES

In the SPOTLIGHT

By TED CARROLL

FOR the past year or more, the boxing game has been an unending succession of Louis, Nova, Pastor, Galento, Conn, Ambers and Armstrong stories. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has there been a time when fight fans have been given such a steady diet of the same fistic dish pertaining to one set of individuals. Not that there is anything wrong with any of these worthies as fighters or attractions, but after all, variety is not only the spice of life, but also a grand pepper-upper for the ring game.

In all the continual hurly-burly and hullabaloo over the doings of these few heavyweights and the handful of lighter boxers who have managed to break the monopoly, many outstanding men all over the world have been overlooked. They have been lost in the shuffle of the heavyweight cards.

Of course the boxing business has really revolved around Louis, one of the greatest and undoubtedly the most willing heavyweight champion of recent years. But it seems sad that Joe's ability and activity should act at cross purposes with the ring game by causing many young men of real merit to be covered by the shadow cast by his tremendous figure and achievements.

In the days of Dempsey, himself a ring gargantua as to talents and drawing power, things seem to have been different. The old man mauler's pre-eminence on the fistic scene in those days failed to blind promoters to the gold in the development of the littler fellows or the fans to the abilities they possessed.

Therefore, in the early twenties, there were bantams like Lynch, Sharkey, Pete Herman and Midget Smith; feathers like Dundee, Criqui and Kilbane; lightweights like Leonard, White, Tendler, Kansas, Jackson, Goodrich, Mandell, Pal Moran and others; welters like Britton, Walker and Lewis; middles like Greb, Flowers, Walker and Berlenbach, drawing "gates" and creating interest unheard of today.

* * *

LOUIS' activity, compared to Dempsey's inactivity, may have a lot to do with the differences in the situation, then and now. Joseph goes to the post and lays his title on the line against all comers as often as four times a year, which means that public attention as well as Monopolist Mike Jacobs' efforts, are taken up with the heavyweight champion's appearances.

To be honest about it, Mike Jacobs can hardly be criticized for this. Faced with the pleasant prospect of a heavyweight champion who fights more often than some contenders do, and returns a good profit every time out, it is only natural that Uncle Michael should make hay while the sun shines.

But with Jolting Joseph in dry dock for the very good reason that there is no one left to fight, it seems to be about time to turn the spotlight on the doings of some of the neglected competents of the fistic clan, who certainly deserve a little more attention.

A stranger from Mars might get the idea that the lightweight class is composed of just two men, Ambers and Armstrong, so completely have this pair monopolized the public and the promoters' attention for the past two years. One would never think that out in the Middle West there is a young man who has been going along bowling over all kinds of opposition for more than a year.

The boxer in question, Sammy Angott, a bull-like battler out of Louisville, Ky., showed New York fight fans just how he does it against Aldo Spoldi last winter. Everyone who saw him belabor the capable European champion, agreed that he was a foeman worthy of Armstrong, or anyone else's mettle, but nothing happened. He stole the show on the all-star card at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, last month, trouncing Billy Marquart, who had been breezing along himself on a victory rampage.

Angott is the perfect example of the type of fighter who has shown title potentialities, but is almost unknown to many fight fans.

Another young man who belongs in the same bracket is Gus Lesnevich. At the moment, this Jersey globe trotter is slated to oppose Billy Conn this winter for the light-heavyweight title, but you'd never know it from the small amount of publicity this hard hitter has been getting. For a man who belted out clever Dave Clark in a round, Lesnevich has received little recognition, although Clark was being hailed on all sides when the Cliffside, N. J., Russian flattened him. Off the records, Gus, who has only lost three fights in his entire career, should be a raging sensation, particularly since he is that public pet—knockout puncher with either hand.

* * *

ANOTHER youngster whose efforts for the next few months will certainly bear watching is the youthful New York-born Boston Hebrew, Mike Kaplan. Tales had drifted down from the Massachusetts metropolis of the clever kid with the swift right hand, but New Yorkers had to be shown—and they were. New York's multitudinous Jewish fans were singing "Where have you been all my life?" after Kaplan did a masterful job stopping tough Frankie Cavanna on the Armstrong-Ambers card. Just a week previous, the Bostonian had made his New York bow, beating the very capable Leonard Del Genio. It looks like there'll be no keeping him out of the spotlight any longer.

Al Nettlow is another youngster making good in New York. He is one of the world's best welterweights.

"The old guard dies but never surrenders" was a famous saying of the nineteenth century. Boxing's younger generation has had no corner on surprising achievements during recent months. A couple of staunch die hards among boxing's brigade who are refusing to give ground before the advance of youth and deserve a place in Pugilistica's sun are the veterans Lew Feldman and Ken Overlin.

Nobody knows how many fights Lew Feldman has had, nor how he retains the spring in his elastic legs at the age of 31. A bouncing type of boxer who relies upon footwork to win his bouts, Feldman is surprisingly sprightly for a veteran of eleven years of unceasing ring warfare. That he is as good as ever had to be admitted by one and all when he outstepped Mike Belloise and then followed up by turning back none other than the man nobody wants to fight, Chalky Wright.

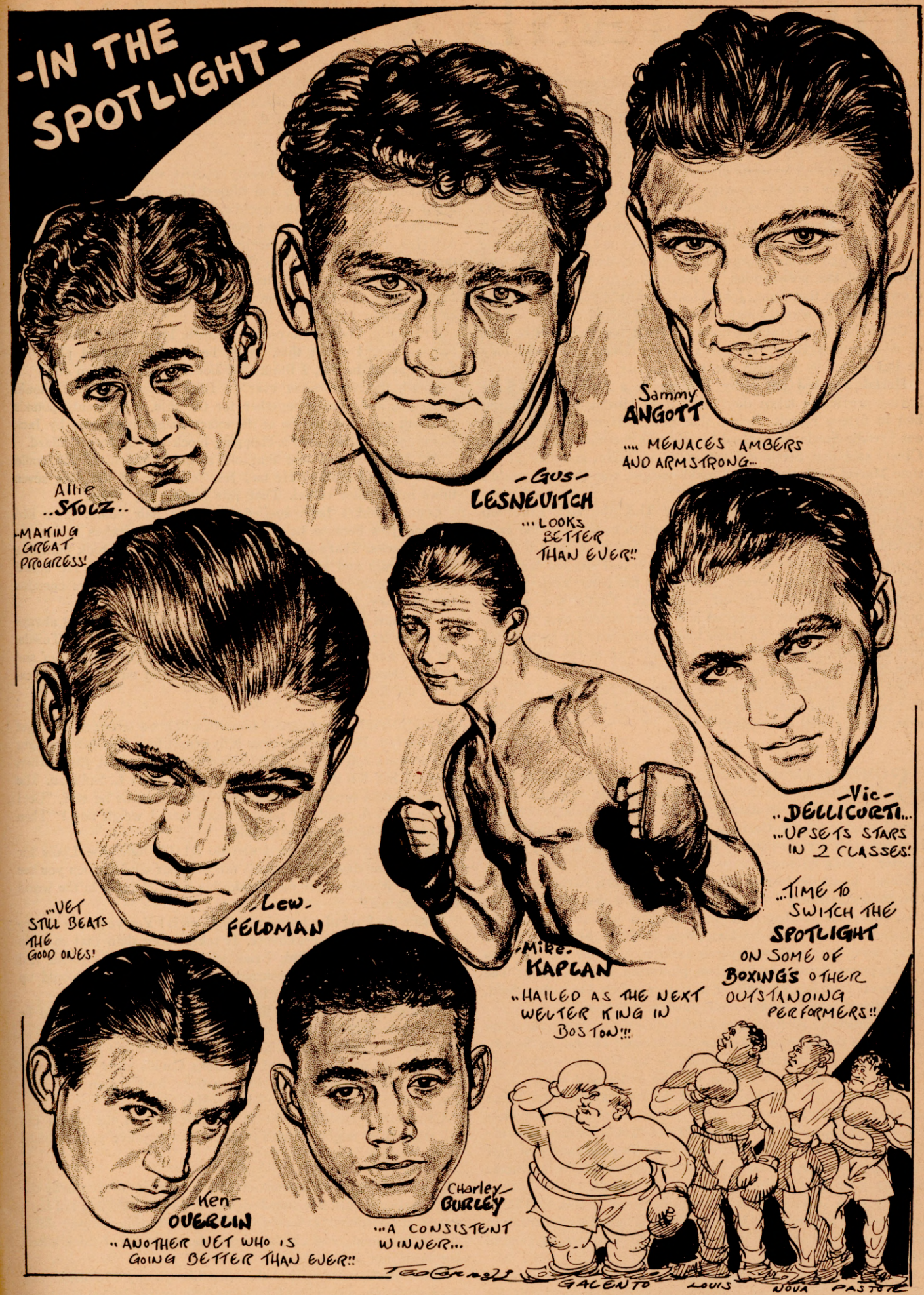
Ambers is one of the few top-notchers Feldman has never met in his division. Today at thirty-one, Lew is looking ahead to getting the Herkimer Hurricane in there, and the way he is going, anything might happen.

The other oldster, Ken Overlin of Richmond, Va., has long been regarded as one of the cleverest men in the middleweight division. One of the few to hold a decision over Fred Apostoli, a trick he turned in January, 1937, Overlin made the eyes of Pittsburghers pop when he beat the up-and-coming Al Wardlow. What's more, he dropped the good colored boy a couple of times. Lack of a punch had cramped Overlin's claims to recognition many times in the past and if at this late stage of the game the one-time champion of Uncle Sam's Navy has picked up some dynamite in his wallops, it will be hard to keep him out of the limelight.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of boxing's rejuvenated old guard, some mention should be made of the veteran Paul Junior, the Lewiston, Me., mauler, who doubles as a manager and promoter, as well as a fighter. Apparently he must find his other activities beneficial to his boxing, for he has been performing sensationally of late. Like Overlin, a punchless performer heretofore, he demolished the dope and New York's gambling fraternity when he knocked out the rugged Greek, George Zengaras, a few weeks back.

Turning our spotlight on other unsung members of the boxing business, we turn up such recognition rating comers as New York's upset kid, Victor Dellicurti, who treated the Canadian champion, Sammy Luftspring, *(Continued on page 45)*


-IN THE SPOTLIGHT-
Allie
..STOLZ..
MAKING GREAT PROGRESS!
-Gus-
LESNEVITCH
...LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER!!
Sammy
ANGOTT
.... MENACES AMBERS AND ARMSTRONG...
..VET STILL BEATS THE GOOD ONES!
-Lew-
FELDMAN
-Mike-
KAPLAN
"HAILED AS THE NEXT WELTER KING IN BOSTON!!!
-Vic-
..DELLICURTI..
...UPSETS STARS IN 2 CLASSES!
...TIME TO SWITCH THE SPOTLIGHT ON SOME OF BOXING'S OTHER OUTSTANDING PERFORMERS!!
-Ken-
OVERLIN
"ANOTHER VET WHO IS GOING BETTER THAN EVER!!
Charley
BURLEY
...A CONSISTENT WINNER...
TED GROSS
GALENTO
LOUIS
NOVA
PASTOR

BILLY AND CEFERINO

HOW far in this art of self-defense is Billy Conn going? How far will Ceferino Garcia travel? Both recently acquired synthetic "titles," and each wants to establish himself as the undisputed champion of the world, Billy in the light-heavyweight and Garcia in the middleweight division.

Their "titles" are not exactly bomb proof for the reason that, in Conn's case, Billy has not defeated John Henry Lewis, who evidently is through with the 175-pound coronet because of an eye injury. Just the same, the fellow was not defeated at the weight, though Louis knocked him into a cocked hat when John Henry had the presumption to tackle Joe for the heavyweight crown. Before that fight, John Henry told the New York Commission that he was through with the 175-pound class.

Garcia is not the real title-holder in the 160-pound class because of Al Hostak's claim. That is a merry mixup and could only be ironed out by bringing the two together.

Hostak knocked out Solly Krieger in a return bout, Solly having previously taken the "title" from Hostak by outpointing him in fifteen rounds. Before that defeat, Hostak had knocked out Freddie Steele, recognized by many as the middleweight king. Others said that Steele did not prove his claim and that at the time Marcel Thil, the French middleweight, was the real world's champion.

When Fred Apostoli knocked out Thil, the San Francisco bellhop's claim to the world's title seemed to many to be the more logical of the two bids for the honor. Steele refused to fight Apostoli for the showdown, after Apostoli had stopped him in a non-title bout, and Apostoli, backed by the New York Boxing Commission, declared himself champion. That's the sort of punctured "title" Garcia gleaned in a recent victory over Apostoli by a knockout. Apostoli's claim undoubtedly was far better than that of Steele, because Fred knocked out Thil at the weight and then knocked out Steele.

No matter what the claims of Conn and Garcia may be, the fact remains that each is no doubt the boss of his particular division. They're well entrenched.

* * *

SOME tell me that Hostak, a shorter right-hand puncher than Garcia, would defeat the Philippine veteran. Those who have seen Hostak fight say that the Seattle thumper would step inside of Garcia's looping "bolo" punch and knock him out with a right-hander, just as deadly, and at least a foot shorter. That's interesting.

Never, in all the history of the middleweights, have there been two harder punchers lined up in a dispute for the crown. Before this, either the challenger or the champion was the hard hitter. Fitzsimmons stood out by himself as a hitter. So did Ketchel. They never had real punching opposition, but now we find two of the prime pasters in the class glowering at each other. The Editor of THE RING is willing to put up a belt for such a fight. The winner would be the undisputed title-holder.

Unfortunately Hostak is guided by men who seem bent on bottling up that glorious division and keeping Hostak in Seattle. The only way to break it up would be for Hostak to come out into the open and meet Garcia for the undisputed tiara.

Whither is Conn drifting? Toward the heavyweight title? What chance would he have of defeating Joe Louis if Billy took on—say twenty pounds? Billy made 172 for Melio Bettina, and defeated him without being extended. The Beacon southpaw just couldn't get through Billy's fine defense after Melio had made a pretty good start in the first five or six rounds.

Many were surprised that Conn came down as low as 172. A lot of people thought that he would have a hard time to sneak in a fraction less than 175. When he hit 172 there was a general lifting of eyebrows.

There are several important things to consider when one speaks of the possibility of Conn meeting and defeating Joe Louis for the title. In the first place, Conn cannot hit hard enough to knock a silk hat off of Joe's noble noggin. Two things could defeat Louis, the punch and speed, one or the other. Nobody around has both.

* * *

BOB PASTOR went twenty rounds with Louis before Joe caught up with him and tagged him out, ten the first time and ten in the fight for the world's title.

Which goes to prove that a man with a speedy pair of legs can fool Joe a little at least. Schmeling proved that a punch could defeat Joe in their first fight. Punches put Joe on the floor in the Braddock and Galento fights, again proving that Louis is only human after all. He was on the floor seven times in one of his early amateur fights.

Unhappily, Conn is devoid of a punch. He tells me that he will acquire one. I doubt that. Were he to slow up and plant his feet to punch harder, I think that Louis would belt him out.

Speed, therefore, must ever be Billy's slogan if time should bring Joe and himself together for the title. Put twenty pounds on Conn and he would be at the exact weight registered by Jack Dempsey when he made a chopping block of big Jess Willard.

Ah, but Dempsey had that old zingo in his fists! He could punch like old Harry! He had Jess bouncing off the floor seven times in the first round. That was hitting, my frans.

Conn wouldn't have spoiled Willard's hair comb. You had to sock Jess because he stood six feet, seven inches in his old woolen socks. That's a big bloke and no mistake. It took punching to upset him and besides, Jess could hit back a bit. He belted Dempsey once in the third round and I thought it was curtains for Dempsey.

You know Jess had killed a man with a punch. He was always afraid to let one good one go after that but this day in Toledo, his title was slipping through his fingers and he wound up and let fly. Dempsey felt it to his toes and fell in on Willard's chest to let the fog go by.

* * *

CONN, if he takes care of himself, will grow stronger. He'll get heavier. He has come from a flyweight to a light-heavyweight in leaps and bounds. I told him the other day that Jim Corbett weighed but 176 the night he knocked out John L. Sullivan. The queerest smile came over handsome Billy's face as he said, "Gee! Fancy that! A couple of pounds more than I weigh now!" Then Billy's face lighted up as he said:

"If Corbett could do it, I can do it! I'll fight Joe Louis for the title some day and you'll all fall off your chairs when you see how easy it will be for me to take his title. Nobody in the world can whip me."

That's the kind of a hairpin Billy Conn is! You've got to admire his courage and his confidence. It takes more than that to whip Joe Louis. Farr, Galento, Braddock, Pastor, Mann, Roper and John Henry Lewis had courage and confidence, yet would up with a K.O. brand on their brows.

Remove Joe Louis from the throne and Billy Conn would be the heavyweight champion of the world because, light as he is, I'm sure that he can defeat Nova, Galento, Farr and Pastor. They are the only ones capable of disputing Conn's right to the title should Louis step down. Right now there isn't a man alive who can hope to belt Joe Louis off the golden settee.

Conn can't possibly do it at 172. Nobody in the world can tell what Billy might do with twenty or twenty-five pounds added to his weight.

* * *

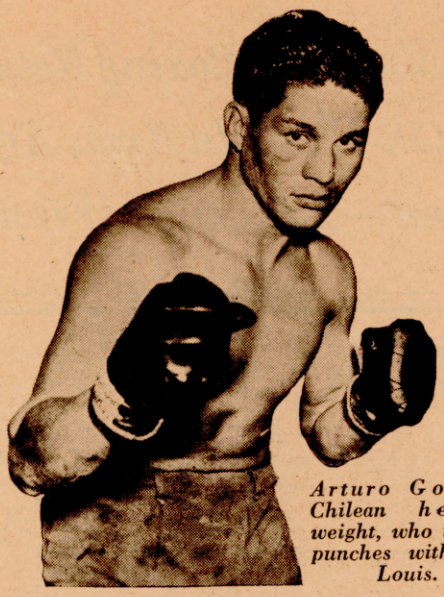
THERE is this to say about Billy's chances of eventually defeating Louis. Twenty-five pounds tacked onto this tall boy's frame unquestionably would add to his hitting power. Billy, strangely enough, vows he is going to be a puncher. I think hitters are born, not made.

Often you'll see a will o' the wisp like Jimmy McLarnin was, developing into a puncher. The fact of the matter is that McLarnin

Pepping Up Fisticuffs

Conn's Future Discussed Expertly by Igoe—He Demands Hostak Meet Garcia For Middleweight Championship

By HYPE IGOE



Arturo Godoy, Chilean heavyweight, who trades punches with Joe Louis.

was a hitter from the start, only he had never slowed down long enough to discover that he could punch. The night he knocked out Jackie Fields, Jimmy looked down at the stretched out Fields and thought to himself that "Jackie had fainted." Jimmy couldn't believe that his own fist had brought Fields down.

From that time on, McLarnin tried for knockouts instead of galloping decisions. He had been a puncher all the time, yet had not discovered the fact. Nobody showed him how to hit. He couldn't have acquired the knack of hitting overnight, could he? Therefore, his natural punching ability must have lain dormant from the time he started fighting at fourteen!

Benny Leonard had the same experience. He was a speedster at the start and suddenly discovered that he could punch. But he was a superfighter.

It isn't likely that Conn will make any such discovery. I think that Billy has tried to knock out opponents and has succeeded in scoring only five such victories. In Pittsburgh, he told me that he would knock out Melio Bettina and failed. His manager wagered that Billy would score a kayo and lost his money. So you see, Billy actually has tried out his punch where McLarnin and Leonard never gave it a thought at the outset of their careers.

Dempsey always counted on his speed and the punch. He once told me that the day he lost his speed, his punch wouldn't mean a thing and that third raters would come along and beat him. King Levinsky was the last one to outpoint Jack so he wasn't far off in his prognosticating.

* * *

THERE is this to consider concerning Conn's chance to win the title in the years to come. Say that Joe and Billy met for the title three years from now. Joe would be 28 years old, Billy would be 24, the glorious fighting age. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that Louis would be much slower at 28? He would be heavier and consequently slower. A little fat will have set in around those iron muscles and he wouldn't be hitting as hard as he does today.

Conn will have developed around the chest and shoulders and he'd hit hard enough to be troublesome. His legs would be better than Joe's, which even now are beginning to show the signs of wear and tear. He doesn't get around on them as swiftly as he used to. He was willing to bet his own money that Bob Pastor wouldn't get past the fifth round in the last fight. Bob loomed up in the eleventh, and then was smacked down. Was Joe slow and Bob fast of foot? Why didn't he tag the light hitter sooner.

Joe explained afterward:

"I git him down in the first and in the second and then he git away. Then I make up my mind to take my time. I had twenty rounds to ketch him and I finally got him. That's all that counted. I ketch him. All ovuh!"

* * *

WOULD Conn, at Pastor's weight, do any better? No! I'll tell you why. Conn is a cocky individual. He thinks he can take the other fellow's punches and go right on through to win. You can't absorb Joe Louis' wallops and expect to land on top. Joe hits too infernally hard to be treated as an inferior. Conn wouldn't get far if he fought Louis today, at Pastor's weight, trading punch for punch. Besides, Conn isn't as shifty as Pastor.

When Schmeling knocked out Louis, the German kept away from punches. He waited for Joe and made him lead and when Joe stuck out his left in an effort to find Max, Schmeling either stepped inside with a right-hander to the jaw or crossed his right over Joe's left and cracked his jaw with the same fist.

At the outset, Joe jabbed straight with his left. Schmeling had to take some of these punches in the face in order to get close enough to cross over Joe's left. Max couldn't get inside. They decided in Louis' corner that his straight jabs were not getting him anywhere so he was told to go out and hook his left for Schmeling's head.

That was duck soup for the German, because he quickly stepped inside of that wide left hook and cracked Joe on the jaw without being hit himself. Joe would have fared much better had he stuck to the straight left jab because, as it was, he had one of Schmeling's eyes closed with it and he might have got the other eye in mourning. Joe certainly made all the mistakes in that fight.

Not so in the second. Louis was on Schmeling like an avalanche and it was over before Schmeling had landed one decent right-hand wallop to Joe's jaw, the only punch which could have brought the title to Germany.

* * *

IN calculating on Conn's chances of winning the heavyweight title, it is well to remember that all opposition from England, Australia, Canada, Italy, New Zealand and other countries has been shut off automatically by the European war. Farr unquestionably would have been back here for another try at the title. So would Schmeling have returned with the same thought in mind.

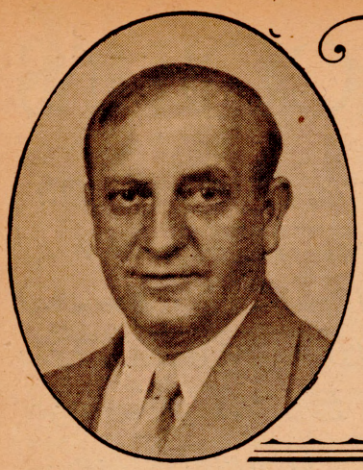
The war will prevent any heavyweight invasions for some time to come and Louis will be the loser. It cuts down the field no little.

Conn will be beaten to a title chance by a few of the available challengers. Until Billy takes on that added weight, he won't be considered. It would be suicide to match him with Louis right now. He would have no more chance of defeating Joe than John Henry Lewis did. The weight made it impossible for Lewis to cope with Joe and weight will be the barrier confronting Conn. With Louis out of the way through retirement, Conn is certain to be champion.

* * *

THEY are importing Arturo Godoy to fight Louis for the title next February. The Argentine won the South American heavyweight title from Alberto Lovell after Lovell had beaten him. This claim is disputed by the brother of Lovell's manager who asserts that Lovell regained the title. It is also disputed by Valentin Campolo, brother of Vittorio, and Eduardo Primo, both of whom beat Godoy this year in Arturo's last two starts.

No matter. They're bringing Godoy up to fight Louis for the real thing in February, in Madison Square Garden, and I'm warning Louis right now that he's in for the roughest night of his life. Godoy can't punch like Joe. Godoy is a rougher citizen than Galento ever dared to be. What's *(Continued on page 40)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Chain-Store Boxing Returns Below Expectations
Small Clubs In Arms Against Boxing Monopoly
Conn—Lesnevich Winner to Receive Ring Belt

THE Fall and Winter boxing campaigns are under way. What is in store for the next six months?

THE RING Editor, after a personal survey in various parts of the country, thinks that boxing will prosper despite the monopoly on star fighters held by Mike Jacobs. Promoters and managers around the country are up in arms. They are attacking the monopoly from all angles, both in newspapers and over the air.

I have seen it and I have heard it. They have become conscious of the fact that promotion along the lines carried out by the Twentieth Century Sporting Club during the past summer has hurt the game in localities that heretofore were able to thrive on top-notch talent, which now is denied them.

That's why I look for a better condition in boxing during the indoor season. The revival already is under way. In New Orleans it has received an excellent start and the sport at the Auditorium, for example, is outdrawing any club in New York except the Garden.

In Baltimore and in Washington, the gates have increased. Texas clubs are going strong again, and so are those in the Southeast. Atlanta, with Ben Brown the attraction, is going big. The Northwest has held its own in recent months.

Analysis of the net profits of the Chain-Store System reveals that the take is far from a lucrutive one. The Galento-Nova fight, which Joe Jacobs, manager of Two-Ton Tony, induced Mike Jacobs to take to Philadelphia, was a flop. Joe told Mike the bout would draw $350,000. THE RING predicted a gross take of about $70,000, and came pretty close to the actual figures. The show lost about $5,000.

THE RING Editor predicted that the Louis-Nova fight would draw $285,000 net and came within $10,000 of the actual amount. This prediction was made despite the glowing reports from the publicity bureau that $310,000 was in the bank five days before the show.

Mike Jacobs now realizes that it is all not gravy. He knows that grabbing off fight clubs around the country is resented by the home towners, who do all in their power to hurt the show financially.

The Louis-Pastor fight grossed about $150,000 less than Mike had predicted, yet it did a little more than it would have grossed in New York. However, sharing his profits with the Garden of New York, his co-partner, and Jim Norris, his partner in Detroit, left little for the Chain-Store operator. In New York, the profits would have exceeded those of Detroit even with a smaller take.

For the good of boxing it is up to Uncle Mike and his club to return boxing in cities other than New York to those to whom it belongs—the home town promoters, who for years have been striving to put the game on a profitable footing.

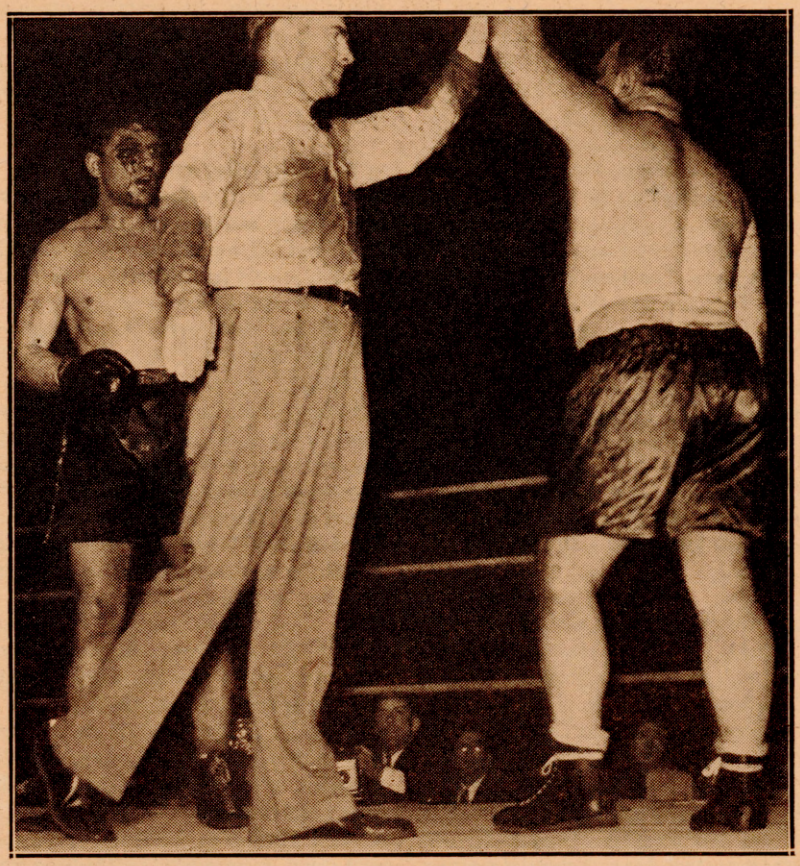
Mike and his matchmaker have arranged a nifty program for New York for the fall and winter. They should continue to cater to New York.

* * *

MANY months have elapsed since the boxing commissions of America and the British Board of Boxing Control ruled that John Henry Lewis, world light-heavyweight champion, was unfit physically, because of an eye defect, to continue in the ring. In England, the Board staged a bout between Len Harvey and Jock McAvoy for the "world title," and Harvey, winning, was declared the new champion.

In this country, an elimination was staged in which Tiger Fox, the outstanding contender; Melio Bettina, Billy Conn, Gus Lesnevich and Dave Clark, the best crop of light-heavies in the world, were named to fight it out. Lesnevich being in Australia, couldn't compete in the tourney, which eventually was won by Bettina, was crowned king, successor to Lewis, by the New York Commission.

Bettina's victory over Tiger Fox was not sufficiently impressive to cause the fans to rave over him, and this publication, eager to protect Lewis until such time as he retired or lost his crown in the ring, decided not to be stampeded. It refused to accept Melio as world title-holder, and likewise does not recognize his conqueror, Conn, or Harvey.



The end of one of the most disgraceful fights staged since the days of the barroom brawls. Referee George Blake holding up the hand of Tony Galento after he stopped fight with Lou Nova. Note Lou's right eye, caused by the thumbing tactics of the "gallant" Tony. Blake would have retained his reputation as a great referee had he disqualified Galento.

THE RING demanded further proof that the men named by the New York Commission and by the British Board of Boxing Control were the outstanding light-heavyweights.

Along came Billy Conn, a graduate from the middleweight ranks, and defeated Bettina to win the New York version of the world championship. But even that victory didn't satisfy us that Conn was entitled to first call among the light-heavyweights. How about Lesnevich? As for Harvey, in view of his failure to clash with any outstanding fighter other than McAvoy, his claim for leading honors does not come up to that of Billy Conn, Bettina, Fox or Lesnevich—Americans.

* * *

WHEN Lesnevich knocked out Clark in one round, he gained a high standing. In my opinion, he became the number one contender and now that he has been matched to fight Conn, THE RING, realizing the superiority of these two over the rest of the world's light-heavyweights, will accept the winner of that bout as the successor to John Henry Lewis. To the victor, THE RING will present a "world championship belt" and thus clear up the situation.

As for Lewis, though we sympathize with him, and fully realize that a championship must be won in the ring and not be presented haphazardly as has been recorded only too frequently, his case is quite different from that of others who have been shorn of their laurels by commissions for one reason or another.

Lewis has been declared unfit by half a dozen or more of the world's leading eye specialists. It would be detrimental to the sport to permit him to enter a ring in such condition and lose the title to some third rater.

The edict of the commissions in John Henry Lewis' case must be considered in the proper light. He no longer is capable of defending himself, as he proved in the fight with Joe Louis, and thus his forced retirement, has brought about a vacancy, which according to practically all American boxing commissions, has been filled by Billy Conn, twice conqueror of Bettina, conqueror of Fox.

There is a movement to have John Henry Lewis matched in a state that will permit him to fight regardless of his physical ailment, in order to enable him to obtain some extra cash before quitting the ring. Were such a contest consummated, any fighter with little ability could annex John Henry's crown. However, in view of the known facts, I doubt that such a victor could get by his title claim without first beating the winner of the Lesnevich-Conn battle.

That would be a real championship fight. It would pit the two best boys in the division against each other. The winner against Len Harvey would be a most welcome contest to settle world supremacy arguments, but with the war on and Harvey in the British service, such a match is a long way off.

* * *

THE featherweight class boasts of at least a dozen good boys who can give the fans many interesting bouts, but unfortunately the division, like the bantam and flyweight, is being ignored to make way for the exploitation of fellows like Billy Conn, Pat Comiskey and others who fit into Mike Jacobs' heavyweight picture. There would be plenty of stirring, excellent attractions available if the smaller lads received one tenth the chance they deserve.

In the featherweight and lightweight classes alone, there are Archibald, Pete Scalzo, Simon Chavez, Dave Castilloux, Chalky Wright, Jimmy Perrin, Nick Camarata, Nick Peters, Jackie Wilson, George Crouch, Davey Day, Sammy Angott, Bob Montgomery, Lew Jenkins, Paul De Bello, Harry Jeffra, Wesley Ramey and Leo Rodak, among others, from among whom good drawing cards are available.

If the promoters of national repute let up a bit on the heavyweights and looked after the smaller boys, we would soon have a flock of excellent money-making bouts. Naturally, with only the small clubs offering any inducements, the boys in the lighter weight divisions are losing heart. There isn't much at stake financially these days if you're not a heavyweight or a good light-heavyweight.

* * *

THE naming of Little Dado and Carlos Urbinati of Italy as the outstanding flyweights, and a recommendation by the N.B.A. that a bout be staged between this pair to decide the world flyweight crown, which is now vacant, has aroused the ire of the Filipinos who contend that Little Pancho, brother of the famous Pancho Villa, is as good if not better than any flyweight in the world. In a message to THE RING from Jerry Zucker, Hawaiian manager of Pancho, and Charley Harvey, New York representative of the star little Brown boy, they take issue with the N.B.A. in their rating.

"I stand ready to pit Pancho against any man in the world at the flyweight limit," writes Zucker. "You have his record in THE RING office and you know from your previous write-ups that Little Pancho has three times defeated Little Dado, the man named as American champion and best flyweight in the world. How about my Little Pancho?

"He came to the States from Hawaii for the purpose of proving his right to a title match and I stand ready to match him—winner take all, if necessary. I have asked my Eastern representative, Charley Harvey, international importer of fighters, to see Mike Jacobs for me and to try to get Uncle Mike interested in such a fight in New York, especially now that Garcia has beaten Apostoli. If Dado will accept, Little Pancho will fight him anywhere—in his own home burg, if he decides on that. I'm willing to go to New York to show that in Little Pancho we have the best flyweight in the world."

Whitey Eckwert, who trained the great Pancho Villa, and has seen Little Pancho in action many times, in addition to training him since the lad came to this country, declares that Little Pancho is as good as was his famed brother. If Whitey's judgment is correct, then we should see more of the Brown boy.

Little Pancho, if he cannot get Dado into the ring, will attempt to get Sixto Escobar to fight him for the world bantam crown. The Brown boy is exceptionally strong and at 118 pounds would give Sixto a tough battle. He would be a big drawing card because of his colorful career and his relationship to Pancho Villa. At any rate, Little Pancho is deserving of a chance in this country against our best.

* * *

OUT in California, the State Athletic Commission has finally passed the rule which was urged upon it by Willie Ritchie, former lightweight king, in re blind fighters. It was Ritchie who started an upheaval in California by refusing to permit fighters whose eyes were not perfect from taking *(Continued on page 41)*

The Ring's Quiz

HOW *much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can answer five of the ten questions appended, you have a better-than-average knowledge of things fistic. The answers will be found on Page 43. Here goes:*

1—Who is credited with having invented the solar-plexus punch and in what fight did he use it to tremendous advantage?

2—What fight was the longest on record in point of time? Who won and where was it fought?

3—Which boxers engaged in the longest contest on record in so far as number of rounds were concerned? Who won, and where was it staged?

4—Who was called the Barbados Demon?

5—In what round did Jack Dempsey stop Jess Willard at Toledo, for the world's heavyweight title?

6—Who was the first recognized heavyweight champion of the world, with his title unblemished?

7—What is the meaning of the term "knocked out" and is there actually any such thing as a technical knockout?

8—How many times has Joe Louis been knocked out?

9—Who was the great exponent of the corkscrew punch?

10—Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world?

Movies—Then and Now

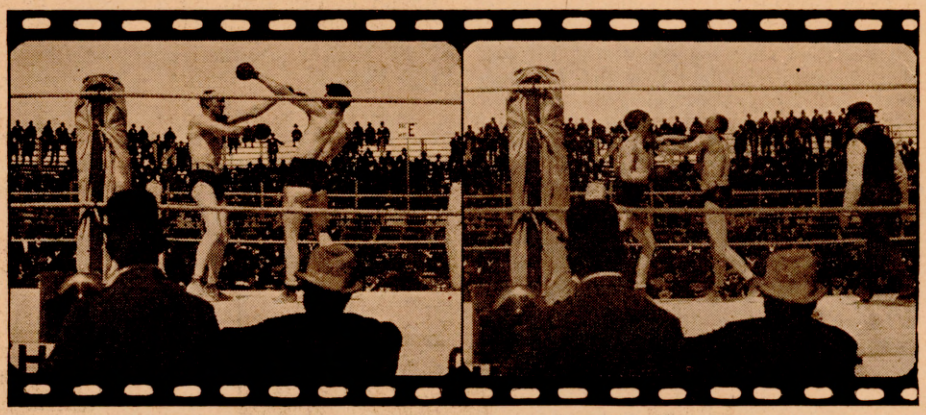
By THE OBSERVER

THIS is the year when the motion picture industry is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and throughout the country, stories of the early pictures and those who starred in them are being printed. Motion pictures have played a big part in the education and the amusement of the peoples of the world, and like all other industries, it has made huge progress over the span of years.

Every conceivable kind of animal and vegetable life has been photographed for the screen, but that is only a small part of the industry. Life in all its phases has been seen in the cinema, but I doubt that any motion picture, talkie or still, has thrilled the public as much as have the stirring pictures of famous ring battles, especially the two Schmeling-Louis mills and the Louis-Galento contest.

Little did the fight fans think when the first motion pictures of a fight were taken that forty years later they would sit in a theatre and not only see every move of the men in the ring, but hear the shouts of advice, the cheers and the groans of those at the arena.

I had an opportunity to see just what that meant to people thousands of miles away from the scene of action, when I recently paid a flying trip to Venezuela and to Port of Spain, Trinidad.



Corbett throws aside Fitz's left in the tenth

An exchange of left jabs in the ninth round

* * *

IN Caracas, a few days after my arrival, the streets were flooded with literature and photos telling of the first appearance in South America of the Louis-Galento movies. In the street cars, on trucks, in the windows of the leading shops, at the theatres, in the newspapers and where not, posters advertising the first showing appeared.

It was on a Saturday morning that the pictures were to be shown and three hours before the opening of the theatre, the street was jammed with a howling, pushing, chattering mob, waiting to see the show. So dense was the throng, that the police were called into action and about an hour before the opening, the militia on horseback had to be rushed to open the street for traffic.

I had seen the fight in New York, had been present at the preview of the pictures, and later saw them at Loew's State Theatre, but that did not stop me from going to the Caracas theatre to see the fun all over again. So in I went.

What a sight! What a thrill I got from watching, not the picture with which I was familiar, but with that fight-crazy crowd that leaped out of the seats, jabbered away as only the Spaniards can, tossed papers all over the place when Louis was dropped by Galento, and then raised the roof when their favorite, the Brown Bomber, knocked out the fat boy from New Jersey. In all my years as a fight reporter, in all my visits to boxing contests, I never saw such a sight as greeted me that day.

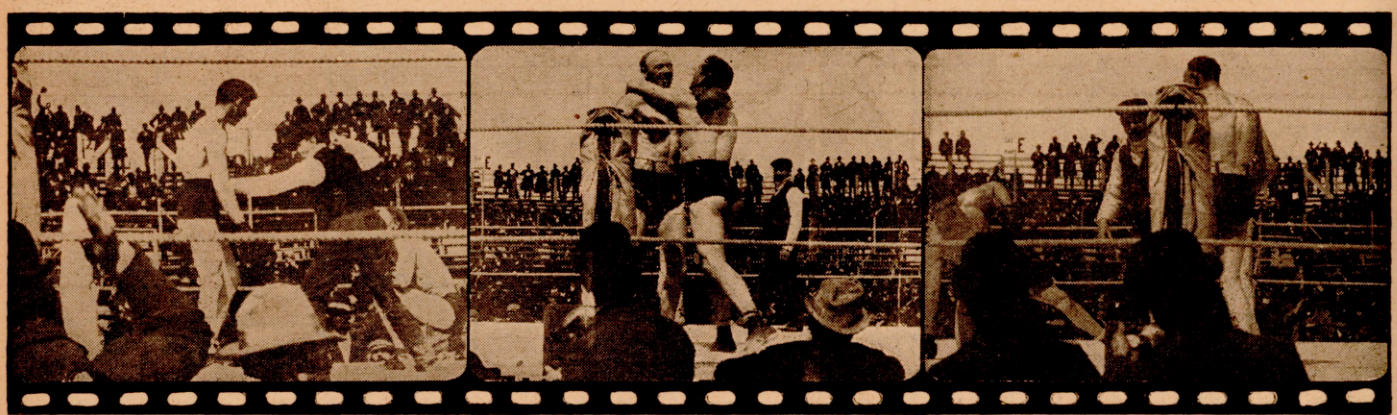
Five days later, on a one-day stopover at Trinidad, I saw almost a duplicate of that spectacle, though there the people do not show their excitement to the extent of the Latin Americans.

"The First Showing of the Louis-Galento Fight Pictures," is what I read on a huge sign as I passed into the heart of the city.

I decided I would go and see them, though I almost knew each movement of the fighters by heart by this time. After dinner, back to the city I went, and there, outside the theatre, was a band of native colored folk, playing lively tunes, and hundreds of people, most of them colored, jamming the entrance to gain admission to the show. I was one of that mob. I didn't mind being pushed around, shoved from side to side, kidded a bit by those who had recognized me and called me by my first name. It was all in fun, and I was out to get my share of it.

Well, I did. I never enjoyed a night at the movies as I did that night. The crowd, more picturesque than in Caracas because the colored British in the Guianas are a most colorful people, gave vent to its enthusiasm as did those in Venezuela. What a kick I got out of the booing of Galento, the cheering of Louis, and the wild commotion that followed the knockdown of the Bomber!

It was a treat one gets only a few times in a lifetime, and it gave me the opportunity to see just what the motion pictures mean to boxing all over the world. Motion pictures have brought thousands of fight fans into the fold. Folks who never went to a boxing show are now patrons of the sport. *(Continued on page* 48)

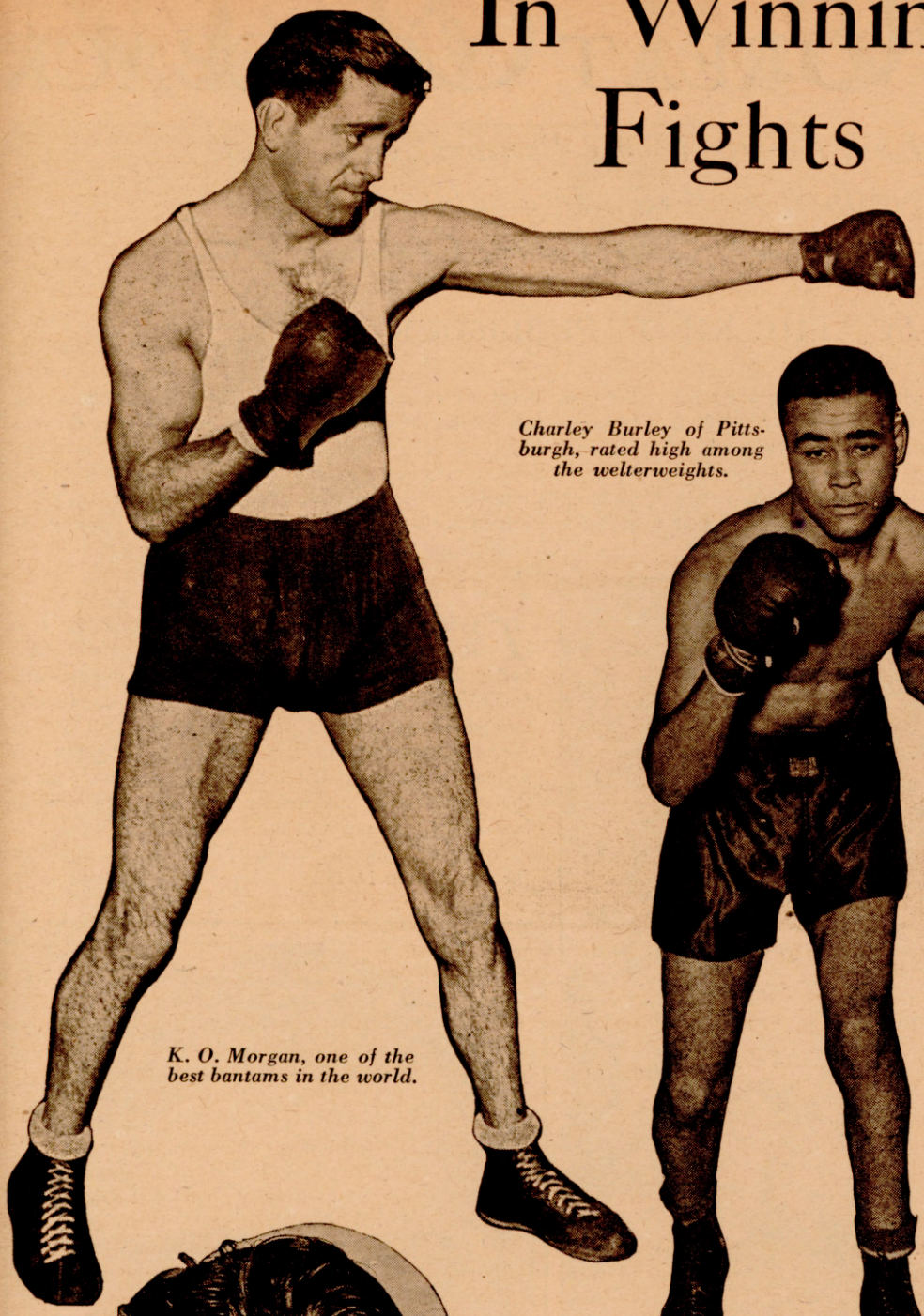


Fitz taking a count after being floored in the sixth round

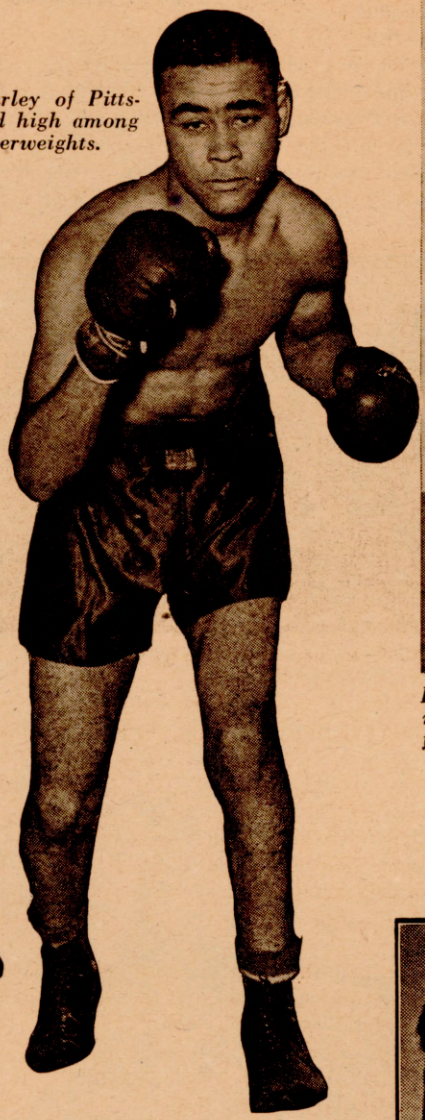
Fitz and Corbett in a clinch in the thirteenth session

Corbett knocked out by Fitz's solar plexus punch

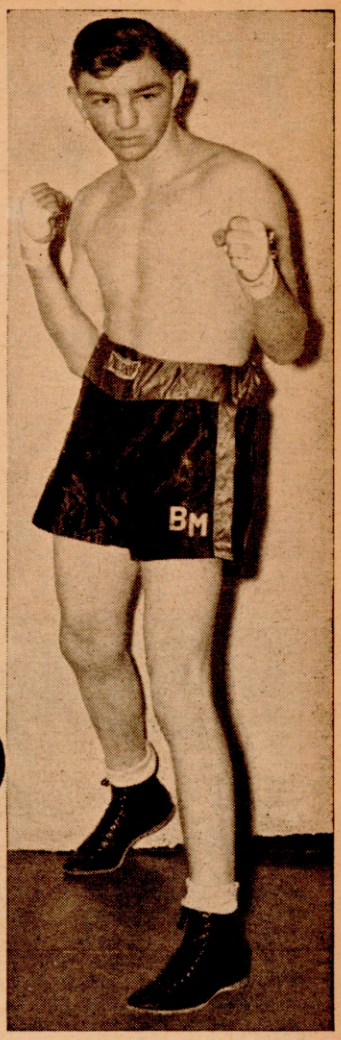
In Winning Fights



K. O. Morgan, one of the best bantams in the world.

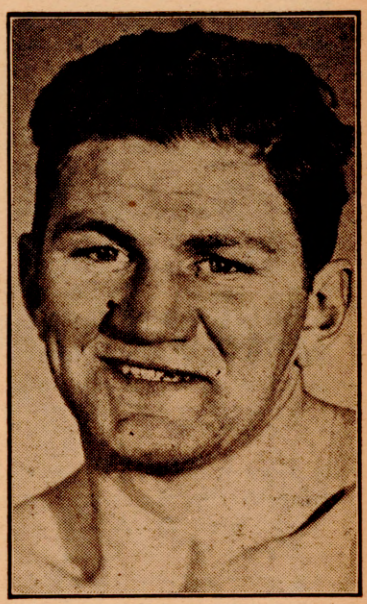


Charley Burley of Pittsburgh, rated high among the welterweights.



Bobby McIntire, Detroit featherweight, who is a pleasing performer. New Yorkers liked his style.

Tony Olivera, a bantam from California with a good record.



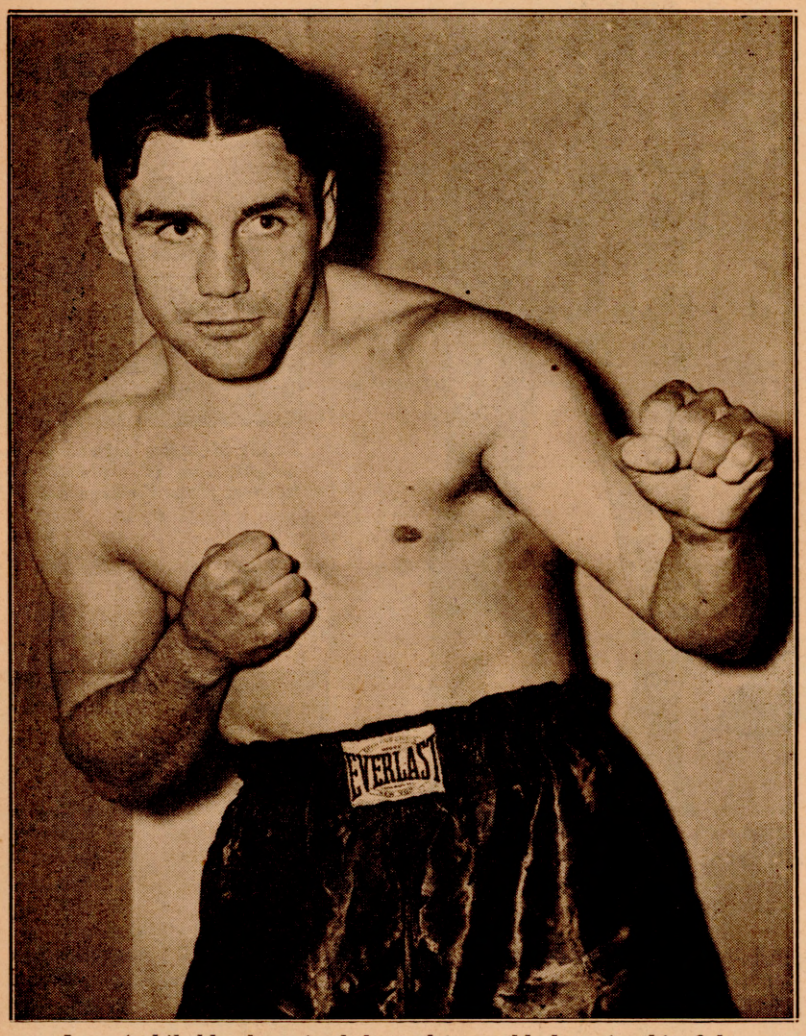
Pat Comiskey, the fighting Irishman of New Jersey, who, though in many winning fights, still has much to learn. He is too crude to face good talent.

JEFFRA'S GREAT COMEBACK

Baltimore Lad, Former World Bantam King, Drops Split Decision in Bout With Archibald for Feather-weight Crown — Opinion Favors Challenger

By "THE RING" PUBLISHER

JOEY ARCHIBALD, like Sixto Escobar, another world champion, is a title-holder who fights at his best when he is defending his crown. Twice since winning the championship in the final of an elimination tournament at Providence, Rhode Island, where he beat Leo Rodak, Joey has lost the decision in overweight matches, once to Jimmy Gilligan and then to Simon Chavez, but in the first defense of his laurels, he gained a split decision in Washington over Harry Jeffra in fifteen rounds. Thus Joey takes his place alongside Escobar as a champion who loses ordinary matches, but comes through when his title is at stake.



Joey Archibald, who gained the nod in world championship fight with Harry Jeffra in Washington.

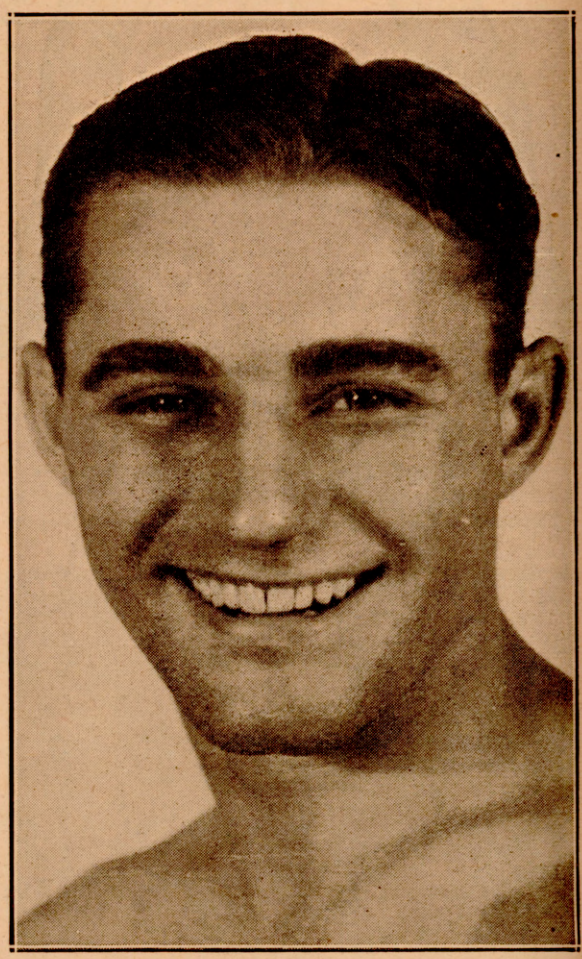
Like the decision in the battle with Rodak, Archibald's victory was the subject of considerable adverse criticism. Bedlam broke loose when the verdict of Benny Leonard, the referee, and F. J. Schuyler enabled Joey to retain his crown. Dr. Singer awarded the bout to the challenger. The crowd, like that at New Orleans where the fans differed with the official verdict in the Camarata-Rodak battle which I refereed, gave vent in no uncertain terms to its feeling against the verdict.

As for me, I scored the bout in favor of Jeffra by one round and by a margin of 73 to 67 points on the basis of ten for each round. It was a close affair. There could be no question of that, but the deciding factor in Jeffra's favor, so far as I could see, was his big margin in three of the rounds in which he tore into his opponent and fought viciously to gain the laurels. Based on the dissension and the closeness of the affair, Jeffra is entitled to a return engagement, just as was Rodak in his fight with Camarata.

* * *

THE Jeffra-Archibald mill was a good one from start to finish, with the contestants fighting better than I have ever seen them. Jeffra in particular, fought a snappier battle than he did against Escobar two years ago in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Until the Archibald engagement, that was Jeffra's greatest performance. One couldn't blame Harry for crying on the shoulders of his mother after learning that his best efforts did not win for him a second title.

Archibald, likewise, fought viciously. His work was far better than he did *(Continued on page* 45)



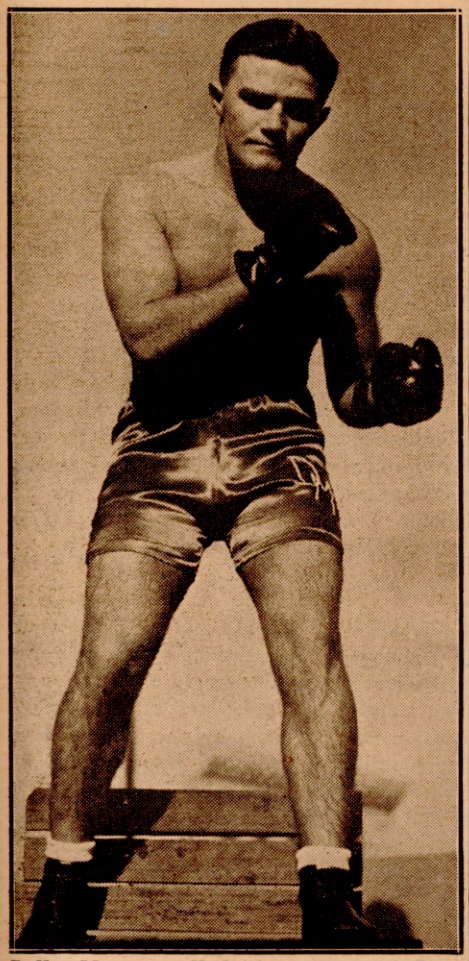
Harry Jeffra, whose loss of title match to Joey Archibald on a split decision has caused a ban on "guest" referees in District of Columbia.

NEW FACES

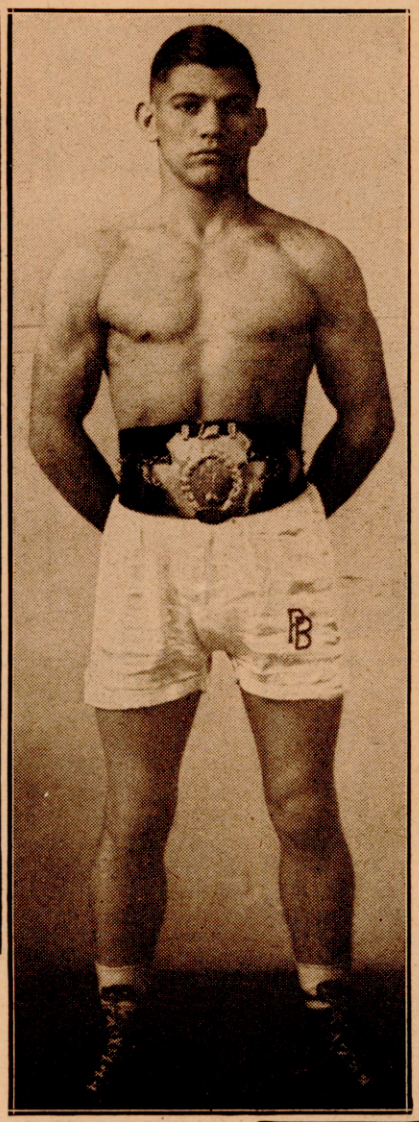
The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By

RIGHT CROSS



Dally Moran, called the miniature Les Darcy.



Paddy Boxall, lightweight champion of Australia.

BOXING is yet in its infancy in the Netherlands Indies, but interest in the game is growing, and this is all the more so of late because of the arrival in Java of several good pugilists from Singapore and Manila. Most of them would, of course, even good as they are, hardly cut any ice in the United States, but the man who is the subject of considerable discussion is a real top-notcher, Ventura Marques. He is a real champion in these parts, and has swept the board clean, beating the best Dutch welter and middleweight boxers here.

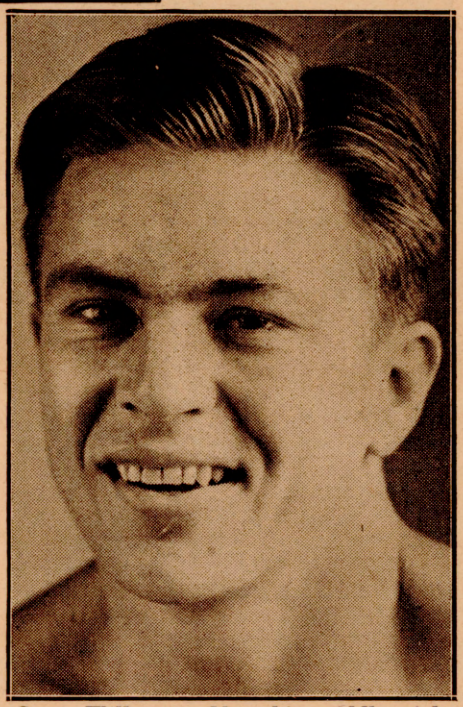
Ventura Marques is the lightweight champion of the Straits Settlements and officially recognized as such by the Singapore Board of Boxing Control. He was born in Mexico City in 1911, and began his boxing career as a professional in his native city in 1931, in which year he fought Baby Arizmendi and lost on points in a ten-round bout. Marques was then new to the game. In San Antonio, Texas, he met Jesse Sada, Mexican featherweight champion, and the Negro pugilist, Black Debil, both of whom he K.O.'ed in the fourth and seventh round, respectively. In 1932 he won three of six fights held at Nuevo Laredo, on the Mexican border, and in Monterey he beat such good men as Battling Duse, Joe Cereso, L. de la Cruz, Kid Pancho, and the Japanese champion, Kawamura.

In Manila in 1933 to 1935, he defeated Clever Henry, Young Tarley and Joe Eagle. In 1935 he arrived in Singapore, where he defeated Frankie Weber, Joe Diamond, Joe Eagle, Young Tarley and Johnny Pelky. He next returned to Manila in 1936 and engaged in a contest for the featherweight championship of the Philippines with Battling Sima, whom he knocked out in the eighth round, thus gaining the championship belt.

In Hawaii, Marques won on a technical knockout in his fight against the featherweight champion, Vince Venturillo, in the fifth round. He also K.O.'ed Johnny Kabuko and won on a foul from Joe Villanueva. This was his last fight in Hawaii, and he returned to Singapore early in 1937, when he fought Ignacio Fernandez for the lightweight championship of the Straits Settlements, winning easily on points in fifteen rounds.

Fernandez, it must be remembered, had previously fought in Madison Square Garden, New York, where he stopped Al Singer and lost on points to Tony Canzoneri and Bat Battalino. Marques next fought Clever Sison, a lightweight who had also fought in the United States, and Joe Paraiso, winning both these fights by the short route. Since then, he has remained the undisputed feather and lightweight champion of the Straits Settlements and the Orient.

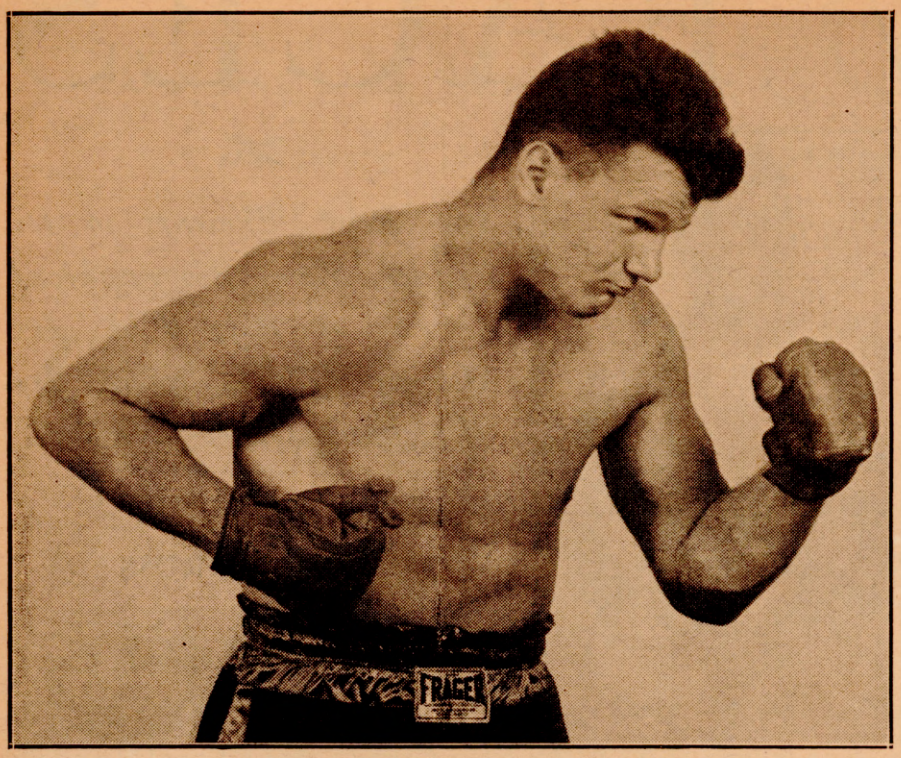
Marques is now in Honolulu, from where he hopes to go to the States.



Steve Wilkerson, Memphis middleweight.

* * *

MEMPHIS, Tennessee, boasts of a good middleweight prospect in Steve Wilkerson, who when in New York, won the award for the



Arne Anderson, heavyweight champion of Scandinavia.

outstanding performance in the American Legion's Convention tournament.

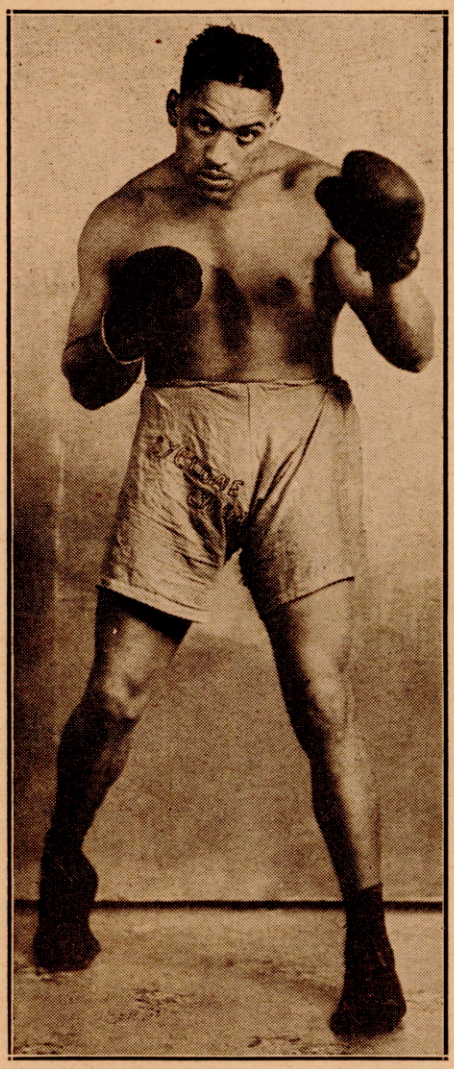
The boy, according to Walter Stewart, sports editor of the *Commercial Appeal,* and former boxing writer of the New York *Telegram,* is going to go a long way in the professional field.

As an amateur, he was one of the best turned out in the South in 1938. He carries a hefty wallop, is clever, has a heap of courage and is brainy. That combination should enable him to make the grade.

All Memphis is rooting for him, and if that means anything, then Steve should soon be among the ranking middleweights.

* * *

MARTY SERVO, youthful cousin of the world's lightweight champion, Lou Ambers, has won twenty-six consecutive bouts since turning pro. He is the youngest member of Al Weill's stable. Critics acclaim him one of the brightest stars of the younger crop of fighters. He weighs 133 pounds.



Frank Cyclone Lynch, Colorado heavyweight king.

His complete record follows:

1938—George Hall, Washington, won, 6; Joe Coskey, Amsterdam, K.O., 2; Monty Pignatore, New York, won, 6; Eddie Voccia, New York, K.O., 2; Al Ragone, New York, won, 6; Eddie Voccia, New York, K.O., 1; Tommy Fontana, New York, won, 6.

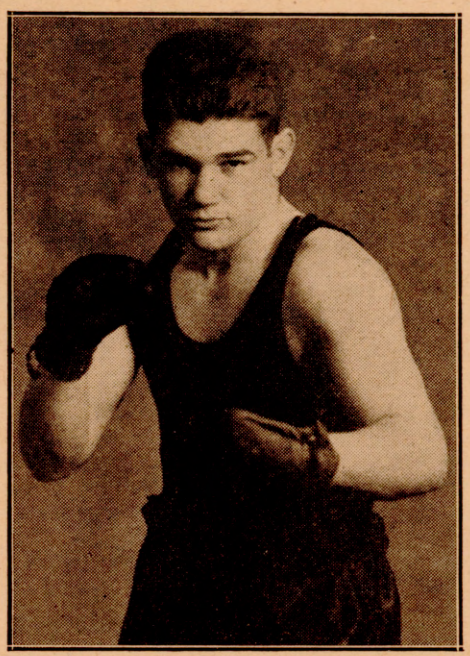
1939—Vince De Marco, New York, K.O., 3; Eddie Barton, New York, won, 6; Joe Sole, Washington, K.O., 4; Martin Reilly, Providence, won, 6; Tommy Fontana, New York, won, 6; Frankie Parchia, New York, won, 6; Joe Garvey, New York, won, 6; Tony Giello, New York, won, 6; Lloyd Laskey, New York, won, 6; Lloyd Laskey, New York, K.O., 1; Al Gillette, Hartford, K.O., 2; Frankie Rayo, Brooklyn, won, 6; Mike Angieri, Hartford, K.O., 5; Larry Esposito, Kingston, won, 6; George "Dusty" Brown, Hartford, won, 8; Young Chappie, Hartford, won, 8; George Salmone, Hartford, won, 8; Martin Reilly, Hartford, won, 8; Bob "Poison" Ivy, Hartford, won, 8.

* * *

PADDY BOXALL, the lightweight champion of Australia, is eighteen years of age and was featherweight amateur wrestling state title-holder, later turned professional and won the state lightweight wrestling championship. Boxall had his first boxing bout on Boxing Day, 1937. Since then, he has had fifty fights, has never been knocked out and has only lost five times, once through retiring on account of a busted ear.

He is the holder of the lightweight championship of Western Australia, and is the lightweight champion of Australia, welterweight champion of Western Australia and contender for middleweight honors of Western Australia. Boxall is a formidable two-handed boxer-fighter. He throws punches all the time. He is the most popular scrapper in Australia.

His comfortable victory over Tod Morgan for his Australian title has put Boxall far and above the rest "Down Under." Morgan had just received a draw decision with Johnny Hutchinson, rated among the first four featherweights in the world. Tod also won on points against Herb Bishop over fifteen rounds. Bishop is the present junior welterweight champion of Australia.

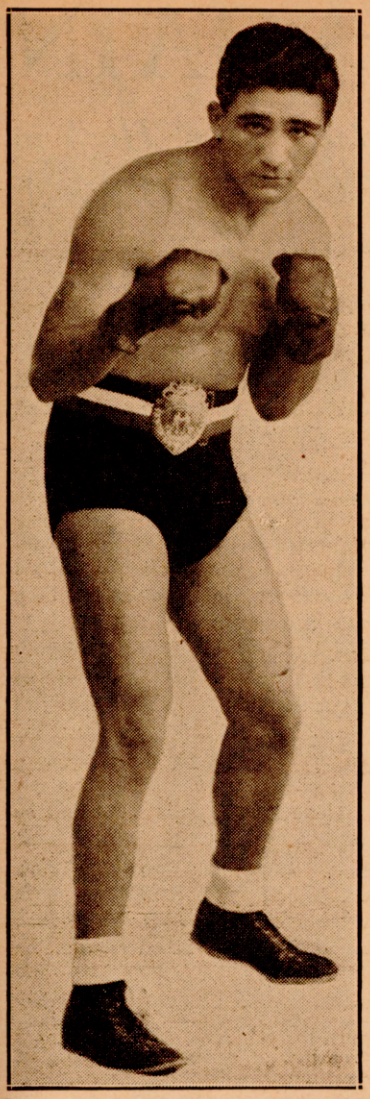


Red Moffat, Bridgeport, Connecticut, lightweight, a former star amateur.

Boxall is being trained and managed by George Edwards of the Swan Gymnasium, which is considered the leading boxing, wrestling and weight-lifting club in the state. There are several other top-line boys in Australia.

* * *

DALLY MORAN, who was born in



Ventura Marques, lightweight champion of the Straits Settlements.

he would sneak up to the gym to see the boys training and thus got his knowledge of boxing.

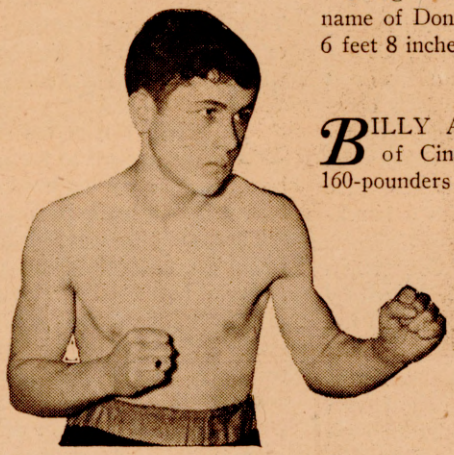
He has been boxing two years. He has had twenty-seven bouts for one loss. In his first six-rounder, he decisioned a tough kid, Rollo Hinton. His next was twelve rounds against the fly-weight champion, Tiger Donnelly, and another victory. Then he beat Hinton again, this time over ten rounds. His next win was against a good boxer in Billy Pulman, eight rounds, then a loss to Colin FitzJohn, but his next and best performance was to outpoint Joe Kerwick over twelve rounds in what was tabbed by all sports writers as the best contest seen in many a long day. It was for the state title.

Dally has been paid the highest compliment of any boxer in the history of the Australian ring when, on three different occasions, he was tabbed as another Les Darcy—once as a preliminary boy and twice in main events. The gent who bestowed this great honor is the sports writer for the *Bulletin*. He said Dally was a miniature Les Darcy, a pocket-size Darcy, and that he reminded him in looks of Darcy.

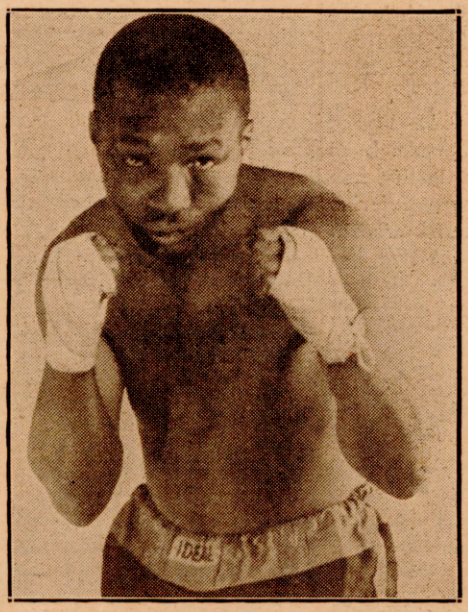
Dally may disappoint, but judging by his past performances, his many admirers don't think he will. They feel that he will make the grade and bring honor to himself and his people.

1919, is one of a family of six, three boys and three girls. He was educated at public school and left school at the age of fourteen to help keep the wolf from the door.

At the age of twelve he started to cut the photos of boxers out of the newspapers that that's what started him in the game. He never missed a Fred Henneberry contest or a Jimmy Kelso bout. After dinner of a night time



Marty Servo, cousin of Lou Ambers. Marty is a lightweight.



Tommy Mollis, Baltimore welterweight.

FRANKIE "Cyclone" Lynch is a 190-pound heavyweight from Colorado. He is twenty-five years old, and all of his fights, except two, have ended in knockouts. He dropped a ten-round decision to Jack Howard, 190, of Salt Lake City several years ago, and a ten-round decision to Emilio Martinez. He also lost to John Henry Lewis by a T.K.O. at Walsenburg, Colo., two years ago. Lynch broke his hands against the light-heavyweight champion. Since then, Lynch has knocked out all his opponents.

On July 12 at Brush, Colorado, Cyclone knocked out Carl Walker in the eighth round for the heavyweight championship of Colorado.

Lynch is a dangerous, two-handed puncher. He can put them down with either hand. He is fast on his feet and a very pleasing performer.

George Knorr, his manager, also has a new heavyweight by the name of Don Umble, who is twenty years old, weighs 225 and is 6 feet 8 inches tall. He is very active for his size.

* * *

BILLY ADAMS, young colored middleweight fighting out of Cincinnati, Ohio, may be topped among the first ten 160-pounders of the world ere long. With Manager Prince A. Smith completing a deal with Tommy Paul to handle the colored star's business in a New York campaign this coming indoor season, Adams should be heard from on the front line.

Adams has fought such stars as Alabama Kid, Roughhouse Glover, Sammy Slaughter, Carl Turner, Gorilla Jones and Archie Moore, the St. Louis ace, among others.

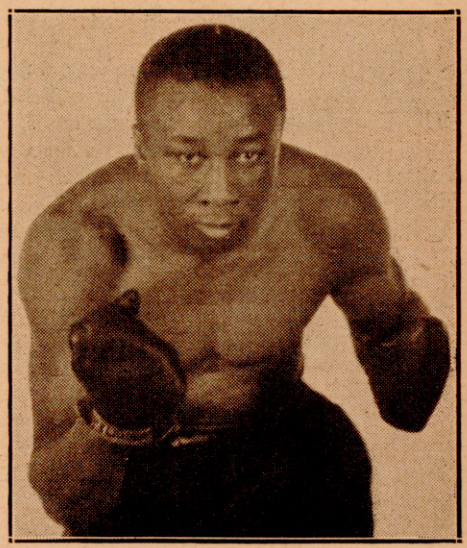
Billy has won his last two matches by knockouts, over Tommy Kramer, the German baker, and over Kid Leonard, the veteran.

* * *

GEORGE PERRY, Baltimore's popular fight manager, believes he has a coming champ in Tommy Mollis, a welterweight. Tommy possesess a fine record which includes bouts with some of the best cuffers in his division. Some of them are: Tommy Cross, Young Gene Buffalo, Lambertine Williams, Calvin Reed, Meyer Rowan, Johnny Paulus, Billy Lancaster and Young Harry Wills.

Mollis won a decision over Tommy Cross and lost twice to the Philadelphian. The Baltimore darkey drew with Gene Buffalo and lost to Lambertine Williams, but his wins are many. They include, among other victims, Meyer Rowan, three times; George Gibbs, twice; Eddie Cooper, twice; Willie Eley, twice; Baby Chocolate, Harry Dillon, Ray Moore, Joe Flocco, Wesley Ferrell, Johnny Paulus, Piedro Nieves, Calvin Reed, Eddie Taylor, Jack Charity, Billy and Babe

(Continued on page 45)



Billy Adams, young Cincinnati middleweight.

GARCIA THRILLS AGAIN

His Sensational Knockout Victory Over Fred Apostoli Places Him High in Rank of Middleweights—Loser's Courageous Stand Gains Praise —Victor Eager to Fight Hostak With Neutral Officials to Decide Ownership of World Championship

By CROSS COUNTER

CEFERINO GARCIA, the bolo punch expert of the Philippine Islands, may not be the world champion so far as the National Boxing Association is concerned, but in the eyes of Ceferino's manager, George Parnassus, the Brown Boy rules the roost as a result of his great triumph over Fred Apostoli in Madison Square Garden's opening fall show. A gathering of about 12,000 rabid fight fans received a thrill such as comes only once in a long time, when Garcia, fighting like a demon, crashing lefts and rights with force sufficient to down a heavyweight, came through with a knockout victory in 2.07 of the seventh frame.

The contest, advertised under New York State Commission ruling as for the world middleweight title, an honor shared by Al Hostak of Seattle, the N.B.A. recognized leader, was so full of action, there wasn't an idle second in the entire mill. Garcia, the veteran of fourteen years fighting, the man who as a welterweight couldn't relieve Barney Ross or Henry Armstrong of the crown, refused to be repulsed for the third time when he faced Apostoli for New York's portion of the world middleweight championship.

Outweighed 153¾ to 160 pounds, a poundage Apostoli made only after reducing at weighing-in time, Garcia sent over a repertoire of punches comprising every imaginable kind. He smothered the defending champion to such extent that Fred collapsed after going down in the seventh for the second time, and, mercifully, the bout was halted by Referee Billy Cavanaugh.

Thus Garcia takes his place alongside that famed brown-skinned title-holder, Pancho Villa, as one of the greatest Filipino fighters developed since Uncle Sam's fighting men introduced boxing into the Pacific islands. With thundering right-hand smashes, Ceferino sent his opponent down, once for a count of two, once for a count of nine and the third time for a count of two when the bout was halted. The last time Fred went down he was not hit, but he collapsed after a fusillade of right crashes that preceded the fall.

* * *

THE extra poundage aided Garcia considerably. In his previous contests for the title, he had to shed weight, just as did Apostoli for the Garcia battle, and that took much of the stamina away from Ceferino. What happened to him in the Ross and Armstrong contests, was a duplicate of what Apostoli suffered in his New York title defense—shedding weight, caused his downfall. Some think that Billy Conn forced Fred on the downgrade.

Those who watched Apostoli train and knew what trouble he was having in paring down to 160 pounds, weren't surprised at Fred's beating at the hands of Garcia. Three days before the fight, he scaled six and a quarter pounds overweight, and taking that much off in so short a time played havoc with him. He still was a quarter pound over the limit when he scaled in and had to have that rubbed out of him.

Apostoli is a splendid fighter. He can hit and can take it, and those who saw his efforts against Garcia couldn't believe their eyes as they watched him wince under an avalanche of blows which under normal conditions he could have checked. But that does not take anything from the glorious battle put forth by his rival. Garcia knew that this was his last chance at a title, even if only a New York version of a world championship, and he fought bitterly to make good. And he did.

He left the Garden amid a rousing round of cheers. If he can get Hostak to fight him, something Al refused to do with Apostoli when Fred held the New York crown, a fight that should be even better than the one just finished, should be on tap for the fans. Such a battle would definitely decide the world crown wearer, and THE RING, in an effort to settle the matter of supremacy, will offer a handsome three-panel belt to the winner, regardless of where the fight is staged.

* * *

A RIGHT uppercut started Apostoli on the road to defeat. It was used to perfection by the victor, who discarded his bolo punch to try his hand on as pretty an uppercut as has been seen in a ring battle in New York in many moons.

The first blow, landed under the chin soon after the seventh round got under way, cut a gash in the skin. The punch was so powerful that Fred was almost raised off the floor. His mind was in a haze, that much could be determined by one look at his eyes. They were glassy, yet he came forth to swap punches, though in a semi-stupor. As he walked in, he was open for a left and a right to the chin. The last one landed with force and he went down for a count of two.

Still dazed, Apostoli, instead of remaining down for nine, got to his feet at the count of two and again let himself open for a heavy barrage. Swinging right, four long lefts to the face, half a dozen or more left hooks to the jaw crashed against the open target.

It was amazing to see Apostoli take these. His unprotected jaw absorbed its share of the blows as did the head and side of the face as Fred tried desperately to get in close and clinch, but without avail.

It was a madman who was facing Apostoli now. He sensed victory, and a championship, and he went after both. To him it mattered little whether forty-one states of the Union would recognize only Hostak as title-holder. He knew that Apostoli was New York's title-holder and as such, carried as much world prestige as did the N.B.A. leader, and to win that title was his aim.

Not a second did Garcia let up in his attack. He followed every move of his opponent and backing him around the ring, smothered him with punches from all angles. Only the bolo punch, his most famous, was missing in this tremendous, furious attack that took the house by storm.

* * *

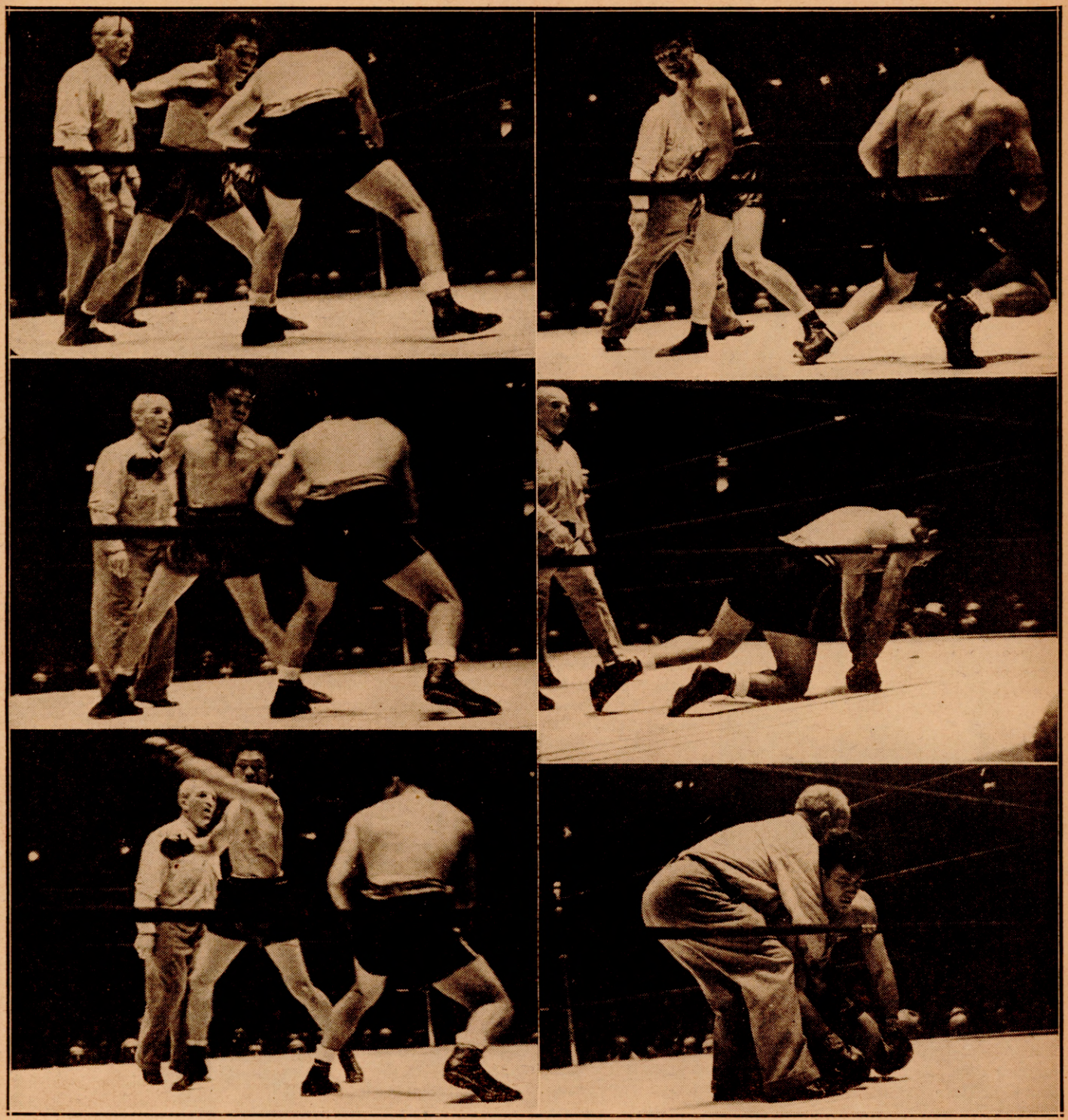
THE fans, realizing that the underdog was about to get his prey, leaped to its feet and encouraged Garcia by wild cheers, shouts and hand clapping. A right to the jaw sent Apostoli down for the second time. He went down slowly, as one who is collapsing, and Garcia rushed to a neutral corner to watch the count.

This time Fred took more time to get up. The toll of nine had been reached when up he came. He pulled himself together with effort, and it was obvious to all that he was through. The weight-making plus the terrific bombardment, clouting such as hasn't been seen in a Garden ring in months, had taken their toll. He tried hard to raise his hands in defense, but he couldn't make it. He stabbed a few left jabs to Garcia's face, but the sting was gone.

Fred fought as one in an unconscious state, more from instinct. The assault on him was continued. Garcia, back in his fighting stride, rushed at his prey and again lefts and rights crashed against chin and head. With the fury of a wounded tiger, he leaped at Fred. He knew the end was near and he wasn't going to let his advantage get away from him.

A two-fisted attack got under way. Fred couldn't stop the punches from landing on vital points. He attempted a counter

A Message From Garcia



The magic eye records the crowning of New York State's new middleweight champion of the world and the dethroning of the old one. Here we have a strip showing the seventh round of the Garcia-Apostoli fight. Reading down (left side): 1—Garcia comes forward, his deadly right cocked for action. 2—After he connects, he steps back, and drops his right about waist high. 3—In a sweeping movement, he crashes the right against Apostoli's chin. Reading down (right side): 4—Fred's knees buckle and slowly he crumples to the canvas. 5—He falls on hands and knees. 6—Referee Billy Cavanaugh aids him to his feet as he calls a halt in the uneven bout.

attack, but it was extremely feeble. A right and left to the jaw jarred him. Lefts and rights followed and then Garcia backed away. As he did, Apostoli crumpled to the canvas, landing on his knees and hands and then toppled over on his face.

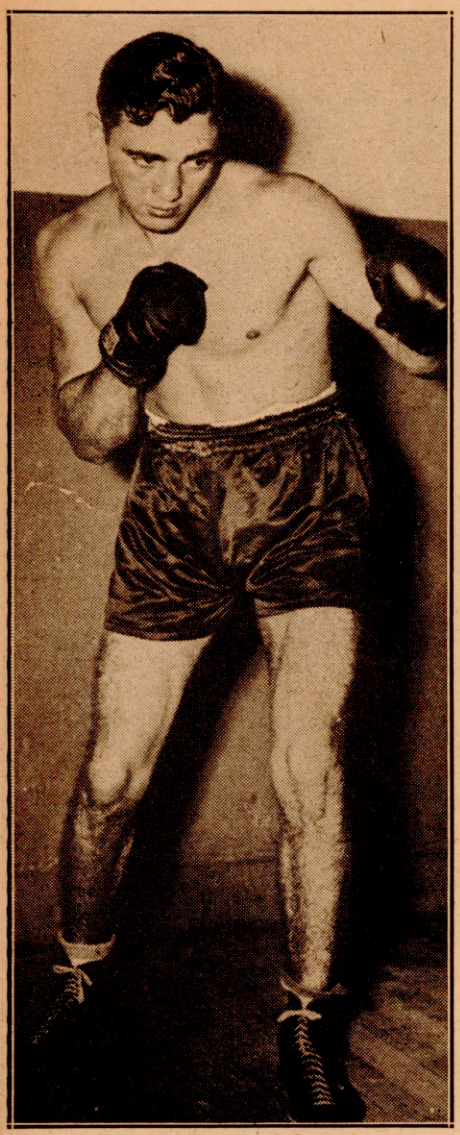
He lay prostrate as the count started. At two, Referee Cavanaugh, a former fighter who now is West Point's boxing instructor, rushed to the rescue. He waved Garcia aside and New York's new world middleweight champion was crowned.

THUS a crown changed hands. The downfall of the hard hitting, likeable, courageous Fred Apostoli, brought about the rise of a new fistic king, another of the famous Filipino fighters who has made ring history. For fourteen years Garcia had been dreaming of just such a moment. He was in glee as Harry Balogh rushed into the ring and grasping his hand, announced, "The winner and new world champion."

What a moment for the brown- *(Continued on page 42)*

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN



Al Nettlow, Al Weill's latest welterweight sensation.

IT is quite unusual for a manager to sever connections with one headliner and soon after come up with someone just as attractive. Jack Kearns, ever since breaking the Dempsey charm, has been unable to hook up with a live wire. Pop Foster, since the retirement of Jimmy McLarnin, has been unable to contact a winning fighter.

In the case of Sammy Goldman, it was quite fortunate for him that after Pete Herman's retirement, Tony Canzoneri came along and resumed where Herman finished. Canzoneri proved to be one of the greatest money fighters in the history of boxing.

Now we reach Frank Bachman, who took Maxey Rosenbloom from a four-round preliminary fighter to the top rung of the light-heavyweight championship. Rosenbloom made a fortune for himself under the astute management of Bachman, then tossed him aside. After his contract expired with Bachman, Rosenbloom decided to sell himself to the highest bidder, and Bachman refused to have any part in such a deal. He decided to let Rosenbloom drift for himself.

A young Dallas, Texas, lightweight was anxious to leave his Texas surroundings about this time, and made a bid for fame on the Pacific Coast. When he arrived there, he found that he was unable to make the headway that he had expected. He became discouraged, yet did not want to return to his home without making good.

He had also taken himself a young, attractive wife, who was working heart and soul in the interest of his career, and between them, they felt in the mood to try anything once. Through the intercession of Poppy Zasker, a Pacific Coast manager, Jenkins was told to contact Frank Bachman, who was in the East at the time, and to make arrangements for some fistic engagements through Bachman's bookings. Bachman and Jenkins signed a contract and since then, Jenkins has advanced in leaps and bounds.

Jenkins made his New York debut at the Queensboro Arena and was on the short end of the betting against Quentin Breese. It was a rough and gruelling engagement, but Jenkins was awarded the decision, though it was far from being a popular one. They next paired Jenkins with Joey Fontana, a scrappy, two-fisted little lightweight. Lew again was the short-ender, but he gave Fontana a convincing licking and redeemed himself for the showing against Breese.

Breese, through his manager, George Ades, was demanding another match with Jenkins because, he claimed, he was short changed in their first one. Again Breese was made favorite. But this time, Jenkins was in admirable condition and left no doubt as to his right to the verdict.

By this time Jenkins was advancing rapidly and was developing into a good drawing card. They pitted him against Ginger Foran, classy English 130-pounder, but even the boxing skill of Foran could not stave off the determined attack of Jenkins and the fight ended in the fourth round with Jenkins being credited with a technical knockout.

* * *

WITH the summer season over, Jenkins was signed by Jimmy Bronson for the Coliseum in the Bronx. Bronson and Billy Brown, his matchmaker, signed Jenkins for a clash with the hard-hitting Primo Flores, Puerto Rican lightweight, who had been doing destructive work at the New York clubs.

Over ten thousand fans were attracted to the opening show and they saw a thrilling exhibition that lasted only four rounds, with Jenkins a victor. It was not the fault of either principal that the fight did not last longer. Flores received an injured eye and the commission doctor, taking the authority from the referee's hands, called a halt. Jenkins was awarded the bout on a T.K.O. He was leading at the time.

Bachman feels that he is ready for bigger things with Jenkins and is parking on the doors of Johnny Attell's office for a crack at some of the leading lightweights at Madison Square Garden. To the list of such stars as Sammy Angott, Billy Marquart and Bob Montgomery can now be added that of Jenkins as an indoor headliner.

* * *

GEORGE CROUCH, Pacific Coast lightweight star, who is campaigning in the East because he practically ran out of opponents on the Coast, is finding the same difficulty around New York. Accompanied by his manager, Poppy Zasker, Crouch during his three months of campaigning around New York, has been able to secure one match. His opponent, Steve Gacha, was knocked out in the fourth round in Newark, N. J., and Georgie has been unable to entice anyone else for a meeting.

Georgie has had a considerable amount of misfortune in his fistic career and the fates continue to dog him while in the East. Three nights before his bout with Andy Scrivani at the Olympic in Los Angeles, his baby girl passed away. Grief-stricken and heart-broken over the tragedy, he still went through with the contest and turned in a knockout in the ninth round.

Some time later he was matched with Phil Zwick at the same club. Those who saw

Bobby Ruffin, Astoria, Long Island, featherweight.

Georgie Crouch, one of the best lightweights developed in California in years.

Crouch win in ten rounds did not see anything wrong with Crouch's work. But those who were intimate with Georgie, marvelled at the fact that Crouch was able to step between the ropes at all. The night before the fight his fourteen-year-old brother had passed away and Georgie was at the bedside all night.

The adage, "the show must go on," seems to apply to Crouch, even though the expression belongs in the theatrical profession. Crouch has participated in his share of misfortune but he is patient and believes that better times are coming his way.

He is 22 years of age and is the son of a preacher. He has two children living on the Coast. He is set on making good in New York.

His first fight took place at Pasadena when he weighed but 110 pounds and he participated as an amateur. He continued to put on weight and by the time he was ready to compete with the professionals, he was a full-fledged lightweight.

His outstanding victories were scored over Tony Chavez, Nick Peters, Jimmy Garrison, Ritchie Fontaine and Babe Brandelli. He scored a technical knockout over Peters in the seventh round at the Olympic. Peters today ranks as one of the biggest drawing cards on the Coast.

The rivalry with Chavez consists of three engagements. Crouch was beaten by Chavez in their first meeting, drew in their second, and their third date took place at the Gilmore Stadium, with Crouch winning the decision.

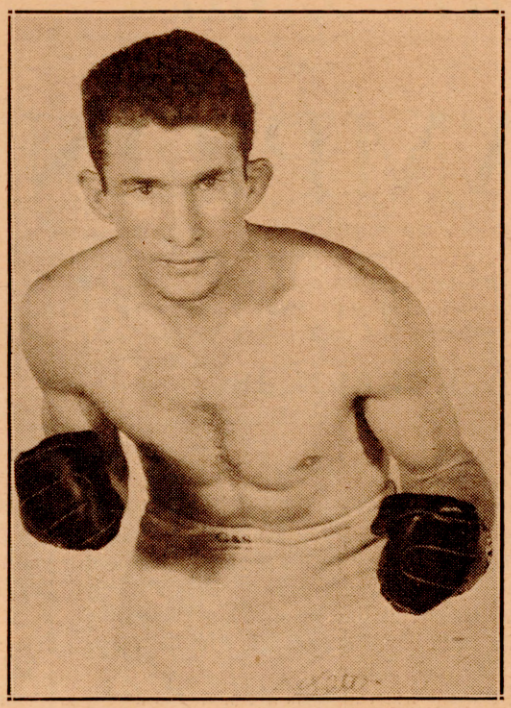
Zasker is a well known manager on the Coast, but has encountered nothing but trouble in pairing his charge with ranking lightweights in the East. He is determined to stick around at all costs and give Crouch that chance he is seeking. A meeting between Crouch and Jackie Wilson at the Olympic would attract a capacity gathering and would prove enormously attractive from a financial standpoint, but Poppy is willing to waive those inducements for the time being to see just how Crouch compares with the Eastern lightweights.

* * *

AL NETTLOW, Detroit's "streamlined" welterweight star, was welcomed enthusiastically on his return to the fistic wars after an appendix operation caused him temporary retirement eight months past. The quiet, unassuming, likeable youngster, who caused quite a sensation prior to his "unvoluntary retirement" because of spectacular wins over such leading lights as Tommy Cross, Paul Junior, Honey Mellody, Roger Bernard and others, is again taking up where he left off, already having disposed of Jimmy Vaughn and Victor Troisi. Nettlow, who has engaged in about 90 amateur and 40 professional bouts, has lost but three fights in his entire career. And critics throughout the country have stamped him "sure-pop" to gain recognition for a championship bout within a short time.

A product of the Detroit C.Y.O., which Nettlow joined at the insistence of his brother Oliver, Al became a model youth and the pride of all organization members throughout the state of Michigan.

It is noteworthy that, according to Mrs. Joseph Nettlow, Al's mother, prior to joining the C.Y.O.'s boxing team, Al was at an age where it was quite difficult to control him. He was out nights a great deal of the time and he caused his folks much worry.



Lew Jenkins, Texas lightweight, who is doing well around New York.

But when Al became interested in Golden Gloves boxing, he became a changed boy. His family knew his whereabouts every minute of the day and night, he became a model, clean-living boy—a fine example of what various organizations in control of amateur boxing have done for many youngsters throughout the country.

Nettlow has six brothers and two sisters. Outside of a brother, Oliver, who did but little amateur boxing, Al was the only member of the family to take up boxing as a vocation.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., his family moved to River Rouge, Michigan, when Al was but twelve years of age. The family has made its home there since.

Nettlow is being handled by Al Weill, who has assembled the greatest stable of stars in the country. Nettlow is one of the reasons why Weill is not anxious for Ambers to clash with Henry Armstrong for the welterweight title. Weill feels that Nettlow is capable of giving Armstrong a run for the title, and with Ambers holding two titles, it would stifle the division.

* * *

THE old saying, "like father like son," really doesn't hold true in boxing, if one were to search the annals of fistiana. Take the case of Bob Fitzsimmons, for instance. Ol' Ruby Robert undoubtedly was one of the greatest fighters of all time. He was middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of the world, when the opposition was really tough. The lanky, freckled Fitz was good enough to knock heavyweights bowlegged when he was merely a middleweight. Ruby Robert's son, Young Bob, was the exact opposite of his sparkling dad. Husky, or rather chubby, stocky of frame, Young Bob was a better than average boxer, but when it came to punching, he really wasn't there. Young Bob couldn't dent a creampuff.

Mike Donovan was one of the greatest boxers of his time. He was a superlative as a "fencing master," and was known as "Professor Mike." His son was Young Mike, or Arthur, as we know him today. Mike was just ordinary as a middleweight, but turned out to be the outstanding referee in the U. S. A.

Billy Miske was a topnotch heavyweight in an era that saw some of the greatest big fellows of all time. The Billy Miske that was bowled over by Jack Dempsey *(Continued on page 48)*

GREAT *But Not* CHAMPION

By

BOB EDGREN, JR.

Packey McFarland, who ranked among the greatest in the light and welter classes, yet never held a crown.

WHERE cleverness is concerned, I guess there never was a better man than Packey McFarland. That's queer, too, because Packey hailed from the toughest part of Chicago. You would have thought Packey would have been a bruising roughneck like some of his stockyards playmates, whose idea of a swell day was to tangle with the gang from the gas house in a mob rock fight.

Don't get the idea that Packey wasn't tough. He was. He could take anything that came his way, including rocks. But he was a dashing, handsome, thin-nosed, sparkling-eyed kid with wavy black hair; brimming with energy; quick as a bird.

He packed a punch. In 1906, for instance, he had fifteen fights. He knocked out fourteen of his opponents, and only one of them lasted as long as five rounds. He won the other fight on a decision.

But Packey didn't like to knock them out. When he had earned a position near the top of the lightweight division, he said: "Why knock 'em out? It only hurts the kids I fight. Spoils their records. Wrecks their confidence. It doesn't do me any good, because nobody cares whether I kayo them or not, as long as I win. So I just win the decisions."

Packey was clever enough to do this. Not many are. He was. One example in particular comes to mind.

A talented youngster in the Middle West tangled with Packey one night in Memphis. The kid was mighty good. Fast, with a great left jab. The bout was called a draw. Packey didn't mind. Of all the papers that reported the fight, one, in Chicago, said that Packey had been licked. It said that this new kid, Jack Britton, had smacked him around.

At this point, a gentleman by the name of Dumb Dan Morgan entered the picture. Dan was called dumb because he was anything but. He got a lot of copies of that Chicago paper. By distributing them around where they would do the most good, he got Britton a great reputation—at McFarland's expense. Morgan profited greatly by this because he was Britton's manager.

Two years rolled by. Packey got madder and madder. Britton really was good, and began a rapid climb to the top. This didn't help matters any, because it led more people to believe that Britton was really McFarland's master.

Finally the two were rematched in New York. The fight was to be ten rounds. Packey went into training. When visited by reporters, he said: "You watch. I'm going to show this Britton up. I won't knock him out. But he'll wish I had."

When the fight began, Packey moved in almost as close to Britton as this magazine is to your eyes, and he stayed there for the whole ten rounds. If Britton was able to hit him once, just one solid punch, ringsiders didn't see it. Packey was complete master of the situation. He blocked, slapped Britton's fists aside, jabbed, cuffed, slapped, jarred Jack all through that fight. He let fly a stream of annoying little left jabs, which landed in Britton's face in spite of everything he could do.

In the last round, tears rolled down Britton's cheeks. He was so mad, so futile, so exasperated, that he rushed in, still trying to land a punch while the hot tears coursed down his face.

When the final gong rang, Packey was as smiling, as dapper, as unruffled, as when he entered the ring.

Nobody in his wildest moments ever again believed that Britton had licked McFarland at Memphis.

Both Packey and his manager had fine, wavy black hair, and were handsome fellows. They looked almost too dapper for the ring game.

* * *

AT that time, a rugged Jewish lightweight, Leach Cross, was the idol of New York. He was a forthright, game, hard-as-nails scrapper.

Packey came from Chicago to fight him.

Naturally it was the business of the New York sport writers to visit Packey's training quarters, renew past friendship, and talk over the oncoming fight. They were already planning stories contrasting the debonair McFarland and his aristocratic appearance with the ordinary flat-nosed look of the average pug.

They were greeted at the door by Packey's manager. Gone were his wavy black locks. He had shaved his head. He looked like a convict.

"But," he said, "wait 'til you see Packey!"

McFarland's head was shaved, too. And on top of his cranium there were about fifteen or twenty big scars. White-lined reminders of combat which had always been concealed by his long black hair.

"Gee!" was the opening question. "Where did you get all those scars?"

Packey grinned. "Rock fights around the stockyards," he replied. "When you saw a rock coming, you didn't want to get it in the face. So you ducked your head. If it didn't miss, it only cut the top of your head. I guess they won't think I'm too gentle now, huh? Do I look tough enough?"

He scowled, and if he'd had a knife in his hand, all the boys would have jumped right out through the windows.

Packey's cleverness didn't always *(Continued on page 42)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Sixto Escobar

SIXTO ESCOBAR was born in Barcelonetta, Puerto Rico, March 23, 1913. One of many children. He is 5 feet, 4 and scales 118 pounds when in fighting trim. Twice holder of the bantamweight championship. Started boxing when sixteen. Got his inspiration from Lope Tenario, Filipino, who was an idol in Puerto Rico ten years ago. Strong attachment grew between them and Sixto received his schooling from Lope. He was an apt pupil.

Is one of best fighting machines among smaller lads. Full of vim, is fast and is a hard hitter. Does best in his home country where climate and food agree with him. Has lost overweight matches, but is at his best when fighting for a title or to retain one.

Was sixth child to bless the happy union of Jacinto and Adela Escobar, therefore was named Sixto. Father is a powerfully built six footer, scaling 200 pounds. Was boss of a tough bunch of laborers at cane field. Sixto, though lacking Jacinto's massive frame, has inherited all the ruggedness of his dad.

Escobar in Spanish means broom. Sixto is appropriately named. He made a thorough job of cleaning up the 118-pound division to establish himself as the undisputed ruler of the roost. His list of victims in the last three years includes such good boys as Bobby Leitham of Canada, Baby Casanova of Mexico, Eugene Haut of France, Pete Sanstol of Norway, Indian Quintina of Panama, Lou Salica of New York, Harry Jeffra of Baltimore and K.O. Morgan of Connecticut—a most impressive group.

Has put aside money for a rainy day. Is owner of fine real estate in San Juan, along the waterfront in exclusive area. Also owns property in Santurce, outskirt of San Juan.

Fought twenty-three amateur bouts, winning twenty and losing three by decision before turning professional. Weighed only 110 pounds as a simon-pure. Had seven pro fights in San Juan and fifteen in Venezuela where he made his biggest headway in the first two years of his career. Returned to Puerto Rico where he fought five more times, before coming to States.

Out of these twenty-seven fights he lost only three and drew in one. Lou Brix then became interested in him after Sixto's American manager found that the business of managing a fighter took up too much time and Lou has led Sixto into the position he now holds—a world title-holder. Sixto came to the States on May 7, 1934, and in his first important engagement he tackled Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, at Holyoke, Mass. He subbed for Midget Wolgast, who was to have fought Bobby but couldn't appear. Knocked out Leitham in seven rounds.

Two weeks later in same city outpointed Joey Archibald in ten rounds. On June 10 of that same year, repeated over Leitham, this time in Canada, where he stopped Bobby in five rounds.

He recently was beaten by an unknown, Tony Olivera, in ten. Escobar cannot fight at his best in overweight matches, but shows his form when the title is at stake.

His best battles have taken place in Puerto Rico, his native land. Put up great scraps to whip Lou Salica, Harry Jeffra and K.O. Morgan in San Juan.

His weight and measurements are: Age, 26; weight, 118; height, 5 feet, 4 inches; chest normal, 33; chest expanded, 35½; biceps, 11¼ inches; forearm, 11 inches; thigh, 18½ inches; ankle, 9½ inches; waist, 28 inches; fist, 10½ inches; neck, 14½ inches; reach, 62 inches; wrist, 6½ inches; calf, 14½ inches.

K. O. Morgan

K.O. MORGAN was born Andrew Esposito, of Italian parentage, but cannot speak any Italian. He comes from a family of fighters. Five of his brothers succumbed to the urge of leather-pushing, the best being his brother Mike, who boxed a draw with Tony Canzoneri when Tony was on his way up to a world crown.

Morgan was born in Stamford, Connecticut, May 12, 1909. He began boxing when he was sixteen years old, his first fight being held in Toledo, Ohio, under the name of the Charleston Kid. Some called him Tincan because he was the best shot in street hockey in which a tin can was used as the disc. His Charleston name came from the fact that he was a star dancer. Morgan has won twenty-two dance contests.

K.O. has had more fights than any man of the present era. Only Johnny Dundee in recent years excelled him in the total. The K.O. Kid says that he has had close to 400 battles—somewhere between 350 and that number, at any rate, but Scotty Montieth, former manager of Dundee, declares that the number of Morgan's battles must be closer to 500.

Morgan is a natural bantam. He is a southpaw. He shuns the conventional in training. He dances in the ring, smokes when he wants to, and otherwise does almost as he pleases. He is his own master and though he listens to his seconds and manager, he feels that he is fully capable of paddling his own canoe.

He smokes heavy, big black cigars, even when in training. He wears a derby like the brown derby made famous by Al Smith, New York's former Governor. Like Tony Galento, he loves his beer but he doesn't indulge as does the beer-guzzling Jersey heavyweight. He takes an occasional bottle and feels that it does him some good. When abroad, he drinks ale instead.

Has a great fighting record. Among the big shots he has beaten are:

Ruby Bradley, world's flyweight champion, one round; Frankie Wolfram, Canadian featherweight champion; Johnny McGrory, the British Empire featherweight champ; Johnny King, British Empire bantam king; Frankie Martin, Canadian bantam champion; Jackie Callura, Canadian featherweight title-holder, twice; Henry Hook and Georgie Pace, bantam contenders; Benny Lynch, former world bantam king; and Sixto Escobar, present world bantamweight champion.

Morgan is a great favorite abroad. He has been credited with being an excellent influence on British boxing.

In last showing in the East, took the veteran Pablo Dano into camp over ten rounds at Stamford, Conn.

Morgan's weight and measurements follow: Age, 31; weight, 118 pounds; height, 5 feet, 6; chest, normal, 34 inches; chest, expanded, 35½ inches; biceps, 14½ inches; forearm, 11 inches; thigh, 18½ inches; ankle, 9 inches; waist, 26½ inches; fist, 9½ inches; neck, 14½ inches; reach, 65½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches; calf, 14½ inches.

His record for the last two years is:

1938—Lenny Cohen, K.O. three rounds; Jackie Callura, won, 10 rounds; Joey Izzyo, K.O., eight rounds; Sixto Escobar, won, 10 rounds; Jose Santos, won, 10 rounds; Bert Ardt, K.O., five rounds; Jose Santos, won, 10 rounds; Benny Lynch, won, 12 rounds.

1939—Tony Ferrandez, K.O., four rounds; Sixto Escobar (world championship), lost, 15 rounds; Johnny Edwards, K.O., two rounds; Ted Christie, K.O., four rounds.

When GANS Beat HAWKINS

ON Forty-second Street, directly opposite the *Daily News* Building, in the heart of the busiest section of New York, there is the St. Bartholomew's Church, a structure not quite like the old building that occupied the same premises many years ago, but still the church whose athletes were renowned, international figures in sports. In boxing, wrestling, track and handball, the St. Bartholomew boys were classed among the best.

Today things are not quite the same at the Forty-second Street building, where its spacious and well-equipped gymnasium still caters to the youth of that particular vicinity, but many of the men who kept the St. Barths in the front headlines during the period from 1890 through the World War are still active in the promotion of sports.

It is they who take deepest pride in recounting stories of the stars of yesteryear, men who are now kings of the business world in their line. Many years ago, the St. Bartholomew A. C. had among its talent such stars as Elbows McFadden, Jim McKeever, Johnny Murphy, Danny Duane, Tommy Shortell, Chip Morrison and others who developed from the ranks of the so-called "simon-pures" to great professional fighters. The club was known throughout the country as the "Nursery of Boxing."

Tommy Shortell was a crack welterweight. He won the amateur welter laurels at the same tournament in the Bohemian Sporting Club in which Terry McGovern captured the honors in the bantamweight class and New York Jack O'Brien brought home the laurels in the lightweight division.

That was the first amateur boxing tournament in which gold watches were awarded as prizes. Later on many of the amateur cracks decided that times were too hard and the cost of living too high for them to draw down a gold watch every time they won a ring encounter. They didn't get quite enough watches to start a jewelry shop, yet they won so many they didn't know what to do with them.

Eventually, some of the unscrupulous promoters hit upon the scheme of awarding the watches minus the works. Inside the case, in lieu of wheels and mainspring, the prize winner would find a twenty dollar bill, or perhaps two or three of 'em, neatly folded up.

The etiquette of the occasion demanded that the amateur return the case to the donor—empty. It was "refilled" and awarded to another prize winner and so on down the line. Frequently as many as twenty boxers "won" the same watch, but there was no kick coming as long as the "works" proved suitable.

Business was brisk until the august officials of the Amateur Athletic Union detected the scheme and expelled the workless watch winners from amateur ranks. The workless watch conditions were products of an era in which the amateur sport was just beginning to find itself. The Amateur Athletic Union has cured most of the early evils. Times have changed and the sport has changed with them.

* * *

IN discussing the days of New York's supremacy as a fight center, in both the amateur and professional branches of the sport, with George Bannon, the man who is celebrating his forty-fifth year as timer, I asked George what fight, either amateur or pro, stood out in his memory as the greatest he had ever seen or at which he had officiated.

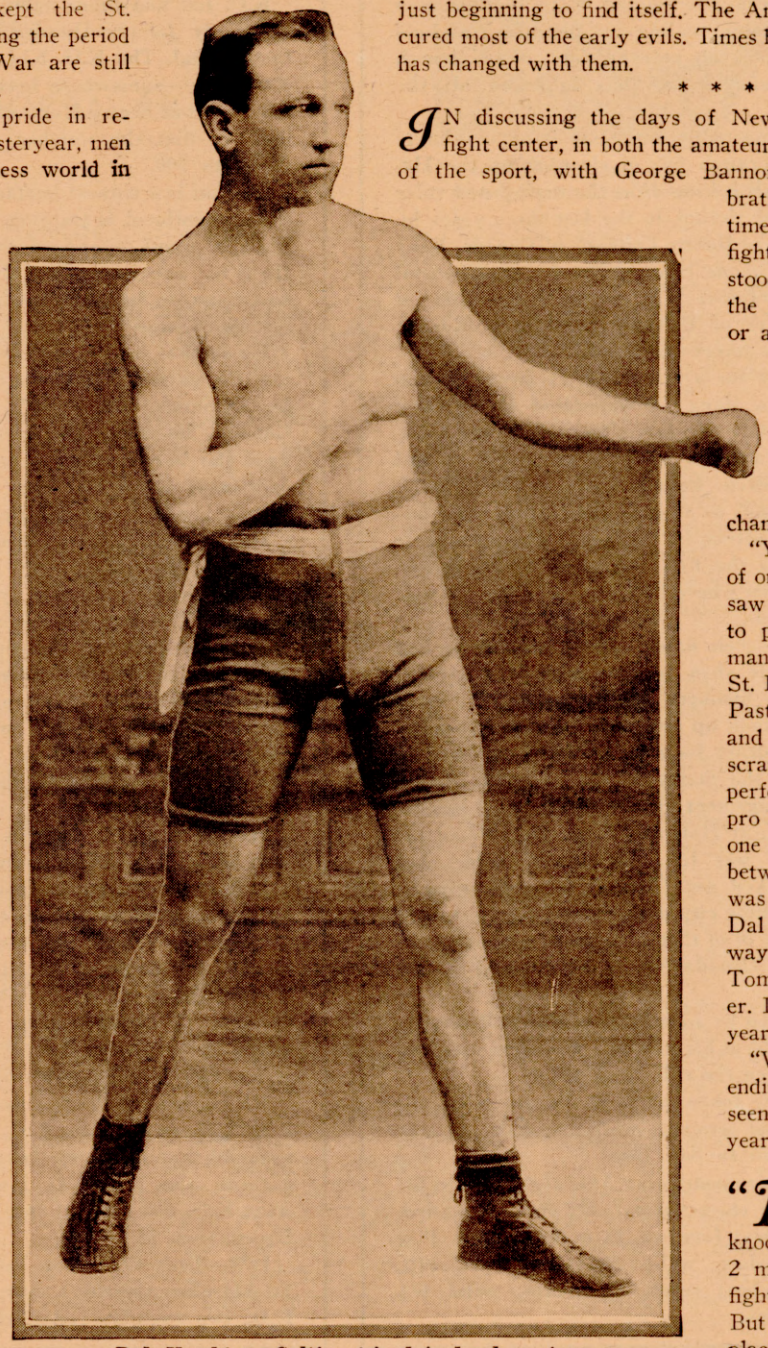
Bannon, who does the timing at the Madison Square Garden contests and has handled the watch in some of the world's greatest championship fights, replied:

"You're asking me to tell of one particular fight. Well, I saw so many that it is difficult to pick out just one. I saw many amateur thrillers at the St. Bartholomew Club, the old Pastimes Club, the Mohawk and other homes of great scrappers, and I've seen them perform at New York's famous pro clubs, and I think that the one fight that always hit me between the eyes as a thriller was that between Joe Gans and Dal Hawkins at the Broadway Club of which the late Tom O'Rourke was the owner. It was in the spring of the year 1900.

"What a fight! What an ending! Neither you nor I have seen anything like it in recent years.

* * *

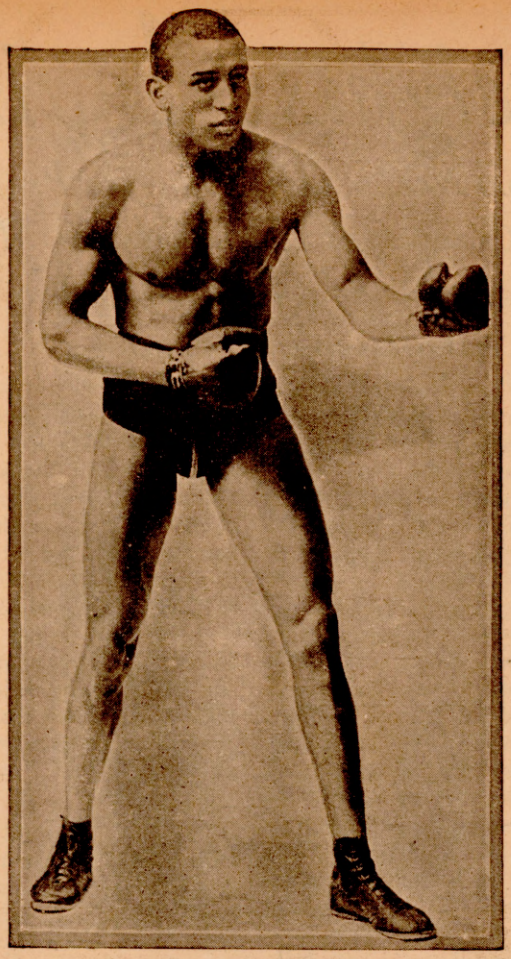
"THE bout lasted less than two rounds. Gans knocked Hawkins cold after 2 minutes and 14 seconds of fighting in the second round. But more real action took place in that period of less than



Dal Hawkins, California's left hook artist.

George Bannon, Famous Time Keeper, Recalls Great Scrap in the Old Broadway Athletic Club — St. Bartholomew A. C., the Nursery of New York Boxing

By
GEORGE T. PARDY



Joe Gans, the Master Boxer.

six minutes of actual fighting than ordinarily is seen in a hundred ring encounters.

"It was one of those contests which had the spectators up in their chairs and yelling like mad from the first clang of the bell, a bout so fierce and palpitating that you couldn't sit still and view it with calmness and equanimity. You had to get up on your feet and roar.

"I saw many contests in Big Tim Sullivan's club, there where London Streets used to be. Matchmaker Tom O'Rourke staged many sensational matches. I saw scenes of wild excitement there before the first Hawkins-Gans bout and a lot more right up to the second meeting between Dal and Joe, which, by the way, not only was the last bout staged in the Broadway A. C., but the last contest held under the old Horton law.

"The second engagement between Hawkins and Gans was fought at the Broadway A. C. on the night of August 31, 1900. The repeal of the Horton law went into effect at midnight the same night. On the previous night, August 30, 1900, Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy had met in the fiasco in Madison Square Garden. The curtain was lowered on the old Horton law with the second Gans-Hawkins bout at the Broadway A. C.

"It was the first meeting between the two at the Broadway A. C. which produced the battle of battles, however. The second contest, which Gans won with a knockout in the third, was a good one, but it couldn't be compared with the former clash between the two. That first meeting took place on May 25, 1900.

* * *

"THE men were scheduled to go twenty-five rounds, and weigh in at three o'clock at 133 pounds. Both men made the weight. Despite the fact there were several other shows scheduled that night and five other clubs were operating the next evening, more than 5,000 persons thronged the building.

"Al Herford, Harry Lyons and 'Sooner' Temple were in the Old Master's corner. Hawkins was handled by Dan Creedon, Dave Sullivan and Jack Shimler.

"Everyone is familiar with the ring wizardy of Gans, a wonderful two-fisted fighting man with a knockout punch in either hand, a splendid timer and judge of distance and consummate ring general. I've never seen a man before or since who wasted less energy than Gans. Every move or act was made for a purpose.

"Hawkins will be remembered as the man with the fastest, craftiest and hardest hitting left hand in the annals of the squared circle. No master fencer wielded an ancient Damascus blade with greater skill, science and effect than Dal Hawkins did his left fist.

"The fact that he was strictly a one-handed fighter kept the Californian from becoming world's champion. So wonderful a left hand did he possess, however, that he whipped many great two-handed fighters.

"Hawkins' crafty left hand came within an eyelash of winning over the great Gans by a knockout before the echo of the opening gong scarcely had died away.

* * *

"THE gong clanged and the two men came out of their corners. They scarcely had got within range of each other before Dal's left flashed forth like a striking rattler. It nailed Gans on the cheek bone and sent him crashing to the canvas. The punch was so powerful that it split a gash under the Old Master's eye and dropped him like a log.

"But it was too high, and at the count of seven, Joe staggered to his feet. Had the punch been a couple of inches lower it certainly would have knocked the Old Master stone cold.

"Gans attempted to clinch, but Hawkins fought himself free. Joe came back quickly. Rendered desperate by the knockdown, he mixed things fiercely with Hawkins. The pair fought like bulldogs, with the spectators rising in their chairs in a frenzy of excitement. Back and forth across the ring battled the two, each putting everything he had behind his blows and striving desperately to knock out the other.

"Time and again Hawkins' wonderful left was buried wrist deep in the Old Master's mid-section. Dal drove in his left with the accuracy of a sharpshooter's bullet. In the meantime Joe was pumping lefts and rights to heart, wind and jaw.

* * *

"FINALLY in the midst of a fierce exchange, Gans crossed on Dal's left with a terrific right, and the Californian went down as if hit with a bullet. His head struck the floor with a resounding thump, and it looked as if he was out for keeps. But at seven Dal was on one knee and at nine he tottered to his feet.

"Hawkins fell into a clinch. After the break Dal lashed out with his left, beating Gans to the punch. It saved the Californian's scalp, for it temporarily took the teeth out of Joe's offensive and prevented him from taking advantage of the effects of his knockdown punch. Hawkins came back and the pair were slugging each other about the ring at the bell.

"In between rounds each boxer was warned to box more cautiously. Gans obeyed the instructions. Hawkins did not. It cost him the battle.

"For a few seconds the pair fiddled about cautiously in the second. Then Hawkins' left flashed to the face. Again and again Dal's port paw went home. Covering up, Gans bore in and rushed Hawkins to the ropes. Dal broke free, and there was a lively exchange at ring center.

"Hawkins had the better of it. He repeatedly rocked Gans with his left. Growing confident, Dal opened wide up and pumped punch after punch into the colored man's face and body. Joe was baiting the trap.

"The Old Master was craftily pulling Hawkins on. While the crowd was roaring for the white boy to flatten the Negro, Joe caught Dal wide open and sent him back on his heels with a stiff right.

(Continued on page 44)

Middleweights Again to Fore!

From Nonpareil Dempsey to Present —Class Has Not Failed to Make Fistic Drama — Prof. Donovan Outstanding Example

THE rise of the middleweights in boxing has been the outstanding feature in recent months. The class at this writing has some of the best talent in pugilism, with Al Hostak, Fred Apostoli, Ossie Stewart, Ron Richards, Jock McAvoy, Ceferino Garcia, Ken Overlin and Georgie Abrahms, among others, holding the spotlight. But those who are the top-flight men in this division today can't compare to the many stars who ruled the roost in past years. One doesn't have to go back to the "good old days" to show how far superior the fighters of by-gone periods were to those of this era. Just take a peep at the steller performers who fought a decade or two back.

There were the great Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb and Les Darcy. Then there were Gene Tunney, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Tiger Flowers, George Chip, Jack Dillon, Mike Gibbons, Billy Papke, Jimmy Clabby, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Eddie McGoorty, Willie and Harry Lewis, Leo Houck, Mickey Walker, Ace Hudkins—yes, you can go down the line and name 100 stars to a handful today. If I were to make a choice, I would name Ketchel, Darcy and Greb as the outstanding middleweights of the last thirty years, each so great a performer that he would have had a splendid chance against the cream of the fellows who were tops when boxing was boasting of Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, as the leaders.

Not that I think that Greb, Darcy or Ketchel would have had an easy time with any of the four named above, but that I believe that Greb, Darcy and Ketchel were middleweight fighters whose names belong with those who have been honored in the Fistic Hall of Fame as the greatest of all time. It is my opinion that Fitzsimmons, O'Brien, Ryan and McCoy were greater fighters than Harry or Darcy, but the type of men met by the old-timers was so different from those whom Greb and Darcy were called upon to face, that comparisons are too inaccurate a guage.

As for Ketchel, he showed his mettle against the world's best and I would place him above McCoy and O'Brien but not above Fitz and Ryan in rating the world's best of all time. Fighters, every one of them! Masters of technique, hard hitters, fearless, scintillating performers—yes, that's what we can say about Fitz, Ryan, O'Brien, McCoy and Ketchel.

If one wants to go back before the adoption of the Marquis of Queensberry rules, he will find the names of two other renowned middleweights, each of whom held the title—Prof. Mike Donovan, whose son is New York's leading referee at this time, and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, his successor as champion.

From the first time that Donovan was knee-high to a grasshopper, he was a hardy customer. An apprenticeship to a ship carpenter and caulker gave him a wonderful upper body and paved the way for a physique which proved invaluable during a competitive career which lasted over a period of twenty-two years from the time he fought Billy Crowley at Pittsburgh in 1866, with bare knuckles, to that time in November, 1888, when he really got the better of Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," in six rounds, after he, Donovan, had retired undefeated from the position of middleweight champion of the United States.

This last mentioned feat of a man more than forty years of age, more than a generation of which had been spent in competition, beating the then middleweight title-holder, went to show the type of fighting man that Donovan was. Although at the time he was not possessed of the punching power that was once his, those who donned the mitts with him in the latter part of his career agreed that he was still there in regard to science and ability to hit forcefully.

It was at the beginning of the Civil War that Donovan enlisted in the Seventy-first Illinois Volunteers, when he was barely big enough to shoulder a musket. He went through four years of fighting, during which time he saw plenty of action. He went through the battles of Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church and others.

It was in July of 1866 at Pittsburgh that he made his first fling at fighting inside the hempen ropes. This being against Mike Conroy, whom he met with bare hands in the open air. The men fought for two hours and nine minutes and when they were finished they were scarcely able to see each other, but Mike won as the result of a solar plexus blow that he didn't know that he had delivered, and which made it impossible for his opponent to respond to the call of time. Mike admitted having been next to blind for three days after the battle.

Minor bouts during succeeding years led to contests with Jim Murray and Driscoll of Troy in 1873, and Bill McClelland, a remarkably clever middleweight, in California in 1877, 1878 and 1879. Another that the veteran met was Frank Crocker, a California giant scaling 196 pounds. At that time Mike weighed 156 pounds.

* * *

IN 1879, when Mike was the middleweight champion, he arranged a match with John L. Sullivan, who was practically unknown, but generally hailed as "the Highlands Strong Boy." Mike's idea was to have a match with John L. prior to the time when he (Donovan) should meet George Rooke. The arrangement was that if Sullivan would box at a benefit to be given to Mike, the latter in return would aid in fitting him for some of his prospective bouts.

Donovan and Sullivan met at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston in 1879. In the language of a sportsman who witnessed this particular show, Sullivan, practically unknown, but a "whale of a fighting man," did everything he could, without success, to put Donovan away.

In 1884 the New York Athletic Club was on the lookout for a boxing instructor, and this resulted in a bout between Mike and Walter Watson, an English boxer, for the job in old Clarendon Hall, New York. It is said to have been one of the most masterly exhibitions that had been seen in this city up to that time. Following this, Donovan held down the job at the old quarters of the club in Koster and Bial's place in Twenty-third Street.

The following year Donovan administered a knockout to Jem Mace in two rounds in the old London Theatre on the Bowery. A great deal of stress and importance cannot be laid on this particular match, for it must be remembered that at this time Jem had not only left the heyday of his career far behind, but was over forty years old.

Mike battled around during all these years trying his best to give all his contenders a chance at the crown which he had worked so religiously and conscientiously to gain. Meanwhile he kept his position as instructor, and his admirable work there brought many prominent New Yorkers into membership, increasing Donovan's popularity, not only with the sports in the open world, but with those inside the confines of the exclusive organization.

The work with the New York Athletic Club increased in proportion, and it appealed to Donovan so strongly that he finally decided to retire from active participation in ring affairs and devote his time entirely to this work, with which he was so fascinated. This was in 1885.

* * *

IN 1888, Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," made the resin dust fly in many of the rings in and about Greater New York, but his reputation was not sufficiently great to put the idea of a match with Donovan into the heads of the promoters. However, "you can't keep a good man down," and the "Nonpareil"

By A. D. PHILLIPS

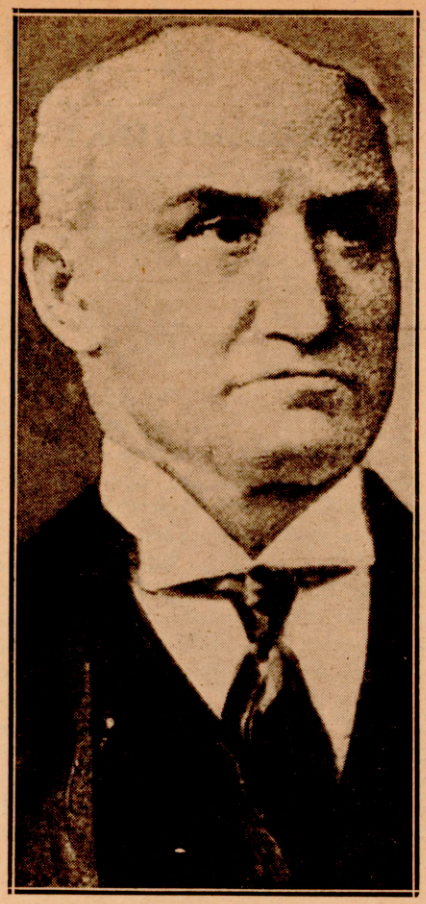
THE RING'S 85-year-old sports writer, who has seen 'em all since John L. Sullivan's days.

and his friends demanded that Mike, who claimed in spite of his retirement that he was the better man, should come out of his shell and prove it.

Mike was not the sort who tarried or quibbled, and the consequence was that a six-round match was arranged to take place in the Palace Hall in Williamsburgh, a section of Brooklyn, N. Y., before a select assemblage of pugilistic enthusiasts. This took place on November 15, 1888.

The official result was a draw, but the real outcome was a surprise to all those present, for the majority were of the opinion that Mike should have taken the honors. A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian sports writer for THE RING, who saw the bout, said this of it when writing his story:

"The match between the middleweight champion of the past and the latter day champion, Dempsey, was one of the best series of bouts with gloves that I have ever seen. No one was more surprised than I to see a boxer who had been on the shelf for a number of years, a man nearly twenty years Dempsey's senior, make such a determined and offensive stand against an opponent whom the majority of prize-ring followers consider invincible.



Prof. Mike Donovan

"There was no one at the Palace Hall that night who is prepared to judge impartially, so far as clean hitting, blocking, etc., is concerned, will fail to say that Donovan gained both the advantage and the supremacy. It is my belief that so far as points, clean hits and scientific stopping go, he carried off the honors.

"If the Donovan-Dempsey go had been simply for points, the referee's decision would probably have been for Mike, but the general supposition was that Donovan was to either conquer Dempsey or the latter stop or knock down Donovan. Consequently, at the conclusion of the six rounds, although Donovan did have, in my opinion, the better of the fight, according to supposed conditions, the referee could not give any decision except that of a draw.

"Another situation came up which made the matter of a decision more difficult for the referee; he was a great friend of both contestants. He stood on 'dangerous ground,' and in a position from which, five minutes after he had accepted, he would have given most anything to be free."

* * *

EVEN so splendid a fighter and ring tactician as the "Nonpareil" had to acknowledge the superior attainments of the original "old master," for he furnished one of the best exhibitions of Queensberry science ever seen.

This was the last time that Mike entered the ring other than to teach the game to some aspirant for knowledge of the art. Nevertheless, he remained at his post as a boxing instructor for almost thirty-five years after that, until March 24, 1918, when he passed away.

Donovan was born in Chicago, Ill. His brother Jerry was one of the most sought after fighters in the bare knuckle days. At that time the man who had the best second usually came out on top in the milling. He and Mike used to work on the Erie Canal together. They were boat caulkers by trade.

Mike invented the famous shift which Corbett, Fitzsimmons and many another fighter used to a decidedly good advantage. This blow, when properly executed, was the most effective blow in the category of a boxer's skill.

It is nothing more than the variation of an ordinary right-hand lead for the body, only the left is used instead. In striking, the body must be shifted from left to right, stepping forward at the same time with the right foot.

By this means the body of the man striking the blow gains a greater swing as he comes forward with the left hand, and the force of the blow, if applied correctly, will bring an opponent down no matter how strong or heavy he may be. It was just such a wallop that Fitzsimmons used on Corbett at Carson City in 1897, and the same laid Harry Forbes low in Chicago when he met Frankie Neil, then the bantamweight champion.

* * *

"IT was mainly through accident that I came to invent the famous shift," said Donovan, years after. It occurred in my third match with Mike McClelland. We met in San Francisco on August 18, 1878. Our other two fights had been in New York.

"On the night of the fight, I was in perfect condition, and barring an accident, I figured that I could not lose. We fought under London Prize Ring rules on a hard, unpadded floor. McClelland would not fight me under any other rules, believing, I suppose, that he could depend largely upon his wrestling ability to defeat me.

"At the beginning of the fight I forced matters, and in the first three rounds I had everything my own way. At the call of time for the fourth round I turned to my second, Joe Winnow, who had trained Tom Hyer for his battle with 'Yankee' Sullivan, and said:

"'Joe, I will finish him this round, I am sure.' To make this assertion good, I led off with my right, meaning to do the trick if I could. I struck at him with such force that I lost my balance, falling on Mac's shoulders as he ducked to avoid the blow. In doing so, he caught me by the leg, lifting me clear from the floor and throwing me over his head. In my estimation, it was a deliberate foul, but the referee refused to allow it.

"I was badly dazed, but recovered in a few seconds and toed the scratch for the fifth round. I then discovered that I could not raise my right arm, the fall having injured my shoulder. Raising my right arm with my left hand, I put my thumb in my belt to support my arm and continued fighting. None but those who have had a similar experience can imagine the state of mind that I suffered at that moment.

"Defeat stared me in the face, but my judgment did not desert me and for some time I was successful in keeping the extent of my injuries to myself. I even succeeded in keeping my secret from my friends who sat in my corner.

"They kept on yelling, 'Why don't you use your right, Mike?'

"Fearing that my opponent would discover my crippled condition, I managed to whisper to my friends just what my trouble was and I fought on as best I could.

"In the eighth, when matters looked decidedly blue, I concluded to adopt different tactics. It was then that I was forced to adopt a blow all my own, for necessity is the mother of invention.

"Having cornered Mac, he ducked and sidestepped to the right. I followed, stepping forward with my right foot in advance and swinging my left arm, struck him squarely on the jaw and knocked him out of the ring, and out of time for over two minutes."

The limit under those rules was half a minute between rounds.

All clever boxers use this punch now. Sidestepping, ducking, and in fact many of the scientific movements which the good boxers use today, were either taught by Donovan to his pupils or else they are modifications of them.

Of all of the old school of boxing teachers, less than a handful remain, the best among them being Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who teaches in New York, as does another fine instructor, Elbows McFadden.

Australian Lightweights

By BILL DOHERTY

One-Time Middleweight Champion of South Africa, and Heavyweight Champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

ABOUT ten years ago the champions of the world in their respective divisions from heavyweight to flyweight, if my memory serves me right, were Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, Mickey Walker, Jackie Fields, Mushy Callahan, Sammy Mandell, Tod Morgan, Battling Battalino, Al Brown and Midget Wolgast, and it must be admitted that they represented a degree of ability in their adopted profession that has not been excelled since by any similar group, though there have been single instances of superior talent from time to time in one division or another.

Ten years is a long time in the swiftly changing historical panorama of the Noble Art, and most of the stalwarts and masters of science who flourished in the 'twenties have since vanished from the boxing field and adopted other pursuits more suited to their years and circumstances.

What has focused my attention upon this particular era is the fact that about a week ago I was introduced to one of those champions in my own home town of Fremantle, Western Australia—a Seattle, Washington, boy named Tod Morgan, who was junior lightweight champion of the world from 1925 to 1929. He gained the title by knocking out Mike Ballerino in ten rounds in Los Angeles, and lost it to Benny Bass in New York in two rounds, after a busy, eventful and successful career during which he defeated, among others, Joe Glick, Johnny Dundee, Carl Duane, Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, San Zorillo and Baby Sal Sorio.

The astonishing feature about Tod is that although he has taken up another vocation like most of the other world title-holders of his day, he has not yet finally renounced the ring. As a matter of fact, he was recognized a few months ago as holder of the title of lightweight champion of Australia, as a result of his having convincingly beaten everyone who had a claim in that direction since the retirement of Alf Blatch.

* * *

TOD was beaten and deprived of his title a few months ago by a young Western Australian named Paddy Boxall, who was a schoolboy, and a very junior one, when Tod was defending his world title against Duane, Zorillo, Sorio and other ambitious glove-wielders of the time. Even now, however, it is doubtful if the American, who has chosen Western Australia as his adopted land, will permanently retire from the game, and if the title is taken from Boxall, Tod may fight the winner.

His chief vocation at the present time is fight promoting. It is a fact that his efforts have tremendously assisted the grand sport of boxing in Western Australia, for the ace fighters of the continent are coming hitherward in the hopes of getting matches with the high ranking men in various divisions who have signed up with Tod. As I write, Hall (Australia) and La Verne (Puerto Rico) are two first class featherweights who have arrived and engaged in a preliminary skirmish, the honors of which have gone to Hall. Both men say that they are prepared to fight for the lightweight title.

It does me good to see the eyes of the Australian boxing world again turned upon my home state of Western Australia after many years when Victoria and New South Wales continued to be regarded as the only places worth visiting. I am also pleased to realize that a high level of merit is being reached in different divisions as a result of Morgan's ability both as a fighter and promoter. Morgan has a big following.

* * *

HOW do the lightweights in Australia of today compare with those of past time? This is a question which has been asked of me quite often of late, and it is a question by no means easy to answer. If the great fighters who adorned the ring nearly fifty years ago, such as Jim Barron, George Dawson and Tommy Williams, can be regarded as true lightweights, then only one answer is possible: There is no one in Australia at the present time from feather to welter who can be seriously compared with them.

But it has to be remembered that the lightweight limit in those days in Australia was higher than it is now, and when Barron, Dawson and Williams went to America, they were compelled to fight as welters owing to the lower weight limit, a limit which is also lower in Australia at the present time than in the days of Barron, Dawson and Williams.

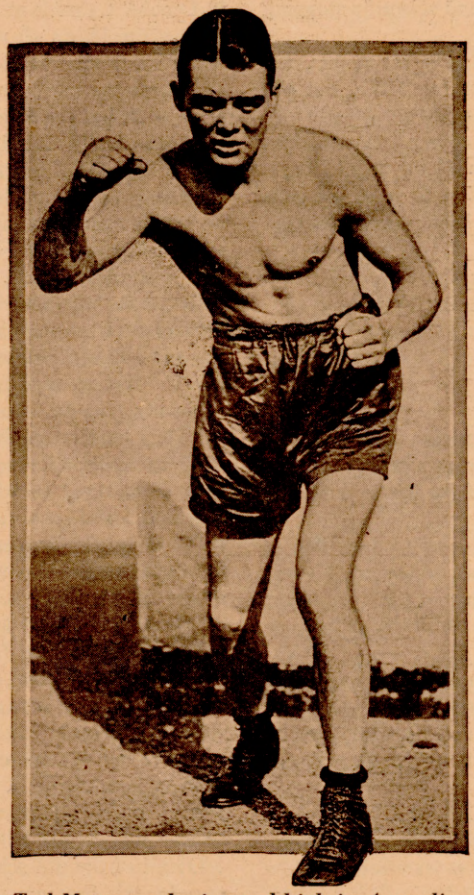
The performances of Dawson and Barron against welterweights showed that they were within an ace of being in the world championship class in that division. Barron fought draws with Danny Needham and Kid McCoy, while Dawson beat Needham and fought Tommy Ryan (no decision).

* * *

OUR first lightweight of ability under the Queensberry rules was "Ironbark" Jim Burge, a tough and hardy battler, whose record seems to have been completely lost or forgotten, for I have seen it in none of the numerous record books that I have purchased or received from friends in various parts of the world. A complete account of Burge's career would make great reading I am sure, judging by what little is known of his fights.

The mettle of the man is recognizable in the story of his three great fights with George Dawson, the first of which went thirty-nine rounds, the second, fifty rounds, and the third, thirty-one. One hundred and twenty rounds of fighting in three bouts, all held within the space of a year, and that with a man who could beat Danny Needham and hold his own with Tommy Ryan! The first two fights were draws, and the third was won by Dawson. If Burge actually was a true lightweight, and of this I am not sure, he would certainly make things willing in that field if alive and at his best just now.

Tim Hegarty was a slashing lightweight in the days when I was beginning to win my way as a heavyweight. He was champion in 1900 after scoring victories over Hughie Napier and Jack McGowan. Tim, however, was not an Australian by birth (you are right, first guess, reader—he was Irish). Pleased with his success in Australia, he went to America about 1901, but there he collided with Kid Lavigne and Jimmy Britt, with distastrous results for Tim. When it is remembered that Kid Lavigne beat Joe Walcott and that Jimmy Britt beat Lavigne, it will be conceded that Tim Hegarty was not disgraced by these defeats. *(Continued on page 40)*



Tod Morgan, who is rated high in Australian boxing circles. He recently held lightweight championship "Down Under."

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Don Uyeda, Watsonville, Calif.

Q.—Can you give me the measurements of Little Dado, Jackie Jurich, Small Montana, Peter Kane and Kid Tanner?

A.—Impossible to give you their exact measurements. Dado, Jurich and Montana weigh 112 pounds. Kane and Tanner are 118 pounds.

Vern Russell, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weigh 145 pounds. What will my measurements be at maturity? Is Max Baer through with boxing or do you think he will make another comeback? I still think Max is a great fighter even after his showing with Nova and I believe that he can still whip Joe Louis. What do you think?

A.—5 feet 11 inches and weight 180 pounds. Yes he has retired. Not very likely to whip Louis.

Jack Berenson, New York City

Q.—Did Billy Harris box in the Garden in 1931 and if so what happened and who was the opponent? Was Harris a good puncher? How much longer do you think Henry Armstrong will fight?

A.—We have no records on Billy Harris. If you can mention the star bout on the card that Harris was to have fought we can easily supply you with his opponent and the result. I doubt whether Armstrong will fight more than another year.

W. Riddell, East London, South Africa

Q.—Did Frank Cvancar ever fight Terry McGovern for a world's title? Have you any record of the former's ring career?

A.—No record of McGovern ever meeting anyone of that name and we have no record of anyone with that name.

Johnny Jenft, Sultan, Wash.

Q.—If Al Hostak were matched with Fred Apostoli, who would you pick to win? Do you think Hostak has many good years ahead of him? I am 14 years old, weigh 126 pounds and 5 feet 6 inches in height? What will my measurements be when I am 21?

A.—Apostoli's cleverness would give him the edge. Hostak's only chance would be to score a knockout. Hostak is a colorful figure in the middleweight class and is good for many years. You will be about 5 feet 10 inches and weigh 150 pounds at maturity.

California Reader

Q.—Did Johnny Dundee ever fight Charley Phil Rosenberg? If so, where and when? What was the result?

A.—Yes. They fought in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in 1929, and Dundee lost the battle.

Harold Bloom, Portland, Oregon

Q.—Has Buddy Baer retired? Do you think he has the makings of a champion, if he wants to continue?

A.—He has temporarily retired. He fought only twice so far this year, stopping Chuck Crowell and Big Boy Brackey. He has, if he really had his heart in the fight game.

Krist Husely, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—Do you think Al Hostak could take Billy Conn? I rate Hostak the hardest punching middleweight since the days of Ketchel. How do you rate him?

A.—Conn would be too strong and heavy for Hostak. Hostak is a good puncher, but could not be compared with Ketchel. He has a good future.

Alice Frawley, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I note by the papers that the N.B.A. has decreed that if a fighter is stopped by the doctor between rounds, or quits of his own accord, the knockout is scored in the next round. Isn't this a fallacy? How can the round end in the next round?

A.—You have it, Alice. Read my editorial on this point in last issue of THE RING. It sure takes the cake. But what is one puzzle more or less to the N.B.A. moguls? Of course the round should be recorded as the round just ended and not the succeeding one. The rules of boxing call for three minutes of fighting and one of rest. You can't alter that by merely saying so at a national convention.

Al Schare, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Where could I get a book on how to manage a fighter?

A.—At The Ring Book Shop. Price is $1.00. Ask for Nat Fleischer's book, "How to Second and Manage a Fighter."

Harold Harris, Waverly, Nebr.

Q.—I am 15 years old, weigh 132 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches tall. What will my weight and height be at 20? What is the address of Billy Conn, Max Schmeling and Jock McAvoy? Why isn't John Pesek rated as champion instead of Londos?

A.—Weight 150 pounds and 5 feet 10 inches. 5427 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa., for Billy Conn. Just Berlin, Germany, for Schmeling, and Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester, England, for McAvoy. Londos gained his title by whipping the last title-holder, Bronko Nagurski.

Art Fliescher, Minneapolis, Minn.

Q.—My height is 5 feet 3½ inches and weight 175 pounds and my age is 15. Can you tell me my weight and height when I am 21? Also how is a bout scored by the referee and judges? Who do you think is Minnesota's outstanding boxer, either past or present? Who would win a bout between Bob Pastor and Tony Galento? Have you any record on a scrapper called "Speedy" Wallace?

A.—You may reach 5 feet 7 inches and weigh about 200 pounds. Clean hitting, aggressiveness and blocking are the most essential in point scoring. Mike Gibbons was about the best. Pastor. No record of Wallace.

Chad Rolston, Salinas, Calif.

Q.—I read where Stanley Ketchel was killed at the age of 23. Is this true? If so, how was he killed? Should two fighters be fighting after the bell sounded and one accidentally knocked the other one out when neither heard the bell ring, who would be declared the winner? Would it be possible for one fighter to foul another intentionally and thus lose three or four rounds? After making the other fighter weak, could he go on to win by a knockout or on points? I am enclosing an article which states that Jim Jeffries entered the ring against Jack Johnson as the defending champion. Is that right?

A.—Ketchel was shot by Walter Dipley when he was 23 years of age. The referee should disqualify the man who delivered the blow after the bell rang. If the fouled is able to continue, then the referee, in the case you mention, should take the previous round away from his opponent. It is possible, yes, but no one that cowardly has been discovered yet. When Jeffries retired, he left the heavyweight title open. It was won by Tommy Burns in competition and subsequently Burns was stopped by Johnson. That would make Johnson the defending champion when he entered the ring against Jeffries—and not Jeffries.

Roland Loiselle, Green Island, N. Y.

Q.—When a man is floored in the ring, what should the other fighter do after he has delivered the knockdown blow? Have you ever heard of Johnny O'Connor and Ray Adams, both of Cohoes, N. Y.? How good were they? Do you think that if they kept on fighting they would have reached the top?

A.—The boxer who scored the knockdown should go to a neutral corner. O'Connor enjoyed the better reputation of the two. O'Connor was a good second rater.

Ben Hagood, Jr., Easley, S. C.

Q.—Where can I get pictures of Nova, Galento, Conn and Lesnevich? How much would they cost?

A.—The Ring Book Shop has them for sale. $1.25 each for photos 8 by 10 inches on heavy, glossy paper suitable for framing.

A Reader

Q.—Who were the heavyweight champions of the world since 1840, and what were their nationalities? Why wasn't Spider Kelly rated when he won the British featherweight title? Why was not Jimmy Warnock ranked No. 1 in the flyweight class?

A.—Bendigo, English, was champion 1839. Ben Caunt, English, 1841. William Perry, English, 1850. Harry Broome, English, 1851. Tom Sayers, English, 1857. Sam Hurst, English, 1860. Jem Mace, English, 1861. Tom King, English, 1862. Charley Mitchell, English, 1885. In United States they had their own champions. Tom Hyer, 1841. Yankee Sullivan, 1849. John Morrissey, 1852. John C. Heenan, 1858. Joe Coburn, 1863. Mike McCoole, 1866. Tom Allen, 1869. Joe Goss, 1876. Jimmy Elliott, 1879. Johnny Dwyer, 1879. Paddy Ryan, 1880. John L. Sullivan, 1882, and Jim Corbett, 1892. Since the start of glove contests, here is a list of heavyweight title-holders: Bob Fitzsimmons, 1897. Jim Jeffries, 1899. Tommy Burns, 1906. Jack Johnson, 1908. Jess Willard, 1913. Jack Dempsey, 1919. Gene Tunney, 1926. Max Schmeling, 1929. Jack Sharkey, 1931. Primo Carnera, 1933. Max Baer, 1934. Jimmy Braddock, 1935. Joe Louis, 1936.

Ratings are handled by Eddie Borden, which is his department.

Peter Baker, New Jersey

Q.—When did Jack Dempsey have his last fight before he tackled Gene Tunney in Philadelphia?

A.—He fought Luis Firpo, September 14, 1923, when he scored a two-round kayo, and then he travelled around the country appearing in many exhibitions, but didn't defend his crown again until September 23, 1926, when he lost to Tunney in Philadelphia in ten rounds.

Nicholas Siff, New York

Q.—I wear glasses. I cannot see well without them. Would I be passed for professional fighting?

A.—No. You must have no physical defects to be passed either for amateur or professional boxing.

James Farris, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—In discussing the Louis-Schmeling fight, A says that Louis was on one knee when the last count of ten was called to end the fight. B says that Joe was out and lying on the canvas. Who is correct?

A.—He was lying flat on his stomach, stretched out, with his head resting on his hands, as Arthur Donovan counted him out.

Donald Fogarty, Dartmouth, N. S.

Q.—What was the longest fight on record, and who were the principals? Who would you consider the favorite in the following bouts: Louis vs. Dempsey, Mike McTigue vs. Billy Conn, Little Dado vs. Peter Kane, Bob Pastor vs. Max Baer, Max Baer vs. Max Schmeling?

A.—The longest fight on record was that between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke, which went 110 rounds to a draw. It lasted 7 hours and 19 minutes. Dempsey would have been favored over Louis, McTigue over Conn, Kane over Dado, Pastor over Baer, and Schmeling over Baer.

Colin Edgerton, Rouses Point, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think these measurements are good enough so I could become a boxer? I am 15 years of age, weight 155 pounds, height 5 feet 10 inches, reach 71 inches, chest normal 38 and expanded 40 inches, neck 15¾ inches, biceps 10½, forearm 12¾, wrist 7¼, fist 12, waist 32, thigh 20¼, calf 14½, ankle 10¼ inches.

A.—You are entirely too young. Your measurements are well proportioned, but you should not think of taking up boxing as a career until you reach 17 years.

Pete Rivera, New York City

Q.—Is it true that Sixto Escobar should have won by a knockout over Salica in the third round of their second match? Do you agree that Escobar in his respective way carries the hardest punch in all the divisions? Can you tell some of the top-notchers that Pedro Montanez has fought? How old is Charley Atlas?

A.—Salica was floored for a nine-count in that round and failure of the timekeeper and referee to cooperate gave Salica a few extra seconds rest. Escobar is a powerful hitter for a small man, but not the hardest. Lou Ambers, Davey Day, Bobby Pacho, Leonard Del Genio, Al Roth, Saverio Turiello, Enrico Venturi, Tommy Cross, Jimmy Garrison, Jackie Kid Berg and Peter Jackson. About 45 years of age.

James Mahoney, Grenloch, N. J.

Q.—Was Joe Louis given a unanimous decision over Tommy Farr? Did a fighter by the name of Kid Broad ever hold any boxing title?

A.—Yes. Broad was a topnotch lightweight around 1900 but he never held the title.

Ralph H. Merrill, Fort Warren, Wyo.

Q.—I would like to know whether Max Baer and Joe Louis fought more than once and how many rounds? A bet that Baer fought Louis twice while B bet that they met only once? Who is right?

A.—Louis and Baer met only once when Louis scored a knockout in the fourth round.

Tom Farine, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—How can I develop my wind? Will you please give me a list of foods that contains starches? Can you tell me how to gain height? I am only 5 feet 2 inches and am 18 years of age.

A.—Fresh air exercises and plenty of roadwork. You will find all that information in "How to Train". Stretching might help but there is nothing that can guarantee increasing your height.

D. W. McFarland, Illinois

Q.—A bet that Galento would win by a knockout. B says that he didn't win by a knockout. That a technical knockout is not the same. When is a knockout recorded as such? Who wins this bet? A says that he bet on a clean cut knockout and not one that is listed as a technical knockout. If the men had agreed on such a distinction, then isn't this bet off?

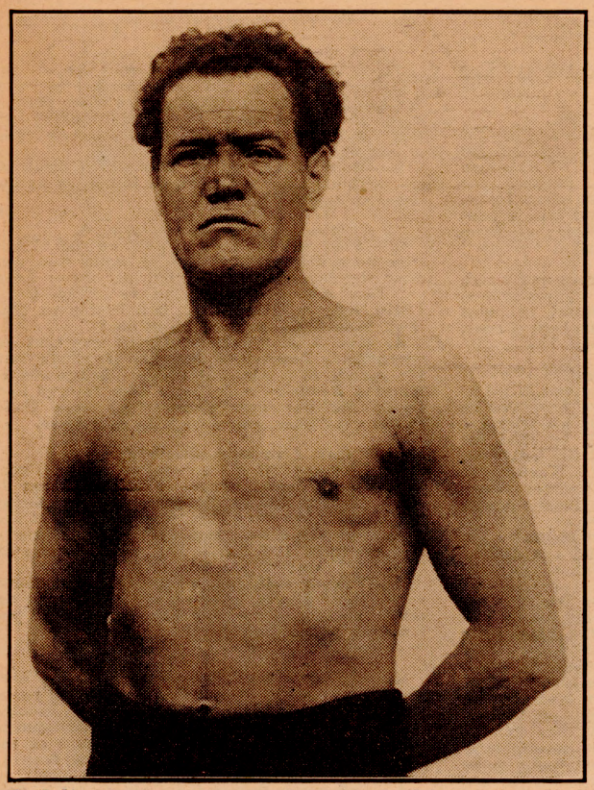
A.—We do not recognize any technicalities in knockouts. We designate a knockout when a bout is stopped by the referee, when a fighter quits, when the doctor halts a bout or the referee halts it either through injuries or because a man is outclassed.

Some states rule that there is a technical knockout. I personally do not regard a technical knockout other than a knockout.

In your case, if you and your pal, stipulated directly that Galento would have to win by a knockout in the true sense of the word, then your bet should be off. However, there is no doubt in my mind, nor in the minds of the majority of writers, that Galento won by a knockout. It is simply a matter of whether or not, you and your pal, regard a knockout as one in which a fighter is floored and is counted out. I disagree with that version. So long as a man is stopped, regardless of the manner, he is knocked out according to my opinion.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By
AL MAYER



Rodolfo Luppas, imported by Jack Pfeffer for New York campaign.

FLO ZIEGFELD used to glorify them and later Hollywood introduced the glamor boys and girls, but Jack Pfeffer, New York wrestling promoter, believes in going in reverse and insists that freaks carry a greater appeal than the Apollos, Adonises, Dianas and Venuses. He points with just pride that in fifteen years of uninterrupted wrestling promotion in New York and now ready to start his sixteenth year, that freaks have attracted the biggest wrestling gates. So again Jack is bringing to these shores the most startling array of freaks and ugly looking mugs recruited from all parts of Europe.

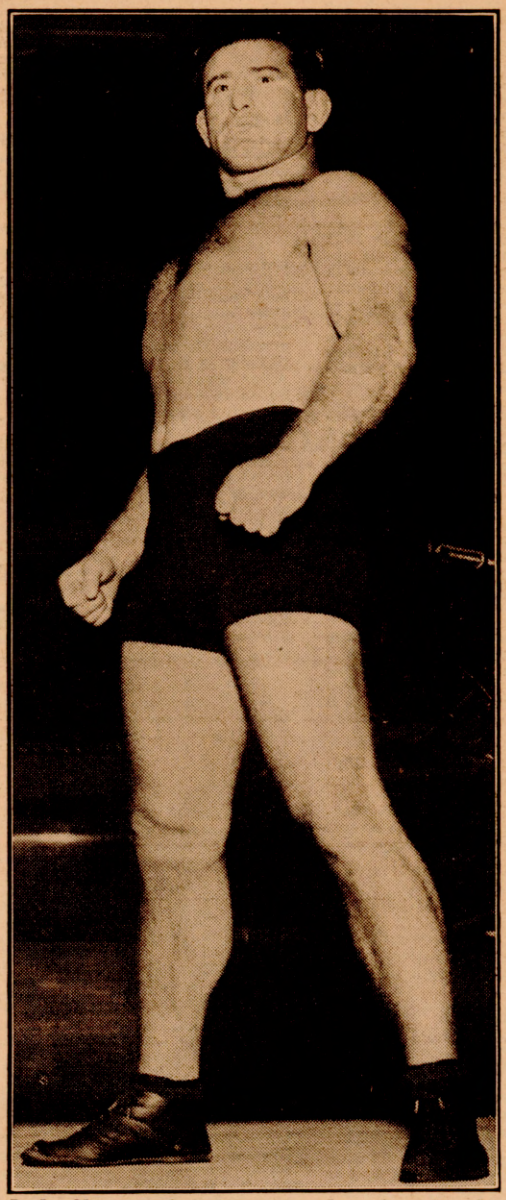
Leading the parade is the undisputed champion so far as features that only a mother could love, are concerned, is a gent by the name of RODOLFO LUPPAS. Ready to launch the wrestling career of the world's ugliest man, Pfeffer fears that this man may be snapped up and put in Ripley's Odditorium unless he keeps a sharp eye on him. Luppas will be introduced to wrestling fans of New York this fall. He claims Leningrad, Russia, as his native town. He wrestled there for sometime with success, but the good inhabitants heaved a sigh of relief when Luppas and his features departed to other parts.

He weighs 215 pounds and is as mean as they come. The forehead is wide but the eyes, which are set far apart, are penetrating and mean. The nose, bashed in from many mat combats, adds no beauty to this freak, and a slit for what should be a mouth only tends to complete the picture of this new Frankenstein of the mat.

* * *

PFEFFER has a strong penchant for mat freaks, but the wily promoter is not overlooking the fact that in the business of wrestling he needs a real star, an outstanding athlete, one who can defy and beat others. With this in mind, he has asked the great Jack Sherry to return to New York.

JACK SHERRY is no stranger here. Here is a wrestler who needs no introduction to mat fans. In London, England, he is the recognized world champion, and the reason he has been absent from these parts is because none of the stars cared to mix with the tough and clever Alaskan. It's an old story. Would-be claimants to the mat title, and there are many of them, somewhere around twenty-three or maybe more, are very brave when it comes to making their claims, but very timid and shy when the name of Sherry is mentioned. Likewise when Pojello, McCready, Pesek and Wyckoff among others, are named.



Jack Sherry, American wrestler, favorite in England, back in United States.

Sherry's great work in London won him the recognition of world's champion indorsed by the British Board of Boxing and Wrestling Control. Jack appreciates the honor, of course, but he is coming here to prove his right to be top man. He is eager to clash with Londos for the crown. Sherry has a horde of admirers in the United States and should be a big help in restoring confidence in the mat sport in New York.

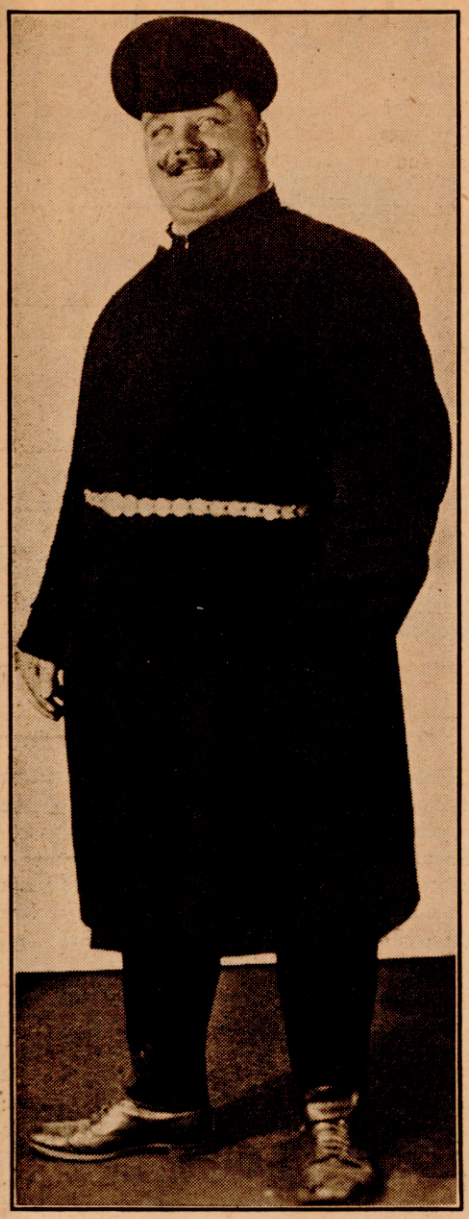
* * *

PFEFFER has also signed one of the biggest mat sensations in Europe. He is REGI SIKI. This young man is a Senegalese and possibly the best built colored wrestling man in the world. He comes here after a sensational season in Paris at the Palais des Sports, the Madison Square Garden of Europe, where Siki stood in a class by himself and was unbeaten last year. The coffee-colored young athlete is 22 years old, weighs 185 pounds and is a perfect specimen of manhood.

Strong arms, powerful legs, Siki has been called the perfect man in Europe. He ought to step with the headliners in his class within a short time after he makes his first appearance here. Pfeffer expects great things from this handsome lad. The balance of the new importations are strictly freaks. We have among them:

* * *

AUGUST BENKERT—He is champion of Belgium. A massive fellow with a clean shaven pate and so many tattoo drawings on his body that if you are interested in art, you could spend an educative afternoon studying the many subjects which stand out in multi-colors on his great chest and arms. We find pretty Gheisa girls with parasols looking in astonish-



Dimitri Martinoff, the Volga Boatman.

ment at a tremendous eagle endeavoring to disentangle himself from Benkert's hairy chest. A tiger also adorns the chest. His arms are resplendent with ladies in various poses. Buffalo Bill has a spot, too, while anchors, ships and mermaids are all over the place.

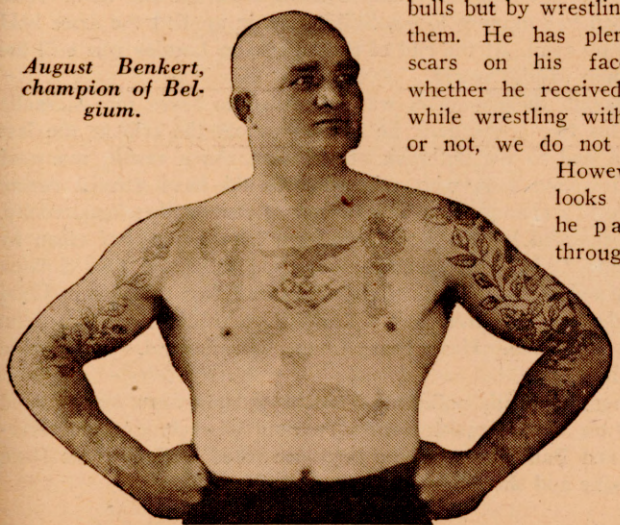
It's certain Benkert will make a big hit here because if his wrestling fails to interest you, his picture gallery certainly will not.

DIMITRI MARTINOFF is another freak who will be seen in New York. This gent, who calls himself the Volga Boatman, is all of that, including the boat. Short and stocky, looks like a roly-poly. Not tall, he nevertheless weighs 260 pounds and according to his press notices, is a tiger when in action.

He sports a mustache which is a work of art. It curls at both ends, is so neat and picturesque that we fear that Martinoff will be the despair of the ladies.

LAST but not least in Jack Pfeffer's new importations of pachyderms is another freak by the name of JOSE DOMINGOS. Jose hails from Spain. While he, too, never would win a prize in a beauty contest, the Spaniard is tremendous in build. In fact, he is immense all over.

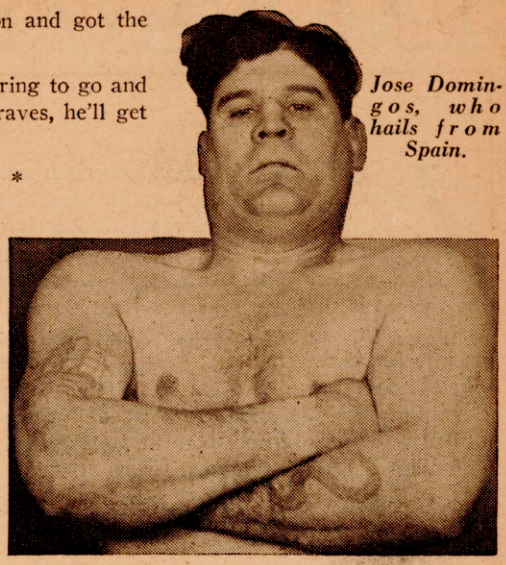
He says he developed his abnormal strength not by fighting bulls but by wrestling with them. He has plenty of scars on his face but whether he received them while wrestling with bulls or not, we do not know. However, he looks as if he passed through the Spanish revolution and got the worst of it.



August Benkert, champion of Belgium.

Domingos is raring to go and if it's action he craves, he'll get it in New York.

* * *



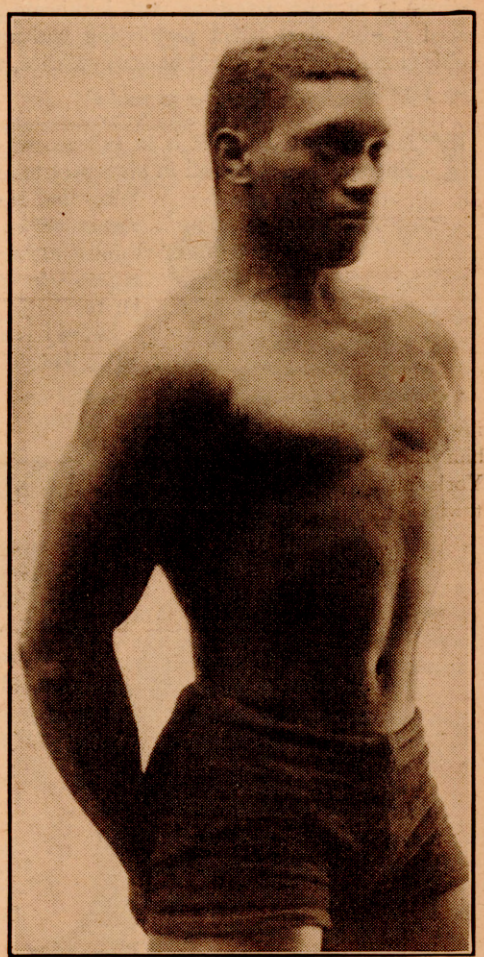
Jose Domingos, who hails from Spain.

WITH the war halting wrestling in Europe, this country will be the stamping ground of the world's best wrestlers. The Americans who are now in New Zealand and Australia are eager to get back to the States, but are having difficulty in returning. If the wrestling promoters will get together and the bickerings of past seasons are ended, the sport is certain to make great strides and possibly regain the foothold it had in the United States before the promoters started to war among themselves.

During the past month, word was received by Jack Pfeffer of the call to arms in Europe of many of the matmen who either were appearing in current matches or were in the spotlight a few years ago. Poland and Germany have many such athletes either serving in the field or at home.

Thus the talent that might have been brought to the States will be unavailable and fortunately for Pfeffer, his importations arrived before the ban on passage was made. The lack of foreign importations will also make it easier for American lads to gain headway more quickly. Their services will be in demand, and it is the hope of Pfeffer to sign as many collegians as he can to help bolster the game on this side of the Big Pond.

Of those foreigners who are now in the States, Regi Siki is by far the most elusive. He is as slippery as an eel and should make a hit with American fans. He is a handsome fellow who knows his holds and can get out of them. Whether the imported talent makes good or not, it is safe to predict that New York and other wrestling centers will see a revival that will outrival that of seven years ago, at least we can hope for such a revival.



Regi Siki, Senegalese matman, who was Paris wrestling sensation.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

JACK SHERRY, famous American wrestler from Alaska, who has been competing for several years abroad, was one of the U. S. refugees who arrived in New York a few weeks ago from the European war zone. With Jack came two other American matmen who had been touring the world, Bobby Bruns and Jack Zarnes. The last two, who were strangers to Sherry prior to their meeting on the boat, came back to America from South Africa by way of England. They, like Sherry, have found that the wrestling sport in all parts of the British Empire has gone to smash, at least temporarily, because of the war and are now here to start anew in this country.

Besides Sherry, Zarnes and Bruns, a number of other matmen who were in Honolulu, New Zealand and Australia have returned to this country on account of the war conditions, but by far the most renowned of all is Sherry.

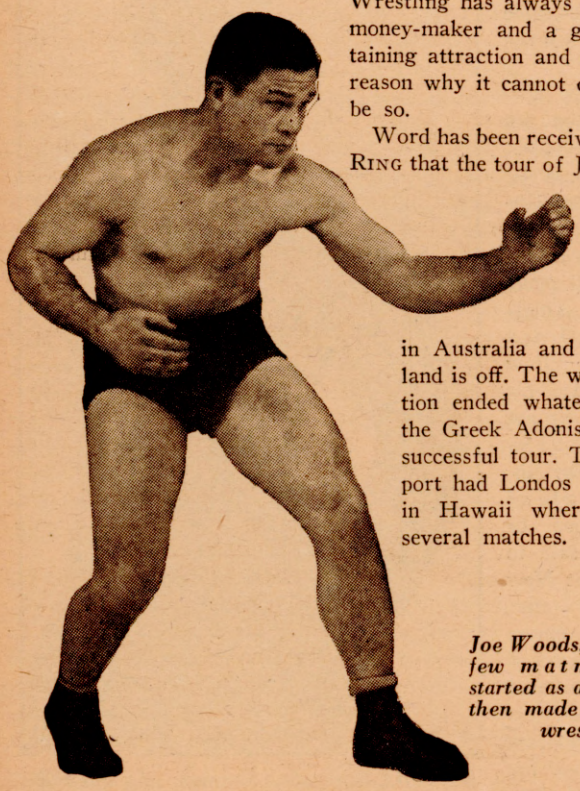
Jack, who has been campaigning abroad since 1933 when he found that because of his ability, he was banned by the wrestling clique here, feels confident that with the conditions abroad so unfavorable, this is the time that American wrestling can once again be brought up to the high standard it enjoyed when he decided to quit the fold and try his luck in Europe.

With that aim, Sherry has made a plea to the various high moguls of wrestling in the United States to get together, cease their bickerings and start anew. It is his contention, as it is that of THE RING Editor, that wrestling can be brought back with a bang and now the time is ripe for quick action.

What is necessary is for the big shots of the sport—Jack Pfeffer, Paul Bowser, Toots Mondt, Tom Packs, Al Haft, Ray Fabiana, George Contes, Lou Daro and others to stop their cut-throat methods and get on the bandwagon with one idea in mind—to promote wrestling with legitimate matches. What they need is high class talent performing without the aid of vaudeville stunts, and if that will be accomplished, the sport will regain its prestige.

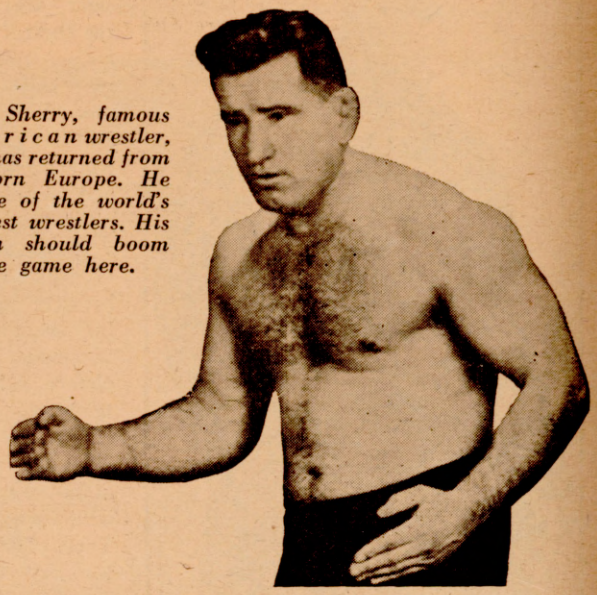
* * *

THE RING EDITOR is in full accord with this opinion of Sherry, and will do all in his power to aid such a movement. Wrestling has always been a big money-maker and a good entertaining attraction and there is no reason why it cannot continue to be so.



Joe Woods, one of the few matmen who started as a boxer and then made good as a wrestler.

Word has been received by THE RING that the tour of Jim Londos in Australia and New Zealand is off. The war declaration ended whatever chance the Greek Adonis had for a successful tour. The last report had Londos performing in Hawaii where he won several matches.



Jack Sherry, famous American wrestler, who has returned from war-torn Europe. He is one of the world's greatest wrestlers. His return should boom the game here.

His tour of New Zealand and Australia is off and an effort is being made to get him to join in the movement for a peace pact in American wrestling and to show his wares in this country against such stars as Earl McCready, Jack Sherry, and a few others who have been clamoring for a shot at him. Chances are that he will do his utmost to settle the American warfare so that he and the others can ply their trade in this country with the kind of gates that their ability should bring out.

* * *

FROM Hawaii, Teddy Yamachika, our correspondent, writes: More than 6,000 rabid fans turned out to see the world's title match between Champion Jim Londos and the Hawaiian champion, Oki Shikina, at the Civic Auditorium in Honolulu. Hundreds were turned away at the gate.

Jim Londos proved that he is a worthy champion by taking the measure of the Japanese wrestler, taking the only fall after 45 minutes of scientific grappling. Shikina tried rushing the champion during the first half hour of battle but after that Londos started his offense, getting in his share of body scissors, arm locks, head scissors, and finally crashed the local boy's head onto the canvas several times before applying a body press for the only fall of the bout.

When action was resumed, Shikina did manage to get his famous Japanese arm bar on the Greek. He held on for five minutes but the ringwise champion finally squirmed out of the hold. With less than two minutes to go, Shikina again applied the same hold but to no avail. At the end of the hour, Jim Londos was still the champion of the world.

Although the champion was scheduled to leave for Australia after his two bouts here, he had to cancel the trip at the last minute due to the outbreak of the war. As a result, many of the Hawaiian fans who otherwise would have missed seeing the world's champion in action were given another opportunity.

He engaged in two more bouts but kept his record clean by throwing Chief Thunderbird in straight falls and Oki Shikina for an only fall in a return engagement. After the match, Chief Thunderbird admitted that "Jeemy Londos, he's champ. Him heap too good. Him beat Chief Thunderbird, him world champion."

Living up to his policy of introducing new faces every week, Promoter Al Karasick sent for Paul Boesch, Ignacio Martinez and Paul Jones. These boys are rated well by THE RING Magazine and should do good work in Hawaii.

Perhaps Honolulu could boast of having more standout wrestlers at one time than any other city, at least of its size, at this writing. Right now we have Jim Londos, Andy Moen, George Pencheff, Billy Hansen, Joe Kopach, Danny Dusek, Chief Thunderbird, Al Getzwich, Vic Christy, Jack Donovan and Barto Hill besides our local talent which includes Oki Shikina, Red Chartier and Ernie Andrade. Al Pereira is still here. Others who will be here soon are George Zaharias, Rudy LaDitzi and Matros Kirilenko. These boys have shown here before and have proved themselves popular with the fans.

Aside from Jim Londos, the outstanding wrestler of the month was George Pencheff, the drop-kick specialist. When no one would have Thunderbird, Pencheff volunteered for the job and neatly held the Indian to a draw. Pencheff also holds decisions over almost every wrestler in town.

In the Pencheff-Thunderbird melee a new system was introduced. Pencheff agreed to meet Thunderbird provided they used the Australian rule which breaks up the one hour time limit in 10-minute rounds. This system allows the wrestlers a brief rest period between rounds and keeps them going at top speed. This system proved popular with the fans and has been adopted permanently. Other results are:

George Pencheff beat Jack Donovan; Vic Christy subdued Wong Buck Cheung in 13 minutes; Al Getzwich drew with Barto Hill; Vic Christy and George Pencheff, draw; Al Getzwich also drew with Joe Kopach; Jack Donovan was disqualified against Barto Hill.

George Pencheff pinned Christy in 21 minutes; Danny Dusek was disqualified against Chief Thunderbird; Al Getzwich, using a body press, beat Jack Donovan; Joe Kopach and Barto Hill battled to a draw; Andy Moen took Vic Christy; Billy Hansen body pressed Danny Dusek in 22 minutes; Wong Buck Cheung upset Barto Hill.

Oki Shikina defeated Andy Moen in straight falls; Chief Thunderbird pinned Joe Kopach, and Danny Dusek and Al Getzwich fought to a stirring draw.

* * *

JOE WOODS, 215 pounds, 33 years old, is one of the few wrestlers who started as a boxer, then changed over to the mat game. As a lad of 14, he boxed as an amateur under George Blake at the Los Angeles Athletic Club in California. He was national heavyweight boxing champion in 1925, winning the title at Boston when weighing only 167 pounds.

Joe turned professional the same year, with George Blake as his manager. He had a good record as a professional boxer. He beat Harry Fay in Madison Square Garden in 1927 and K.O.'d Frankie Campbell in five rounds at San Francisco a short time before Frankie was killed in the ring by Max Baer. He also had a number of other good fights, beating many outstanding boys.

In 1930 he went to South Africa where his matches with Don McCorkindale set new attendance records. He twice defeated McCorkindale, who was the South African champion, once by a knockout in eight rounds. He also drew with Don in 12 rounds.

In 1931 he went to England where he tried for three months to get a match with Larry Gains, but without result.

Early in 1932 Woods came back to America, where he signed to meet Charlie Retzlaff in Madison Square Garden in the semi-final of the Baer-Levinsky contest. He knocked Retzlaff down and later in the bout, their heads collided and Joe received a badly cut eye, with the result that the contest was stopped. He had several fights after this. He drew with George Nichols, N.B.A. claimant to the light-heavyweight championship, in ten rounds.

Then Joe ran into some experiences in the game that influenced him to turn to wrestling.

He always did a fair amount of wrestling as training for boxing and Walter Miller used to show him wrestling moves, so Joe was anything but a novice at that sport. He went into hard training for six months and then started out as a professional wrestler, and did very well on the West Coast.

In 1936, Walter Miller, who was selecting the team for the Dominion of New Zealand Wrestling Union, extended an invitation to Joe to visit New Zealand. While there, on his first visit, he met some of the world's best and held his own. Numbered among his opponents were Earl McCready, Joe Sevold, Ray Steele, Don George, Lofty Blomfield and others.

After six months, he was asked to go to Australia to see what could be done over there. Joe was sent as an "advance guard" to see if it were possible to get wrestling established on a firm basis with the great Australian sporting public. When he first arrived, in October, 1936, the game was not drawing at all, just a few of the locals doing the wrestling. After pioneering and wrestling hard to small houses for ten months, he was one of the first to draw a really big house over there. Then Walter Miller and Ted Thye started to ship men to the Antipodes and the game has flourished ever since.

Woods went from Australia to New Zealand, where he wrestled for four months. An elimination tournament was started to find the champion of New Zealand and the finalists were to compete with the reward a guarantee of expenses to America to meet Nagurski for the world title. Although all the visiting wrestlers were entered, Joe ended the tourney with a lead and was matched with Lofty Blomfield to fight it out in the final. Lofty won and went to America where he drew with Nagurski.

Next Woods went to South Africa, where he tried for a long time to get a shot at the South African champion, Van der Walt. Eventually he got the match and drew with him over six rounds. Woods was the only athlete to box the South African heavyweight champion boxer, McCorkindale, and wrestle the South African heavyweight wrestling champion, Van der Walt.

It was soon after his match against Van der Walt that the immigration authorities ordered Woods to leave South Africa. He returned to Australia, where he wrestled for six months before large crowds and then came back to New Zealand for his third visit. Dean Detton is the only other American wrestler to get three seasonal invitations to New Zealand, hence it is obvious that the New Zealanders liked Woods and his performances.

Woods is returning to America, after an absence of four years. He is in Honolulu with his wife and family and from there will go to Los Angeles.

In writing to THE RING Editor of his exploits, Woods concluded:

"I would appreciate it if you could give me some publicity in THE RING. Wherever I have traveled I have seen and bought THE RING, and it is certainly a world-wide authority on matters pertaining to boxing and wrestling. Would you please print a picture of me? Even as Editor of this publication, I venture to say that you can't realize what it means to a boxer or wrestler in foreign countries, to have a write-up, or a picture, in THE RING."

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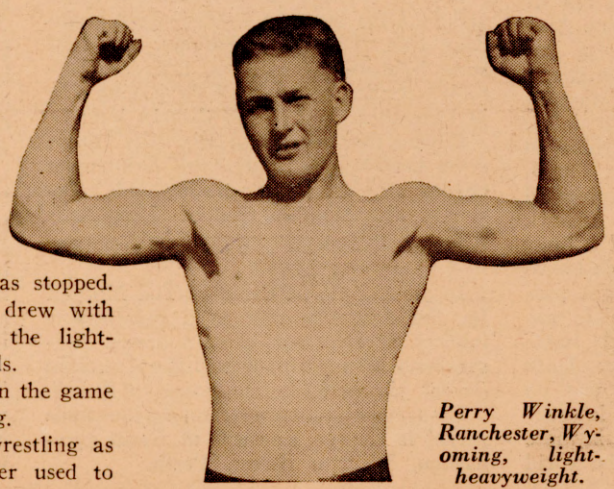


Perry Winkle, Ranchester, Wyoming, light-heavyweight.

PERRY WINKLE of Ranchester, Wyoming, is the second native of that state to gain fame in the 175-pound wrestling division. Clarence Ecklund held the world's light-heavyweight crown, and Winkle, recently selected by the A.F.W. as the best of all 175-pound wrestlers, hopes to emulate Ecklund. Winkle is only 24 years of age. He has been wrestling about four years. During that time, Perry has cleaned up all of the light-heavies he has faced. Perry is anxious to show his wares in New York and may be seen this winter in Jack Pfeffer's shows.

Australian Lightweights

(Continued from page 34)

Jack McGowan and Cocker Tweedie, who fought for the lightweight championship of Australia in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, in 1901, were two lads that I would like to see at their best today. McGowan went with me to South Africa in the 'nineties. Between us there we captured the feather, light and middle titles.

McGowan was a man who would have delighted Tod Morgan's heart, a clean liver and a clever scientist of the ring who could "take it" for round after round. Practically all of his fights, except those which he won, went to the limit. He won the championship from Tweedie in 1901, and although he lost it the next year to Bob Turner he was good enough seven years later to win the Australian championship again from Bob Greenshields in a twenty-round fight in 1909. McGowan was never above the lightweight limit, and he could, and did, fight in the featherweight division.

Cocker Tweedie was a good drawing card, both in Australia and America. The ambition of his life was to beat Jack McGowan. The ambition was never realized though Jack gave him four chances to make it good. In three of the fights Jack laid the luckless Cocker out for the count each time, and one of them, the second I think it was, went twenty rounds to a draw.

Bob Turner, Hughie Mehegan and Tommy Jones, all of whom met and defeated McGowan at one time or another, would be stars in the lightweight division if at their best today. Mehegan was the best of the three. He fought with success against international high rankers in England and Australia. Hughie enlisted as a soldier during the Great War and died in 1916 while overseas with the Australian fighting forces.

Frank Thorn, Hock Keys, Lyn Truscott and Paddy King in the roaring days of the Australian ring about thirty years ago literally tossed the lightweight championship about among themselves like a medicine ball. If Tod Morgan had a team like that now, he would never bother to put on a glove again, for he would be so busy promoting and would be so prosperous as a result that he would renounce the giving and taking of hard knocks forever.

Frank Thorn was a real champion, and a true featherweight who could fight as a light. It is one of my proudest memories that I had young Frank Thorn as one of my pupils when he came to Western Australia from South Australia early in this century. He gained the lightweight championship, but it was as a feather that he shone brightest. Only Griffo, in my opinion, out of all the Australian featherweights in history, was greater in ability than Thorn.

This brilliant quartet was succeeded by another scarcely less brilliant in Jack Read, Herb McCoy, Alf Morey and Tommy Uren, all of whom can be described as the answer to an ambitious fight promoter's prayer. Herb McCoy, I think, was superior in ability to any lightweight fighting in Australia at the present time. Herb flourished at a time when there was no need for a boxer to leave Australia in order to gain a first class reputation, for in those days champions from all parts of the world were flocking to this country in search of fame and fortune. Among all that brilliant band, Herb McCoy more than held his own, generally in twenty-round battles that were fierce, fast and punishing from gong to gong throughout.

The American, Harry Stone, and the Welshman, Llew Edwards, and the Tasmanian, Jack Read, gave McCoy his best fights. All three scored victories—hard won victories—over Herb, but in turn he defeated Stone in twenty rounds, Read in seven and fought a twenty-round draw with Edwards.

From Harry Stone the championship descended to Syd Godfrey, then to Hughie Dwyer, and thirdly to Billy Grime, who held it for three years until his departure for America in 1927. Billy Grime was unbeatable in Australia for years and actually held the feather, light and welter titles, but for some mysterious reason his career in America was quite undistinguished.

Was this an indication that the days of the really great Australian lightweights were past? One does not like to adopt a pessimistic tone, but it must be noted that when Grime returned, he was still able to hold his own among the Australians by beating Billy Jones, who had beaten Stan Craig and Jimmy Kelso. Furthermore, Alf Blatch, who in Australia, beat such leading men as Bert Osborne and Herb Bishop (who had beaten Jimmy Kelso, the conqueror of Bobby Delaney), was another man who was outclassed when he sought fame in America.

Alf Blatch, on his record, is superior to all the Australian lightweights for years past—superior even to Norman Gillespie—for although he did not fight Gillespie, he fought and gained a victory over Bobby Delaney who took the Australian title from Norm in 1931.

The title descended to Herb Bishop in 1938 when Blatch retired, and in that year my American friend, Tod Morgan, came into the picture by beating Bishop.

The young Western Australian, Paddy Boxall, who is also a personal friend of mine, scored a victory over Tod a few months ago, and Paddy is the Australian lightweight champion at this moment.

I am glad to see the title in the possession of a native of my home state.

Here is a short history of Paddy Boxall, the new champion:

Born in Perth, Western Australia; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 5½ inches; and weight, 9 stone, 6 lbs. (132 pounds).

Entered the sport as an amateur wrestler and held the amateur featherweight wrestling title. Turned professional and held state lightweight wrestling title. He forsook wrestling and entered the boxing ring in December, 1937. Since then he has:

Fought fifty-six bouts; won fifty bouts; never been knocked out; holds lightweight championship title of Australia; holds lightweight championship title of West Australia; holds welterweight championship title of West Australia.

In June, 1939, he defeated Tod Morgan for the Australia title in a comfortable manner. Morgan was given a drawn decision with Johnny Hutchinson, the American fighter, six weeks before losing to Boxall.

His trainer and manager during the whole period is George Edwards at Swan gymnasium, William Street, Perth.

Billy and Ceferino

(Continued from page 15)

more Godoy twice outroughed and whipped Galento, so it is easy to see that they haven't picked out a marshmallow for Joe to crack, even though Godoy dropped two decisions in his last starts. Godoy outroughed Galento in the six-round semi-final to Braddock and Louis.

Godoy, if he retains the condition he enjoyed while in this country, will be most annoying. He clings, wrestles and makes life miserable for his opponent. Joe doesn't like roughing any too well. When they get rough with Joe, he tries to belt them out pronto.

Godoy has a jaw of blue steel. No punch seems to halt him. He is like a mechanical demon wound up when the starting bell rings. There is no such thing as trying to hold him off with nice boxing. He eats gloves. Punches make him furious and when he's going full tilt, he is a bad, bad, bad man and no mistake!

Of course Joe will pot shot him. He can't help hitting the fellow because Godoy never takes a back step. Godoy has never yet met a puncher of Louis' stamp. Joe might ping him right off the reel and end it in the first round. Knowing that Godoy is a reputation buster, a "spoiler," they say, Joe would no doubt walk out with the intention of flattening Godoy in the first round if he could. If he didn't there would be woe ahead for him. Not a smart match for Joe.

* * *

THE best match which looms would be one between Conn and Pastor. Of course Billy would be spotting Bob at least ten pounds. Maybe more. It would be quite a handicap match though only one of speed. It would serve to give us some idea of where Conn belongs in this heavyweight picture. If Billy should come along and knock Pastor's ears down, then we'd all have to sit up and take notice because it would mean that, in time, Conn really would have the right to challenge Louis for the title.

Conn has one match ahead over which he might well spend some thinking time. Ceferino Garcia wants to fight Billy for the light-heavyweight "title." That would be a lulu. The puncher and the boxer. It would be a dangerous match for Conn and might ruin him. I don't think he can stop Garcia and Garcia might inflict untold and lasting punishment on the slender Pittsburgher's body. He might even stop him.

There doesn't seem to be any good reason for Conn accepting such a match, yet it will be an easy one to make because both Conn and his manager, Johnny Ray, won't admit defeat at the hands of any man alive, and that takes in Louis himself.

There never has been a more confident team than Conn and Ray. Ray used to be a pretty dandy lightweight fighter in his day. Every time Billy fights, Pittsburgh bets huge sums on Conn. Often these bets hamper the youngster because he is cautioned to "be careful" and not take chances, in order to safeguard the bets.

That's all wrong. Some night, while trying to be "careful" at the expense of the wagers, Billy is going to lose a close and important decision or even get knocked out while "protecting the sugar." If those

gamblers think anything of Conn, they ought to back away from him, let him fight his fights and take their chances with their money without sending Billy into the ring with that worry on his mind. It is a selfish attitude to take and might ruin the boy's chance of becoming the heavyweight champion.

* * *

WHAT could Conn gain by fighting a dangerous puncher like Garcia? True it would be a honey so far as thrills are concerned. A much saner match for Billy would be a third meeting with Apostoli, this time Fred fighting as a legitimate light-heavyweight.

There is no question about Apostoli being weakened by trying to make 160 for Garcia. Fred was a quarter of a pound over the limit at weighing time and had to take twenty minutes to work off the hateful quarter of a pound. That didn't help him any when facing Garcia, who was an iron man at 153¾. It will be many a long day before Garcia moves into the light-heavyweight class. He never will do it as a fighter. Filipinos never grow that large.

There has been talk of bringing Tommy Farr over here to fight Louis for the title again. The idea is to have Tommy's end go to British war charities. It might be arranged and would cause quite a stir in the heavyweight division.

If the British army authorities like the idea, they couldn't help war charities better than permitting him to make the trip, uniform and all. It would be a sporting international fight and no mistake.

When war came, the Louis crowd was drumming up a meeting between Joe and Tommy on the other side with Mike Jacobs acting as co-promoter with some Englishman.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

part in scheduled bouts and for a time, the managers, fighters and politicians whom they got interested, tried to get the scalp of Willie. He won out, however, and now no boxer who is suffering from weak eyes or blindness in one eye, can hope to participate in a fight in the state.

Every boxing commission should adopt that California rule. Too often the medical advisors are too lax in their examination and as a result, boys who should have been kept on the sideline are permitted to box with the result that additional injury piles up, ending in total blindness. There are a number of such cases in the East that demand the attention of the commissioners.

* * *

IT is gratifying that the Louisiana Commission has adopted the rule on fouls under which I worked when I refereed the Camarata-Rodak battle in New Orleans. Under the new point scheme, which was used for the first time by me in that contest, the penalty system in which from one to three points are deducted according to the seriousness of the fouls, has been legalized.

Under this system, a fighter will lose points if in the opinion of the referee such penalty is warranted by his offense, but the points so deducted will not be credited to the victim of the foul. In addition, the commission also has ruled that if the referee thinks a low punch has incapacitated the fighter, he may give the victim a rest period prior to resuming the fight.

As an additional safeguard, a fighter who fouls may be disqualified by the referee and likewise a fighter who is guilty of shamming or claiming foul may be counted out by the referee. The latter may also be counted out if in the opinion of the referee he has not been hurt and refuses to continue fighting. The referee is also instructed to inform the announcer of infractions which have brought on a penalty and this is passed on to the spectators.

I am happy to know that even though the fans of New Orleans disagreed with my decision and that of the two judges in the Rodak-Camarata fight, they at least have had their rules clarified through my efforts. Rules that called for "everything goes" have been superseded by others which emphasize sportsmanship and faster, clean contests.

The Commission worked these new rules in the return engagement between Camarata and Rodak, this time a twelve-round affair, and as in their first engagement, it was a nip and tuck battle, but this time Rodak received the award. A third and deciding bout will probably be staged over the fifteen-round route. Nick and Leo are extremely popular in the Crescent City where they are good drawing cards.

* * *

THE secretary of the British Board of Boxing Control, in a message to THE RING Editor, corrects an error that appeared in the last issue, in which it was stated that "Armstrong brought back with him from London a beautiful gold trophy presented by Lord Lonsdale through the National Sporting Club of London."

I am informed that the prize, which Henry Armstrong brought back, is known as the Lord Lonsdale Trophy, and was presented to Armstrong after his fight with Ernie Roderick by the British Board of Boxing Control (1929).

The error is regretted. The British Board of Boxing Control is the leading European organization in boxing.

* * *

MAJOR HARVEY MILLER, who was recently elected president of the National Boxing Association, was invited by the Venezuelan Boxing Commission to see the Simon Chavez-Petey Scalzo fight and act as referee. The commission, riled by statements in American papers that Chavez was just an ordinary fighter who was gaining international recognition because his American opponents found it difficult to do their best in the high altitude of Caracas, brought the N.B.A. president down to see for himself just how good Chavez is.

That Major Miller's report to his colleagues will be as convincing as was mine when I returned from Venezuela, I have no doubt. Chavez is a real fighter. He is as good as they come in the featherweight division and by his victories over Freddie Miller, twice; Joey Archibald, the title-holder, and Petey Scalzo, the N.B.A. No. 1 challenger, Chavez has earned a title shot.

The N.B.A. officials are of the opinion that Chavez should first show his wares in this country against Harry Jeffra before he is permitted to meet Archibald in a return engagement at the championship weight, but I disagree. Chavez has earned a title shot and should he beat Archibald, then he should be asked to clash with Jeffra. An Archibald-Chavez fight in Venezuela will draw close to $40,000, figures that cannot be reached for a featherweight championship fight anywhere else in the world. Chavez has proved his right to the leading post and should get it ahead of anyone else and Al Weill, as manager of the champion, has the right to accept Joey's next opponent, especially so in view of the fact that the man he wants, Chavez, is a top rank fighter and can outdraw any of his rivals.

Jeffra had his chance and it was no fault of Archibald that men selected by the District of Columbia Commission voted against Harry, though the fans thought that Jeffra had won. Why penalize the champion when he had no say in the decision?

* * *

IN October 5, at New Castle, Pennsylvania, there passed into the Great Beyond a man who in his youth was as famous in the footracing game as he later became in the field of pugilism. Jimmy Dime, known to the veterans of the ring as fighter, manager and promoter, the man who steered George Chip into the middleweight championship of the world, died after a lingering illness. His death removes another of the great fistic warriors of the past and follows only a few weeks the passing of a contemporary, Australian Billy Murphy, who thrived at the time that Jimmy was carving a niche in the fistic hall of fame.

Dime, who was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, came to this country at the age of three. He and his folks made East Berkshire, Vermont, their home, but a few years later moved to Winooski, Vermont. When a youth, Jimmy went to Leominster, Massachusetts, where he joined an athletic club and was one of its mainstays in footracing. He attracted the attention of Jack Hartley, another foot runner, and it was through that association that Dime went to Amsterdam, New York, to live.

Jimmy turned from racing to fighting, and being a clever lad, he soon made his mark in that profession. He gained international fame when he scored victories over Jack Green in 1892 and knocked out Billy Frazier, one of America's best boys, at Fonda, New York, in thirteen rounds.

On March 5, 1895, Jimmy fought a draw with Young Griffo at the Music Hall of Boston. The bout went eight rounds and showed Dime and Griffo at their best. They gave an extremely clever exhibition that brought much favorable comment in the reports of the battle.

Dime travelled to Australia, where he not only acted as manager for American fighters whom he brought with him, but also promoted and did well. Among the Americans he introduced to the Australians was George Chip, then world middleweight champion, and the Irish red-headed lightweight terror, Patsy Brannigan.

When he left Amsterdam, Jimmy went to live at Youngstown, Ohio, and later to New Castle, Pennsylvania, his last residence. He was hit by an automobile twelve years ago, and though he survived, the injury gave him considerable trouble and eventually was the cause of his death. Temperate in his habits and thorough in the care of his body, something he learned and practiced when an athlete, Jimmy was able to fight off his ailment for many years.

Great But Not Champion

(Continued from page 28)

appeal to the fans. They would rather have seen him knock his rivals out. One night at the old Fairmount Club in New York, he took on One Round Hogan. The Fairmount fans liked their action fast and furious.

Packey was good that night and Hogan couldn't land. McFarland was having fun. He didn't hit Hogan much. There was no slugging at all. Groans and catcalls resounded. Finally the fans decided that it was just one of those evenings, so they settled back to watch the bout in silence, all but one die-hard in the gallery. He yowled:

"Hey! If youse guys knew how hard it wuz fer me to git three bucks fer this seat, you'd do something!"

* * *

LONG after Packey had left the ring, he went on being clever. He was one of the few fighters who showed business talent. Among other things, he went into banking. When the 1929 crash came, with its strain on financial institutions, Packey remarked that it had just peeled about a quarter of a million off his roll.

He's gone now; but his cleverness in the ring will long be remembered, even though he never became a champion.

He fought Freddy Welsh several times, and had the advantage, winning one encounter while getting draws in two. But one of those draws came when he fought Welsh for the title in London. Freddy ducked and dodged, piling up points for defense while McFarland pursued him around the ring. It was a great disappointment to Packey not to win the title that night. But he said:

"Welsh is a fine fighter. I thought it was a pretty close fight, and have no argument with the decision."

He knocked out Jimmy Britt, but that was after Britt had lost the crown. So it was that Packey, skillful as he could be, never won a title.

* * *

ONE of the men who held the title while Packey was in good form was Battling Nelson. Bat had the curious luck to meet Packey in a two-round exhibition. Packey hit Nelson at will: Nelson couldn't land a punch. He never would meet Packey in a real fight. Perhaps meeting him by accident in an exhibition saved his crown. Nelson's entire career was marked by freakish luck; maybe that was just one more queer break.

Bat was born in Copenhagen on the Independence Day of Denmark. He was named Battling by his father, who said he came into the world scrapping. And he won the lightweight championship of the world on the Independence Day of America, 1908, by knocking out Joe Gans in seventeen rounds. So both the coincidence of being born on an independence day and of being named Battling were strangely brought to mind on the date that he won the title.

Curiously enough, while Packey was growing up around the stockyards, Bat Nelson was working as a meat cutter for the G. H. Hammond Co. It was while so employed that he made his first public appearance as a fighter.

Bat was only a kid, fourteen years old. Although he was doing a man's work as a meatcutter, he wasn't too proud to hunt up the circus when it arrived in Hegewisch and ask for a job carrying water for the elephants, along with the other little kids.

Bat had drummed up a great reputation among the youngsters with his fists, and when they found out that Wallace's circus had an "Unknown," a "world renowned" fighter ready to meet all comers, one nervy kid went to the manager and said:

"Say, we gotta guy here what kin fight like a wildcat. What'll you give iff'n he knocks the block off of your champ?"

This gave Wallace a laugh. He was used to seeing local boys show up to meet his "Unknown," and he was well aware that the ordinary local lad has no chance with a professional boxer.

"If he lasts three rounds," said the manager, "I'll give him a dollar." That suited Nelson.

That night Bat's three brothers, who were in the audience and hadn't been told he was going to fight, were startled to see the kid of the family in there with a professional bruiser.

He wasn't there long.

While brother Albert fell off his seat and brother Harry fainted dead away, five punches were exchanged. The Unknown landed one. Bat landed four. A combination left to the chin and right to the breadbasket dropped the circus scrapper on his face in the sawdust, unconscious, still dreaming he was in a fight, struggling feebly and trying to punch the ground.

After that, Wallace offered Bat the fighting job, but Mama Nelson wouldn't hear of it. Even if it did offer fifty dollars a week and expenses, which seemed like all the money in the world to little Bat.

All he got out of the fight was a dollar. But during the bout somebody stole his coat, containing $5.40 and a watch; so poor Bat's first fight, though a fistic success, was a financial loss.

Garcia Thrills Again

(Continued from page 25)

skinned gladiator! His goal had been reached! He had made good his boast that he would stop his man and he did in a manner that left no doubt about his superiority. As a middleweight, Garcia proved that he is stronger and a more deadly puncher than he was in the lighter division. He was more deadly than in any previous bout. He hit sharper and fast as a streak. The weight just suited him.

By his victory, Garcia gained a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame, but so did the loser, who supplied his thrills by his courageous stand against a punishing foe. He never backed away. He fought back as long as he could in a manner that proved him to be a fighting champion. Even in the face of a most vicious attack, he kept pushing his left into Garcia's face and peppered Ceferino's body with hard, jolting uppercuts. But he was outclassed by a harder, more powerful hitter and the hitting told the tale in the long run. Garcia's right eye was cut in the sixth, but otherwise he came out of the fray in good condition.

Though only New York and California will recognize the victor as new world champion, the 11,464 fans who paid $35,443 to see the struggle, will have to be shown before they will acknowledge Hostak or any other middleweight the better man. Garcia proved himself the equal of the best middleweight punchers of the last two decades.

In my count, I gave Apostoli only the second round. He lost the sixth by order of the referee for hitting on the break. Garcia's margin of victory in the rounds he obtained, was greater than the one gained by Fred.

In the third round Garcia scored heavily and hurt Fred with right uppercuts, several powerful left jolts and one bolo punch. Apostoli staggered from the last named but recovered quickly and jumped into a clinch.

In the fourth, Garcia missed the chance to end matters by clouting Apostoli with a left uppercut and three smashing rights but as Apostoli staggered forward, Garcia, all het up, lost his balance and slipped to his finger tips. When he got back into fighting position, Fred had recovered and the danger point was passed.

* * *

GARCIA will make a great champion for New York, because he is full of color. He is the type who is in action at all times, a gift to boxing promoters. He is the type who loves his milling and if Hostak will agree to clash with him in an effort to settle the matter of world supremacy, Garcia will gladly accept the defi. All he asks is that neutral officials be named for such a fight and under such conditions he will agree to meet Hostak in his own back yard, where Al is invincible.

But to get Al into the same ring will be a tough problem. Hostak will think twice before he accepts a fight with the man who knocked out Apostoli. If Hostak is really a world champion, as his many admirers say he is, then he wouldn't hesitate to fight Garcia on neutral territory with neutral officials.

He doesn't have to risk anything now. Garcia will take him on and THE RING will offer a belt for a championship fight on neutral territory or any place agreed upon by Hostak and Garcia. Let's have it boys. The fans want it. Boxing needs such a battle. Let's have one bona fide champion.

Conn Tightens Grip

(Continued from page 10)

and up against the ropes, and at one time, he almost stumbled through them. It was a grandstand finish by one of the world's cleverest fighters among the big fellows and there could be no reason for disputing the unanimous verdict of the officials.

Billy Conn has made the grade as a light-heavyweight, but what he can do as a heavyweight awaits to be seen. Before he gets into active competition in that class, however, he will have to clinch his claim to light-heavyweight honors by disposing of the one outstanding American challenger, Gus Lesnevich, with whom he has been matched. I say clinch the place, because there is no doubt in my mind that Billy is far superior to any fighter England can pitch against him.

Louis Still Master

(Continued from page 6)

Doggedly, Bob pulled himself to an erect position and Louis raced after him like a tiger after its prey. The champion was now imbued with the killing instinct.

He set after his man, but Pastor, again quickly recuperating, bobbed and weaved and with legs that were agile, he stepped out of range of the attacking blows to survive the round. From then on, with few exceptions, Pastor was equal to the occasion. He fought a brave, game, uphill battle.

In the next two rounds, Pastor was rocked several times with jolting solid rights to head and jaw, but he took the punches without a whimper.

* * *

WITH the count four rounds against him, Bob started his climb in the fifth in which he took the house by storm by outpointing and outpunching the champion. Three times in that round, Pastor landed four blows in a row to Joe's jaw and just before the bell sounded, he sent three jabs to Joe's eye that caused the Bomber to blink.

But that advantage was not to last long as the Detroit Slugger regained his prestige in the sixth session with a fine display of fisticuffs. Twice in that frame Loius stung the challenger with stiff rights to the jaw. Once Bob staggered under the impact and it looked like he would go down again. A left hook caught him with such power that it almost took Bob off the canvas but he quickly regained his equilibrium.

Then came a repetition in the seventh, with Louis taking the fight away from his opponent. To start that session, Louis landed a stiff left to Bob's left eye and opened a deep gash, almost an inch long, and as the round progressed, three powerful rights staggered the challenger but on each occasion he quickly recovered.

* * *

THEN came the turn. It was now Pastor's chance to show his wares and he did. He electrified the crowd by a steady onslaught. Lefts and rights, fired from all angles, smothered the champion in the eighth, by far Pastor's best session. He had Joe against the ropes where he bombarded him and for more than a minute, the Bomber was completely on the defensive. Had Bob carried a wallop in those fists, he would have downed his man and possibly have scored a knockout, so big an advantage did he have. Lucky for the champion that a heavy hitter didn't face him in that round.

Pastor continued to do the same, although not with equal effectiveness, in the ninth and tenth rounds. In my scoring of the bout, I awarded all three rounds to him—a big feather in Pastor's cap, considering the handicap he was under. He raised a mouse under Louis' left eye, and caused a little lump to form on the upper cheek, but that was all the damage Bob could do. Throughout those three rounds, Pastor was bleeding from eye, nose and mouth.

* * *

GALLANTLY Bob came out for the eleventh round. He had accomplished far more than the fans and scribes had hoped for and now all hands were rooting for him to go at least beyond the fifteenth round to better the record set by Tommy Farr. But it was not in the cards for Pastor to do that. He was daring enough. He was fearless and became a little cocky.

Bob had been warned to box his man in order to tire him but he figured that he could fight Joe and came out for the eleventh ready to mix it, contrary to orders. That spelled his doom. It was playing right into the hands of Joe, who was just waiting for the chance to cop his man with a shot as Bob was coming toward him.

Joe didn't have to wait long. The opportunity soon appeared as already told and it was all over.

Pastor was beaten, but not disgraced. He waged a contest worthy of a true challenger. He gave all he had, but that was not enough to offset the devastating right of the champion.

It was another case where the power of the fists of a mighty crown wearer was far superior to the speed and courage of a fighting challenger. Bob had made as gallant a stand as has been seen in a heavyweight championship fight in a number of years after being on the brink of defeat via the knockout route five times in the first two rounds.

* * *

WHO next for Joe Louis? That's what the fans are now discussing.

How great a champion is the Brown Bomber? That's another query they are firing at the sports critics.

Has he gone back? Has Joe reached his peak? What type fighter can beat him?

These and many other questions are now the topic of conversations wherever fight fans gather these fall nights.

There is only one point that can be answered without any guesswork and that is, that the Joe Louis who pushed Bob Pastor out of the picture has not gone back. He is still in his prime. He is as great a fighter, as devastating a hitter today as he was when he annihilated Max Schmeling in Joe's comeback role. Let no one tell you that because Pastor lasted into the eleventh round, Joe Louis has slipped. It takes the man who is on the receiving end to tell you how far Joe has slipped and so far the Bomber's victims have been unable to testify to the fact that the Bomber has softened.

Never before has any heavyweight champion stood so high above the field of competitors. So superior is he that unless he knocks his opponent out in a round or two or three, he is called "an over-rated titleholder."

Like others who have preceded him, Joe Louis' true value as a fighter and to boxing will be more appreciated after his retirement than it is today.

* * *

HIS hitting power has made him one of the heroes of the prize ring. His thunderous wallop has formed one of the greatest legends of pugilism. That is his leading quality as a fighter. But he possesses many more, the combined assets of which are what have gained for him an everlasting place in Boxing's Hall of Fame.

We all knew that the Bomber could take it, for he exemplified that in his battle with Max Schmeling and again when he got off the floor to knock out the tough Tony Galento. But in his bout with Pastor he added to that list of assets. He proved that he possesses the quality of endurance. He can go a distance. Joe was no more fatigued in the eleventh round when he knocked out Bob than he was when he got going in the first round.

That is a great quality in boxing. In horse racing the true test of a great race horse is endurance. One that can travel a distance is worth his weight in gold.

So it is with a boxer. Louis proved, contrary to general opinion of his severe critics, that he didn't have to be a quick finisher, a front runner, to beat his man. He showed that he could take his time, pace himself, and come through when the opening presented itself.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

HERE *are the answers to the questions printed on Page 17:*

1—The solar plexus punch was used by Bob Fitzsimmons in knocking out Jim Corbett at Carson City, Nev., on March 17, 1897, in the fourteenth round. Bob Davis, the famous writer, gave the punch its name.

2—In time, the longest fight was that in which Andy Bowen, Negro lightweight, beat Jack Burke at New Orleans on April 6, 1893, in 7 hrs. 19 min. They went 110 rounds.

3—The record for rounds is 276 rounds, between Jack Jones and Patsy Tunney, Cheshire, England, in 1825. Jones was the winner.

4—Joe Walcott, Negro welter, was called the Barbados Demon.

5—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in the third round. Willard did not come up for the fourth round, retiring in the intermission period. Experts ruled he had gone out in the third.

6—Jim Jeffries was the first fighter who had an unblemished claim to the world heavyweight championship. Jim Corbett's claim is dimmed by the fact that he got no better than a draw with Peter Jackson.

7—Knocked out means knocked out of time, and not made unconscious. Thus, there is no such thing as a technical knockout. If the fight is stopped, the loser is knocked out of time.

8—Joe Louis has been knocked out only once. Max Schmeling turned the trick in the twelfth round.

9—Kid McCoy developed his famous corkscrew punch.

10—John L. Sullivan never was champion of the world as he refused to meet Peter Jackson. John L. was the American champion, only.

Mr. Boxer Sees It Through

(Continued from page 3)

IN Italy, though that nation is neutral, every boxer of note, every athlete, is in the service. All hands were called when the latest European war broke out. Doing emergency duty now are among others, Enrico Venturi, Cleto Locatelli, Aldo Spoldi, Saverio Turiello and Carlo Urbinati. Each has held a championship.

In France, in addition to Carpentier, the veteran, famous boxers who are now serving somewhere on the Western Front are Pierre Louis, Andre Lenglet, Henri Bouquillon, Raoul Degryse, Henri Viez and Charley Rutz.

Jackie Kid Berg, who hastened back to England upon declaration of war, has been appearing in boxing matches at training camps to help keep up the morale of the recruits. So have Arthur Danahar, Eric Boon, Ronnie James, Ernie Roderick and other star British boxers. Ted Broadribb, former British fight manager and promoter, is also aiding the cause in getting up benefits for the war wounded. His son-in-law, Don McCorkindale, has enlisted in the Special Fire Force.

In France, Marcel Thil, former world middleweight champion, whose last appearance in the ring was against Fred Apostoli in the Carnival of Champions program in New York, where he was stopped by the American, is in the French army as a buck private. Thil is serving in the Champagne district. His successor to the French middleweight crown, Assane Diouf, is an artilleryman.

Practically every boxer of note in France has joined the colors. Not only have the pugilists enlisted, but tennis players, soccer players, movie actors and the nation's best track and field men are at the Western Front.

Jean Gabin, movie actor, is in the navy as a second class seaman. Charlie Rigoulet, weight lifting champion, is serving with a machine gun company in the Lorraine sector, which at this writing, is also the address of Jules Ladoumegue, former record holder for the mile.

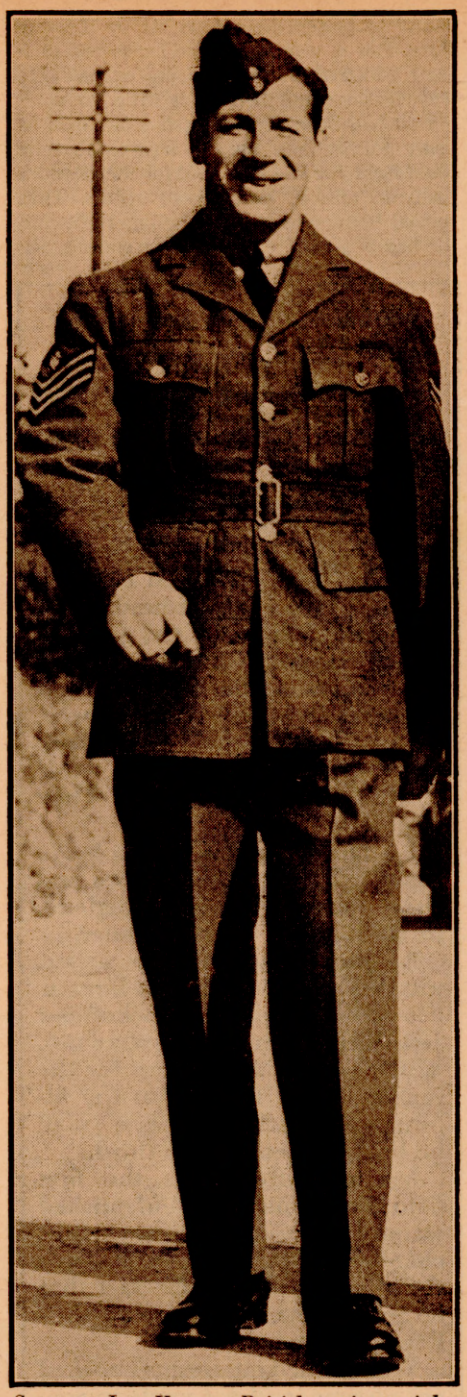
A number of British athletes, including several boxers, have followed the footsteps of Len Harvey and Tommy Farr and enlisted with the Royal Air Service. Some have been assigned to condition the recruits while others have been placed in active service. The presence of Harvey and Farr has instilled a fighting spirit into the young men who are at the training quarters of the air force.

Jack London, star heavyweight, also is in the air force. He and Farr may fight for the air force title.

* * *

A MOVEMENT is now on foot in England to have Farr and Harvey clash for the Royal Air Force heavyweight championship, the proceeds to go into the fund for war wounded men of all branches of the service. Such a contest it is estimated would bring in 30,000 pounds or about $120,000 in U. S. currency and would be a most interesting affair.

On this side several persons high in fight circles are trying to obtain permission from the British government to permit Farr and Harvey to come to this country for two months. Tommy to fight Joe Louis for the world heavyweight title and Harvey to battle the winner of the Conn-Lesnevich bout for the light-heavyweight crown, with the profits to be given to the British fund for war wounded. However, such a program is out of the question, as it would violate our neutrality and furthermore, I doubt that Mike Jacobs, who controls the champions in the classes named, would consent to give up his club's profits.



Sergeant Len Harvey, British cruiserweight and heavyweight champion, in uniform of the Royal Air Force.

Boxing is closely followed in all branches of the service. It is encouraged by the commanding officers because of its benefits to those who participate in it and those who watch the bouts. Its effect on the morale is a big factor.

In England, Jack Harding, general manager of the National Sporting Club, has a large brigade of instructors who are at the command of the War Office and these instructors will do the same kind of work in British camps as our boxers did in this country during the World War.

Greatest credit belongs to men like Carpentier who, having seen the horrors of war and experienced the terrible privations and reactions of the shambles, go right back to the fight.

Boxing hails these men of courage and conviction, and hopes to see them back stronger and better, ready for the high acclaim that will be theirs when the lads come marching Home.

Roll Out the Barrel!

(Continued from page 9)

weight champion in a period of depression, he has earned more dough than Booker Washington ever knew existed in the world, and has approached the fortune the wiser Tunney took out of the ring. Jack Dempsey set the all-time record with close to $3,000,000.

* * *

JUST suppose that we did have a grand elimination tournament. Whom would you give tickets of entry?

First, Pastor and Galento. Fifteen rounds, or less, as the saying is, in the Garden in New York.

Lou Nova and Johnny Paychek of Des Moines. This Paychek deserves a good tryout and it is high time he subjected himself to the test. Baldy John is not getting younger.

Red Burman and Roscoe Toles. Burman is a fine fighter but is getting lost in the shuffle. He has been side-tracked or forced to take on mediocre assignments. He is deserving of a chance.

Maurice Strickland and Nathan Mann; Buddy Knox and Al McCoy; Bob Nestell and Lee Sevold, the St. Paul youngster, who has been coming along fast. Then we still have Godoy and Lovell and Lenglet, all foreigners, who could fit into the picture.

This is not supposed to be entirely a serious list of matchers, because Nestell has had too much experience for a man like Sevold. But it gives you an idea of the gang that is up for inspection.

The search continues. Perhaps from out of the European battlefield may emerge the man we are seeking—the fellow who can whip the Brown Bomber.

When Gans Beat Hawkins

(Continued from page 31)

"A left hook to the jaw followed in the wake of the right-hander. Then, before Hawkins could recover, Joe hurled his right flush to the jaw.

"It knocked Hawkins colder than the proverbial mackerel. Referee White counted out the Californian and proclaimed Gans the winner amid the wildest excitement.

"It will be a long time before we see such bursts of cyclonic milling as Joe Gans and Dal Hawkins crowded into two short rounds at the old Broadway A. C. that memorable May evening."

Jeffra's Great Comeback

(Continued from page 20)

when he won the title in his bout with Rodak. It reminded me of his splendid exhibition in the first six rounds of his fight with Simon Chavez after which the high altitude in Caracas took its toll and Joey's fighting collapsed. Whether he can do better when he meets Chavez again, remains to be seen. Perhaps a longer period on the scene prior to the bout will help him.

Jeffra boxed cleverly throughout the fifteen rounds, but Archibald was the aggressor. Several times Joey was drawn into tight places by the challenger, who then cut loose with a barrage, and it was this type of fighting that caused the gathering to favor Harry. Jeffra bled from the nose and mouth and had a lump just under the heart where Archibald's body blows inflicted damage, but neither boxer was hurt much.

* * *

JEFFRA started out at a whirlwind pace. He annexed five of the first seven rounds before Archibald really got into his stride. Then Joey made up for lost ground. Each scored heavily in several rounds, Jeffra's best being the fifth, seventh and eleventh, with Archibald's best being the tenth.

In the tenth, Joey drew the claret from mouth and nose and battered his opponent about the body with hard punches. He staggered Jeffra and had him hanging on desperately with a heavy barrage until the bell came to the challenger's rescue.

Harry jarred the champion a number of times. In the fifth, a right to Joey's jaw hurled him against the ropes where Harry followed his advantage with a steady rain of punches. In the seventh, twelfth and fourteenth he again turned the trick. A right to the chin almost took Archibald off the canvas in the seventh but he came back with a wicked right to the jaw that caused Harry to hold.

The eighth found Archibald in control most of the session by a big margin. He bombarded his opponent and kept up a steady stream of blows that forced Jeffra to seek cover frequently. Thus the bout see-sawed until the fifteenth session, an exact duplicate of the fighting in the Archibald-Rodak battle in which final victory rested on the last two rounds.

* * *

WHEN the bell ended the fight, a wild cheering throng rushed to the ringside to congratulate the Baltimore lad, Jeffra, who they thought had won the title, but when the announcement was made that by a split decision, the championship was retained by Archibald, control of the gathering was lost and a barrage of sticks and papers kept the officials and the principals ducking in the ring. Jeffra, stunned by the verdict, cried as he kept saying:

"They can't do that. I won the championship. Why don't they give it to me. I beat him."

Then his mother came to the ring to console him while the fans kept up their howling almost in unanimity.

It was a tough break for the boy who was making such a grand comeback. I officiated as judge at his fight with Escobar in which he lost his bantam crown after sustaining a broken jaw that later kept him in the hospital for many months. I never expected to see Harry enter the ring again. After watching his fine performance as challenger for the featherweight crown, I doff my hat to a game, clever, hard hitting lad who again has made the grade.

In the Spotlight

(Continued from page 12)

to his first defeat in a long, long time last month. This sort of thing is no novelty for this native of New York's Harlem section. Last spring he entered the ring a ten-to-one underdog against the fast rising middleweight, Georgie Abrams, dropped the Washington boy a couple of times and walked off with the decision.

Dellicurti, a rough, fast punching club fighting type of mittman, looked impressive beating Luftspring. Any fighter able to shellack the capable Canadian as thoroughly as he did has very definite possibilities.

Colored members of the lighter classes have been almost completely obscured by Armstrong's spectacular feats, but out in Pittsburgh, Charley Burley is looked upon as a real menace to Henry. Pittsburghers have been asking, "How come?" for some time at the seeming neglect of this home town product, a question brought on by Burley's long string of successes over leading welters.

* * *

MOVING into the front line of contenders who rate more recognition than they have been getting are such as Allie Stolz, hand-talking Hymie Caplan's hope as his fifth title-holder, and Dave Castilloux. Classy little Stolz, over-ballyhooed last winter, slowed down for a time, but now is raging along the pugilistic thoroughfares goin' places, it seems.

Dave Castilloux, who has recently come under the wing of the veteran Nat Rogers, brings tears of mingled happiness and chagrin to Nat's sorrowful countenance.

"I get a fighter," groans Rogers, "and what happens? He's so good nobody will fight him. What do they expect a guy to do?" lamented Nat, as he placed an order for another gross of crying towels.

Also included in this collection of hidden jewels there should be such as Bob Montgomery, Philadelphia's new lightweight marvel; Lew Jenkins, Texas ex-soldier, who has run up a string of victories around New York; Maxie Shapiro, hard-hitting clever boxer, latest of New York's Ghetto prides; Jackie Wilson, the Cleveland wonder, who has the Pacific Coast all adither; Chalky Wright, a feather who has to fight lightweights and welters, and who made such a great impression in England when he kayoed the West Indies sensation, Kid Tanner; Willie Joyce, former Golden Gloves marvel; Al Nettlow, former national amateur champion, a young man who really understands the art of boxing; Joe Basora, T.N.T. fisted Puerto Rican; Quentin Baby Breese, cherubic rough-houser; Georgie Crouch, California's lightweight sensation; Ernie Vigh, hard-hitting New York middleweight; Sammy Luftspring, Canadian welter champion, and Baby Yack, a good hitting bantam from across the border.

New Faces

(Continued from page 23)

Lancaster, Young Harry Wills, Jackie Thomas, Al Sharkey, and Young Kid Norfolk.

Tommy holds kayo triumphs over Jeff Ferroni, 9; Bruno Tretter, 3; Sammy Simpson, 1; Jimmy Lawson, 4; and Joe Rucker, 4.

* * *

IN Bridgeport, Connecticut, there is a young lightweight, Red Moffat, who looks like a fine prospect. The fans up his way think highly of his ability, and so do sports writers who have seen the boy in action. He is one of the best boxers in the state at his weight. Among his greatest admirers is Dennis McMahon, deputy commissioner of boxing, who handled the affairs of Louis Kid Kaplan when he was the featherweight king.

Moffat was a star amateur until he turned pro a few months ago. Up to this writing, he has engaged in ten fights and has a clean slate. He scored four knockouts. He is only eighteen years old and was the 1938 Connecticut state lightweight champion.

* * *

IN Stone Lake, Wisconsin, on Karl Ogren's huge estate, Arne Anderson has been training. Arne is six feet, four inches, weighing 205 pounds, and is claimant to the heavyweight championship of Scandinavia. The Swede from Stockholm is under the capable management of Ogren, who is also a co-promoter in St. Paul with Harry Lennon. Arne's stablemates are Billy Gillespie, Eric Ogren, Swedish welterweight champion; Johnny Milan, and Don Swenson, all of whom serve as spar mates to the rugged Swede. If you can recall, it was Karl Ogren's training camp that Jimmy Braddock and Barney Ross picked for their conditioning before their title tilts.

Now for this fellow Anderson. After a very successful career as an amateur, which saw him fighting in several European capitals, Arne turned pro. Over in France he knocked out a fellow by the name of Vircoloun in three heats, then whipped the experienced and classy veteran, Rienus De Boer, in eight fast and furious rounds in Holland. In quick succession, Arne kayoed Al Sauvage in six frames in France, beat Harry Staal in ten in Holland, kayoed Al Shohy in two in Belgium, and then disposed of John Anderson in the sixth in Sweden. Then lack of opposition forced Arne to set sail for America.

He made his American debut by trouncing a veteran, Danny La Marr of Chicago, in six at St. Paul. Next in line was Tiger Jack Mason of St. Paul, whom Arne T.K.O.'ed in two at Des Moines. His last fight to date, and his first American main event, found him scoring a thrilling three-round kayo over Ed (Tipperary) Murray, huge Irish behemoth from County Tipperary, in a St. Paul ring. In a return bout, Arne again kayoed Murray in three sessions.

Fight fans, here's a tip. Keep your eyes on this boy. He's a heavy puncher, as rugged and willing as they come, and you'll not find many with as courageous a heart as he carries around. A little more experience should see Arne near the top rung. He's as strong as the proverbial bull, and takes a punch well.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

IN these days of war, when our minds are busily occupied with the battle front, it is indeed a relief to receive a copy of THE RING, world famous international boxing magazine and read about ring battles instead of those on the fields of Europe. When your last issue arrived, I bought eleven copies from my newsman, and sent these all to our boys at the front.

I received a letter from one of them, thanking me heartily for my thoughtfulness. I am writing this to you, so that you, as Editor of THE RING, a man who served his country in the last World War, will know how much THE RING means to those who are again fighting to free the world from a monster. Here is part of the letter:

"Needless to say that the greatest thrill I received was when THE RING was presented to me. I had just finished guard duty and was about to get my welcomed rest, when the mail was distributed and THE RING made its appearance. I devoured every line of the news in the magazine and then there was a wild rush and others did as I had done. Finally, the Captain took a hand and asked that THE RING be kept intact and that it be passed down the line to give all a chance to receive the relaxation which that magazine can bring.

"Harvey, if you can bring this to the attention of those at home, see if there isn't some way that THE RING can become part and parcel of a soldier's kit. We need that type magazine and let me tell you that it's welcome to the boys, can never be appreciated by any but a doughboy."

I have been a reader of THE RING for many years, Nat, and I know that you will find great pleasure in the realization that your work and that of your staff, is making some boys, far away from home, far away from a roped square, enjoy the few brief moments they receive somewhere on the battlefields of Europe.

HARVEY JONES,
Bristol, England

* * *

I HAVE been a constant reader of your magazine for a number of years and have always found it interesting, instructive, clean and healthy to the mind. I could have patted your back when I read "Ring Tragedy." It was cleverly written, and if only some of the young boys fighting now who have not a thing but courage will read and heed. I am sure you have done a world of good.

In your February issue you have an article by Murray Lewin (Welsh Wizards of Pugilism). Welsh, Wilde and Driscoll were really great. Owen Moran was also great, but was not included. I wonder why. If you look up his record I believe you will agree. I would be delighted if you would at least publish his record. Thank you.

SAM MOSS,
Arrowwood, Alta., Canada.
(Just an oversight.)

* * *

WHEN I read of so many fights being stopped and awarded to one of the participants on a T.K.O. because of a cut, I wonder if it would not be a good thing for the game if the boxing commissions of all states were to make such a ruling as is practiced here in California.

It is this: The referee shall judge as to how such a cut was inflicted. If the cut was caused by an accidental butt of the head, the referee should call the contest a draw. If the butt was intentional and the cut necessitated the bout being stopped, of course the offender is to lose via foul. If the cut is made by a fair blow of the glove of a contestant who is ahead on points at the time, he then, of course, should be declared the winner by T.K.O., but, if he is far behind on points at the time he inflicts a cut that causes the bout to be stopped, even though the injury were caused by a fair blow, the referee should have the right to call such a contest a draw.

It is only when the referee has such right to declare "draw" decisions in cases of these untimely or unfortunate endings that a T.K.O. in the records will mean that the recorded winner of that contest was really the party who was winning the fight at the time it was stopped.

There have been too many cases where a thoroughly licked fighter has deliberately butted his opponent, inflicting a cut that caused the bout to be halted and awarded to the offender, the unhappy victim being declared loser by a T.K.O. So, he who was winning this contest does not only suffer the "bad break" of being declared the loser, but his reputation suffers also, for the fans who read of the decision believe that he has been stopped.

This practice of allowing the referees to use their discretion as to what verdict is to be rendered in case of "cuts" has been well received by the fans out here in California and I believe it would be a benefit to boxing in all parts of the world.

HARRY E. WINKLER,
Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

AS an appreciative reader of your excellent journal, THE RING, over a long period of years, I trust you will permit me the luxury of some criticism. I think that in your desire to please foreign readers you are too prone to give courtesy ratings to foreign fighters who in most cases do not compare with your splendid American boys. Your exaggerated rating of our Len Harvey is a case in point. McAvoy, I am convinced, is a far better fighter and would have received the verdict over Harvey in any American or Continental ring where *effective* blows and aggression score points and count for more than ineffective taps and backpedaling.

I have seen your great fighters in action—Jack Delaney, Berlenbach, Billy Petrolle, Tony Canzoneri. They were fighters! Much superior to our best boys of today.

The British Boxing Board of Control has facetiously nicknamed Len Harvey world's light-heavyweight champ. Bettina, Lesnevich and Conn need lose no sleep over this. Harvey would be outclassed.

In spite of your disparaging remarks about present-day heavyweights, they are a far better bunch of fighters than the mediocre boys of Dempsey's day.

Firpo! I saw him trounced by Charlie Wienert and Harry Wills. Galento would have flattened him with one punch.

Carpentier? I saw him thrashed by Gunboat Smith (a good boy, Gunboat). Nova would have taken him into camp easily.

The Max Baer of 1933 was, in my opinion, the greatest heavy of all time. What did Tunney say in an interview with a Colombo reporter in 1934, when asked who would have won between Dempsey and Baer in their prime? "Baer, of course, in a round or two." Gene was right.

JAMES DUGGAN,
London, England.

* * *

AS a long, faithful and devoted reader of THE RING Magazine, I have noticed how frequently you encourage the amateurs by publishing results of their fights and chances for success.

Out here in West View, a suburb of Pittsburgh, we have an amateur boxer by the name of Ralph Freeman. Recently he scored a one-sided decision over Dale Critzlaw, a former Diamond Belt champion. The funny part of it is that Freeman had never fought previous to that meeting. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and is only seventeen years old. He fights like Billy Conn. Watch this boy, Nat.

REG SAUER,
West View, Pa.

We will keep our eyes on him. Unfortunately lack of space prevents publication of amateur news on a scale used for professional fighters. But we keep tabs on the simon-pures.

AFTER reading one of your reader's letters regarding "Glass-Jawed Fighters," I was surprised to find him making a statement regarding Joe Beckett as having a terrible defense. I beg to differ on that point. Some of the best known expert boxing critics such as A. G. Hales, Eugene Corrie and Jem Driscoll have stated in the press at one time or other that Beckett was a good boxer, although his strong point was his fighting ability and punch.

It can be truthfully said that England has never possessed a champion who could punch with anything like the power Joe could put behind his blows. Regarding his affair with Carpentier he was defeated before ever a blow was struck. He had not got the right temperament. Everything else he possessed—boxing ability, strong as an ox, a punch that could wear anything down on two legs. But he lacked the hall mark of the world beater, namely, guts.

May I say that I think it is about high time that Dempsey stopped his chin wagging about the shortcomings of the present champion, Joe Louis? I notice he has been at it again, with the old rhyme about the present crop of heavyweights being anchovies with no killer spirit. Just another knock at Louis, insinuating that he has nothing to beat.

I venture to say that were the prime heavyweights of the Dempsey era about today, Louis would lick 'em all. I can safely assume that such men as Billy Miske, Bill Brennan and Tom Heeney were no super-fighters. They were pretty good, but no better than the present busters—Farr, Baer, Pastor, Barlund, Nova and Galento. That is the one reason why the famous mauler should go easy when comparing the men of his day with the fighters of this era.

In all of his career, Dempsey never met a man with anything near a semblance of the Louis wallop in his mitts. Can it be a case of professional jealousy that makes Dempsey say nasty things about the merits of the present gladiators, which, of course, includes the reigning champion, Joe Louis.

In closing, I want to pay a compliment to your magazine, which I consider to be the greatest boxing publication in the world. Good luck to it and to you, sir.

THOMAS CATTERALL,
Greengates, Bradford, Eng.

* * *

IN a recent issue you answer an attack on American sportsmanship made by Denis O'Sullivan in the London *Daily Mirror*. The opinion of O'Sullivan is, I am afraid, the general opinion in Europe. And there is good reason for it.

Take the second Schmeling-Sharkey title fight in 1932. Sharkey received the verdict and the title, but the majority of critics made Max the winner. With regard to the no-foul rule, that is a disgrace to boxing. There is little doubt but that this rule was introduced for one purpose only, so that no man could win the title on a foul as Schmeling did. Is that real sportsmanship? That makes fouling legal, does it not? Mr. O'Sullivan is correct when he says that a foreigner cannot get a square deal in the States.

Let us go back to the world's light-heavyweight title fight between John Henry Lewis and Len Harvey in London a year or two ago. Lewis was given the decision, and quite rightly. He won without question. But let us assume that the position had been reversed. The fight took place in the States, with Harvey, the American title-holder, and Lewis, the foreign challenger. I will wager that in that case, the verdict would have gone to the American, Harvey. Any country can hold the championships if the officials render such verdicts.

Take Henry Armstrong. He could not win many fights if the no-foul rule was not in force. He hits low very frequently, and if he defended his titles in Europe, he would probably lose them all through disqualification. And justly so.

The majority of American fighters are not so hot. A foreigner in the States has not only to beat his opponent, but also the American referee and American judges. Where is the sportsmanship now?

If a good European ever gets hold of the heavyweight championship of the world, he should only defend his title in Europe. Then he would probably be able to get just verdicts and retain his title for some time.

You will probably say that he could not get such big purses in Europe. I admit this, but surely he will make a lot more money defending his crown in Europe on, say, four or five occasions than he will get for *one* defense of his crown in the U. S. I say *one* defense in the U. S., because it's a tough job beating an American fighter when the three American officials are ranged solidly on his side.

PETER HADDEN,
Southampton, Hants, England.

[*Needless to say that I thoroughly disagree with you. Nowhere in the world is a boxer given as square a deal as in America. I have travelled the world over, have seen fights in Europe, South America, Mexico, the West Indies and other places, and feel competent as a judge. Nowhere does a foreigner get as square a deal as in this land. We each are entitled to our opinion. Mine is based on close observation, your's is based on what you have read in articles by prejudiced persons.—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

THE one-round knockout of Max Schmeling at the hands of Joe Louis, followed by the Bomber's victories, also by the kayo route, over John Henry Lewis, Jack Roper, Tony Galento and Bob Pastor, make the Brown Bomber a worthy and undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. He can unhesitatingly be acknowledged a veritable champion, and can also be ranked among the best heavyweight champions of the past. America ought to be proud of Joe Louis. He is the best fighter since Jack Dempsey.

He has improved immensely since his previous defeat by Schmeling in 1936, and this is confirmed by the huge crowd that saw the Bomber batter the German to defeat in the short space of 2 minutes 4 seconds of fighting, and that which saw him recently down Pastor in Detroit.

How would RING readers compare Joe Louis with the champions of yesterday?

I shall start with John L. Sullivan vs. Joe Louis. At his best, J. L. was a terrific hitter with the courage and strength of a lion. He would have taken all the fight out of Louis in six rounds.

Jim Corbett comes next, one of the greatest scientific boxers the game has ever known. He also would have tired Louis out with his lightning tactics, but I doubt if he could have given Louis the K.O. in a fifteen-round contest—a points win for Gentleman Jim.

Third comes Bob Fitzsimmons, a crafty fighter and terrific hitter, pioneer of the famous solar plexus blow. I think Ruby Robert would have been victorious in less than eight rounds.

Next we come to Jim Jeffries, with his mighty framework, strong as an ox, tough as teak, with rib-crushing blows in either hand (remember Tom Sharkey?). Jeff would have put paid to the Bomber's account in about six rounds.

Tommy Burns is the fifth on the list. Burns would have been kayoed in eight rounds.

Big Jack Johnson appears next, a man of the same race and color, and what a grand go it would be, with Johnson methodically taunting his rival, but slowly and surely cutting the Detroiter to ribbons. He would have given Louis the K.O. towards the end of fifteen rounds. I rank Johnson as the best defensive boxer of them all, and in my humble opinion, the greatest seen in the ring.

Jess Willard, the Kansas Giant, would be slaughtered by Louis within ten rounds. You know what happened to Carnera.

Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana, with his Toledo form, would have landed the K.O. on the Bomber in six rounds, but you would get plenty of action in those few rounds.

Gene Tunney would be knocked out by the Negro in ten rounds. I admit that Tunney was clever, but he would not be clever enough to avoid the Bomber's terrific punches.

The five remaining champions—Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer and Braddock—have all been knocked out by Joe Louis. Truly, then, Louis ranks among the world's greatest.

GLYN JONES,
Anglesey, North Wales.

Movies—Then and Now

(Continued from page 18)

IT was not like that in the old days. Fight pictures didn't carry the appeal then as they do today. The first serious attempt to take any motion pictures of a ring fight was that by Dan Stuart, president of the Veriscope Company, when he sought to make a reproduction of the fight between Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, which took place near Langtry, Texas, February 21, 1896. The attempt was a failure. The sun was obscured by a thick haze, and without the aid of Old Sol, the picture could not be made in those days. There were no Klieg lights then to supply the deficiency.

But Stuart was undaunted by the failure. He had been working on his Veriscope for months and he refused to give up. He continued to improve it and when he signed Fitzsimmons to fight Jim Corbett for the world heavyweight championship at Carson City, Nevada, the following year, March 17, 1897, he decided to make another try. His Veriscope was nearer perfection then, and he induced William A. Brady, manager of Corbett, and Martin Julian, manager of Fitz, to go into partnership with him and permit the taking of the pictures.

Brady and Julian agreed to Stuart's terms to share with him in the profits, but when the fight was over, the managers found that Stuart had crossed them. He took the films to New York, the best market for them, formed a corporation with himself as president and his brother as treasurer, and tossed Brady and Julian out in the cold.

Instead of splitting fifty per cent, share and share alike, Corbett and Fitz had to be content with what Stuart saw fit to give them. According to Bill Brady, who is now in the theatrical field, the profits of that picture amounted to between $700,000 and $750,000, and Stuart cleaned up a fortune.

* * *

THOSE pictures, like those that have been taken in recent years, were shown all over the world. They were the first to harvest a handsome profit for their owner and convincingly proved the possibilities of the films in the fight game. Tex Rickard later benefited by them in the Carpentier-Dempsey, Dempsey-Tunney fights and many others. He cleared more than a million dollars of fight pictures.

The profits accruing from the motion pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight caused more than one clear thinking individual to interest himself in the films, until today, the fight film business is as big as any in the industry. Two big concerns have handled the films under Rickard and his successor, Mike Jacobs, and each has reaped a fortune.

The biggest haul in recent years was that in the pictures of the Schmeling-Joe Louis first fight. They proved a harvest for the fighters, Promoter Jacobs and the film company, with Schmeling getting the largest income.

The Corbett-Fitz fight pictures were the first to circumnavigate the world. They were shown in Great Britain, on the Continent, in China, Japan, India, Australia, South Africa and Egypt. The pictures of recent heavyweight fights have been seen in every nook and corner of the globe where fights are followed.

The Fitz-Corbett film was the first to be exhibited at what was then known as the high class motion picture theatres. The income at the Academy of Music in New York, the Chicago Grand Opera House, the Boston Theatre, the Providence Theatre, and famous houses in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Baltimore, Chicago and California, was enormous. Phenomenal sums were paid for state rights to Stuart.

* * *

IN taking the picture, Stuart had erected a small house to shield the camera and had this elevated about five feet from the ground. The ring was set in a manner to have the sun shine on it throughout the fight. It had previously been determined that the sun would cast its rays brightest soon after noon, directly from behind and above the cameras, and this knowledge was used to good advantage.

Interest in the taking of that picture was almost as keen as in the fight itself. Everybody was excited. It was a tense gathering that watched every move of the operators and looked with astonishment at the contraption that was to perpetuate the battle which those fans were about to see.

The Veriscope was started at the instant Fitzsimmons vaulted lightly over the ropes into the ring, followed a moment later by Corbett. Persons who saw the picture on its first showing at the Academy of Music in New York, where I was present with my brother, were thrilled at the sight of the animated photographic figures.

We saw the two principals walk about the ring, test the floor and bow to friends whom they recognized among the spectators. We watched the seconds attending to their pre-battle duties. The chief timer came toward the ring and tested the large bell attached to the post. George Siler was seen entering the ring and William Muldoon was plainly seen taking his place at the ringside and removing his watch from his pocket, he being the official timekeeper.

* * *

THEN the fight got under way and every move could plainly be seen. It was a thrilling sensation to be sitting in a theatre and watching a bout that had taken place several thousand miles from where you were.

The thing that brought the first big cheers was when the picture flashed the knockdown of Fitz in the sixth round. The picture showed Fitz sliding to the boards and holding on to Corbett like a boy doing a shinny down the side of a tree.

Later, the cheers turned in Fitz' favor when the picture showed Ruby Robert crashing the solar plexus to Corbett's body, ending the fight. The pictures were indistinct on this point, however, as they failed to settle the controversy of whether the punch was a low one as Corbett had claimed, or one to the body in fair territory, the solar plexus as it later became known. It was the first time that many of those who were watching the film had the opportunity to see a knockout and its effect on the victim.

Today the fight film industry has been revolutionized. Kleig lights with tremendous power enable every move to be taken as it would be under the full rays of the sun. The picture taking is so perfect that controversies can be settled in a jiffy by changing the fast to slow motion. Many a wager has been decided on the slow motion pictures of recent fights.

Forty years have passed since Stuart first tried his hand with the Veriscope and successfully filmed the Corbett-Fitz bout. Forty years of progress for the film industry and the fight industry. Millions of fight fans have paid millions to see the pictures of ringmen since Dan Stuart showed the first motion pictures on the screen.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 27)

in Benton Harbor, Mich., was just a shell of himself, a fighter who belonged anywhere but in the ring with the Manassa Mauler. Billy's son, Young Billy, is carrying on and shapes up like a fair prospect. Young Billy is not bad at all and out in Minneapolis they really think the kid is going places.

Jack Britton was a marvelous fighter. He was welterweight champion when he had some great opponents to fight, such as Ted Kid Lewis, Willie Beecher, Soldier Bartfield, Charley White, Marty Cross, Dave Shade, Eddie Shevlin, Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard. Britton's son, Bobby, is fighting as a welterweight, too, and is a clever boxer and a better than fair puncher. Bobby holds a knockout over Lew Jenkins, the Texas lightweight, who had been making a clean sweep of the ranks of New York 135-pounders these past few months. Bobby is really not of championship calibre, but he can hold his own with any of the current crop of welterweights. Bobby, of course, will never be the fighter his father was.

* * *

TEDDY HUBBS, the Brooklyn featherweight star of twenty years ago, was a fine little fighter. He often went out of his class to fight the best lightweights of his time. Teddy faced Benny Leonard, Frankie Callahan, Eddie Wallace, Irish Patsy Cline, Johnny Shugrue, Young McAuliffe, Al Thoma, Red Allen, Tommy Houck, George Kirkwood and Frankie Fleming. Teddy engaged in 294 battles and was never knocked out, although he was stopped some eight or nine times due to face cuts.

Teddy's son is carrying on today as Bobby Ruffin of Astoria, L. I. Born James Robert Ruffin in Bridgeport, Conn., less than nineteen years ago, he graduated from All Saints Catholic School in New York City and then attended Morris High School for two years. A street scrap led Teddy to make a fighter out of his son, without the benefit of amateur schooling, and in eighteen months of pro fighting, Bobby has outpointed such outstanding Eastern featherweights as Allie Stolz, Morris Parker, Frankie Conn, Johnny Compo, and belted Willie Skidmore and Frankie Bova. Bobby fights like an old-timer. He is a rangy fellow who has a way of slipping punches like a veteran, can feint his opponent into the proverbial knots and can punch with terrific force with either hand.

Bobby is growing into a lightweight and it is the prediction here that he'll be heard from up among the best in the lightweight division before he reaches twenty.

Bobby Ruffin—fans have named him "The Yankee Clipper"—really shapes up like a fighter.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

BOXING took a decided leap forward during the past month, when the champions in practically all divisions decided to show their wares, some in title bouts and others in over-the-weight matches. Their activity presages a good fall and winter. If the champions are busy, the boys in all divisions get a break because the interest in the sport jumps sky high at a time like this.

That's exactly what happened during the last month. From Joe Louis down to Little Dado and Sixto Escobar, the big shots came out and fought in all parts of the country. In addition, the exhibition tour of Henry Armstrong, started after he had lost his lightweight crown to Lou Ambers, aided considerably. Although Armstrong's mentor, Eddie Mead, arranged the bouts as for the world welterweight championship, the fact remains that they were little more than exhibitions because of the calibre of opponents selected. Yet Henry was kept busy, and with his activity the sport took a big boom in the locality where he operated, and that's what counts in the long shot. Sammy Angott and Davey Day, outstanding lightweights, clashed for the right to be named the leading contender.

The month not only saw the best fighters in action, but also a big rise in the gate receipts. Throughout the country, the smaller clubs that have had tough sleighing during the summer came to life with a bang and the financial returns took a big leap. All of which indicates what is in store for the promoters this indoor season. The war in Europe will also help as this country will be the mecca for the world's best talent.

Louis continued to show his supremacy by flashing a great performance in putting Bob Pastor away in the eleventh round. Billy Conn again demonstrated the class that separates him from Melio Bettina in coming on at the finish to win the decision in their fifteen-round contest. Ceferino Garcia came through in brilliant fashion by finishing Fred Apostoli in the seventh round. Ron Richards, Australian champion, outclassed Ossie Stewart in their return engagement at Sydney.

Henry Armstrong, welterweight title-holder, though a formidable battler, is making a travesty of the welterweight division. He "defended" his title against Al Manfredo successfully by stopping him in four rounds and four nights later "defended" the crown against Howard Scott, who succeeded in lasting one round and part of the second. Angott whipped Day in lightweight circles. Joey Archibald, despite adverse comment, retained his title by winning two votes out of three in his titular scrap with Harry Jeffra. Sixto Escobar was beaten in an overweight meeting by Tony Olivera at Oakland. Little Dado and Jackie Jurich, rival flyweight contenders, battled to a draw in California.

This mixture of variety augurs well for the interest to come in the various divisions.

Starting in the heavyweight class, Louis continued the leading role in his eleven-round knockout over Pastor. Johnny Paychek disposed of Clarence Miller in two and whipped Arne Anderson. Gunnar Barlund scored over Jack Roper. Roscoe Toles received the award over Patsy Perroni. Buddy Knox won over Freddy Fiducia and Dave Clark. Max Baer disposed of Babe Ritchie in two heats. Buddy, his kid brother, finished Sandy McDonald and Charley Neaves in two rounds each and Maxie Doyle in the third.

Big Boy Bray disposed of Odell Polee in the ninth and later was ejected along with Yancey Henry in the ninth for indifferent battling. Bill Boyd disposed of Joe Wagner in seven and defeated Joe O'Gatty. Bob Nestell disposed of Chuck Crowell in the fifth round. Johnny Risko scored over Sandy McDonald. Bob Sikes kayoed Jack Marshall in four and defeated Young Allen. Allen kayoed George Vallas in eight rounds.

Tony Musto was beaten by Andy Miller and Buddy Scott. Lee Sevold turned in two-round knockouts over Jack O'Sullivan and Louis Gray. Johnny Whiters disposed of Pete Tamalonis in five. Sonny Walker whipped Jack Coggins. Tommy Tucker scored over Newsboy Millich and Jack Dallas. Pat Comiskey kayoed Tony Celli in two and Jarl Johnson in one. Johnson defeated Mike Alfano. Abie Feldman won over Joe Hill. George Fitch disposed of Henry Cooper in seven. Nick Fiorentino scored over Marty Gallagher.

The apparent inactivity of John Henry Lewis leads one to believe that he is through with the ring. To avoid complications, THE RING will recognize the winner of the coming Billy Conn-Gus Lesnevich battle as world's light-heavyweight champion. Conn again whipped Bettina, this time in Pittsburgh. Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Orlando Trotter in two rounds. Frank Zamoris kayoed Joe Barr in one. Alabama Kid finished Jack Wilson in eleven. Wally Sears scored over Buddy Ryan.

Ceferino Garcia rose to great heights in his stirring seven-round knockout over Fred Apostoli. Ron Richards had little trouble with Ossie Stewart and also stopped Angelo Puglisi in seven rounds. Ben Brown kayoed Frankie Allen in four. Lloyd Marshall stepped into the charmed circle of middleweight contenders with his victory over Teddy Yarosz. Victor Dellicurti, New York youngster, with his victory over Walter Franklin, gained tenth spot. Dellicurti has been advancing rapidly.

Jack McNamee whipped Georges Champion in Australia. Walter Woods drew with Ralph De John. Fred Henneberry scored over Ginger Sadd. Billy Soose was beaten by Georgie Abrams but disposed of Joe Fedz in the first round. Howell King scored over Lou Brouillard but was beaten by Henry Chmielewski. Harvey Massey disposed of Stanley Pyontek in two and Walter Padlo in four. Tony Cisco whipped Eddie Dreher and was the victim of incompetent refereeing when his bout with Jack Munley was stopped in the last round because of a slight eye injury. The Pennsylvania Commission, to redeem the injustice to Cisco, who was winning all the way, called it "No Contest." Archie Moore kayoed Bobby Seaman in seven. Turkey Thompson bested Bobby Pacho. Harry Balsamo conquered Babe Orgovan.

Armstrong had a busy campaign and "defended" his welterweight title twice in four days. He halted Al Manfredo in four and Howard Scott in two. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Ralph Gizzy in two rounds. Jimmy Leto disposed of Al Gauthier in eight. Milt Aron finished Brescia Garcia in the third. Cocoa Kid scored over Kenny La Salle and Wicky Harkins. La Salle whipped Steve Mamakos while Steve disposed of Wildcat O'Connor in the third. Maxie Berger entered the welterweight group with his victory over Leonard Del Genio. Gustave Eder won over Sten Suvio.

Tony Canzoneri proved his mastery over Eddie Brink. Billy White stopped Andrea Jessurun in the seventh. Holman Williams won from Carl Dell. Jimmy Purcell defeated Alan Westbury. Milo Theodorescu lost to Vincent Pimpinella but scored over Carmen Notch. Paul Junior kayoed George Zengaras and whipped Honey Mellody. Billy Beauhuld drew with Jimmy Tygh but defeated Johnny Mack. Mack drew with Irwin Kay. Red Cochrane won from Julio Gonzales. Eddie Dolan defeated Bobby Cummings. Battling Battalino bested Frankie Young. Augie Arellano won over Ralph Vona. Eddie Dunne scored over Tony Ferrara and Jimmy Murray.

The leading lightweight contenders staged their battle and Sammy Angott came through victorious over Davey Day. Bob Montgomery disposed of Charley Gilley in the sixth. Lew Jenkins repeated his technical knockout victory over Primo Flores, this time in five rounds. Lew Feldman whipped Chalky Wright but was beaten by Johnny Bellus. Leo Rodak whipped Nick Camarata. Willie Joyce scored over Joe De Jesus and Frankie Terranova. Jimmy Garrison whipped Nick Peters.

Tommy Speigal whipped Billy Mims and stopped Charley Burns in seven. George Zengaras beat Ambrose Logan. Charley Gomer disposed of Joe De Jesus in four and defeated Jimmy Murray. Red Guggino disposed of Al Gauthier in eight. Tony Chavez whipped Johnny Rohrig. Jimmy Vaughn scored over Ambrose Logan but was beaten by Billy Maher. Benny Bass whipped Norman Rahn.

Norment Quarles disposed of Young Nelson in two and Gus Kelly in six. Eddie Lander scored over Jimmy Lancaster. Mickey Farber whipped Johnny Cabello. Maxie Fisher won from Lou Fortuna. Joey Fontana bested Jimmy Lancaster and Bobby Ivy. Emil Joseph scored over Billy Marquart. Lou Gevinson disposed of Sid Kadin in nine. Ervin Berlier defeated Bill Cooper. Yucatan Kid drew with Vic Finazzo. Bucky Taylor kayoed Howard Scott in six. George Hansford drew with Babe Brandelli.

Joey Archibald retained his featherweight title against Harry Jeffra, but the decision was severely criticized. Simon Chavez scored over Freddy Miller and then beat Pete Scalzo in Caracas, Venezuela.

Jimmy Perrin whipped Frankie Covelli. Spider Armstrong disposed of Billy Passan in five and won from Marius Pitte. Al Reid won over Joey Fontana and Salvatore Bartolo but was beaten by Mike Belloise. Bartolo scored over Ginger Foran.

Danny La Verne whipped Kid Delaney and drew with Paddy Boxall. He was beaten by Joe Hall, who also kayoed Snowy Clarke in six rounds. Jimmy Gilligan was beaten by Tony Costa and kayoed by Allie Stolz in one round. Young Rightmire scored over Sammy Sferas. Johnny Marcelline defeated Monty Pignatore. Dave Lefton whipped Claude Varner and kayoed Ray Haddigan in the ninth. Young Gildo disposed of Hughie Mehegan in the second. Bobby Green kayoed Clarence Elwood in one. Abe Denner whipped Herbie Gilmore. Vincenzo Dell Orto won over Hank Nakamura but was beaten by Dominick Burrone.

Sixto Escobar again was beaten in an overweight match. His opponent was Tony Olivera. K. O. Morgan scored over Pablo Dano. Lou Salica won over Manuel Ortiz. Andre Sarilla whipped Tommy Forte. Horace Mann bested Henry Hook. Tuffy Pierpont won from Canada Lee.

Little Dado and Jackie Jurich tangled for the right to be crowned "American flyweight champion," but they battled to a draw.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Johnny Juliano, Patterson, N. J.
Bantamweight—Phil Palmer, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.
Featherweight—Joe Marinelli, Dayton, Ohio.
Lightweight—Carmine Fatta, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Welterweight—Barney Wilson, Ireland.
Middleweight—George Costulis, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Light-heavyweight—O. C. Loftus, Los Angeles, Calif.
Heavyweight—Maynard Daniels, Washington, D. C.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending October 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Tony Galento	Billy Conn	Ceferino Garcia	Charley Burley
2—Bob Pastor	Melio Bettina	Al Hostak	Ernie Roderick
3—Lou Nova	Gus Lesnevich	Ron Richards	Fritzie Zivic
4—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Ben Brown	Pedro Montanez
5—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Sammy Luftspring
6—Johnny Paychek	Dave Clark	Lloyd Marshall	Jimmy Leto
7—Red Burman	Tiger Jack Fox	Ossie Stewart	Milt Aron
8—Maurice Strickland	Teddy Yarosz	Erich Seelig	Cocoa Kid
9—Gunnar Barlund	Oscar Rankins	Nate Bolden	Maxie Berger
10—Roscoe Toles	Tiger Warrington	Victor Dellicurti	Mike Kaplan

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Simon Chavez	Tony Olivera	Little Dado
2—Davey Day	Dave Castilloux	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Wesley Ramey	Pete Scalzo	K. O. Morgan	Jackie Jurich
4—Eric Boon	Jackie Wilson	Peter Kane	Tiny Bostock
5—Bob Montgomery	Harry Jeffra	Lou Salica	Small Montana
6—George Crouch	Chalky Wright	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Paterson
7—Paul De Bello	Johnny Cusick	Tommy Burns	Paddy Ryan
8—Lew Jenkins	Jimmy Perrin	Little Pancho	Raoul Degryse
9—Johnny Bellus	Spider Armstrong	Frank Parkes	Eric Jones
10—Leo Rodak	Frankie Covelli	Kid Tanner	Hugh Cameron

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER fourteen years of pugilistic warfare, Ceferino Garcia turned in the most brilliant performance of his long and honorable career by putting Fred Apostoli away after 2 minutes and 7 seconds of the seventh round had expired in their scheduled fifteen-round "middleweight championship" bout at the Garden.

Although the middleweight division is divided among two factions, Garcia left no doubt as to his eligibility by the convincing manner in which he put Apostoli away. We hope that he and Hostak clash to decide the matter of supremacy.

The fight was replete with raw, stark drama. Apostoli, considered a master boxer, a finished workman, exhibited a brand of courage and power of assimilating punishment that has seldom been equalled.

Garcia, a dangerous, dynamic punching right-hander, tested Fred's chin on innumerable occasions with thunderous blows that would have dropped heavyweights. The sixth round provided an endless round of rallies that brought the spectators to their feet for the entire three minutes. First Garcia and then Apostoli would cut loose with a rally and for a while they stood toe to toe and slugged away with healthy, devastating blows.

Apparently the sixth was Fred's dying effort. Garcia came out with renewed vigor while Fred was content with holding off his opponent. A terrific right that exploded on Fred's chin felled him but he arose without taking advantage of a count. It was two seconds before he arose. Another murderous right and this time Apostoli was wise enough to take nine seconds. There was nothing to stop the determined Filipino at this stage. A few more maneuvers and then it seemed as if the building landed on Fred's chin. He dropped in a heap and after reaching the count of three, Referee Billy Cavanaugh waved Garcia away and called a halt with Fred still on the floor oblivious of his surroundings.

The victory put Garcia on top of the vacated middleweight class which boasts only two contenders before the rightful champion can be named—Garcia and Al Hostak. A meeting with Garcia and Hostak in Seattle, Hostak's home town, will definitely decide just who is the champion and it should attract a record breaking crowd. That's where the fight belongs.

Garcia weighed 153¾ against 160 for Apostoli. It was rumored that Fred had difficulty in making the weight, yet he entered the ring an 8-to-5 favorite in the betting.

Victor Dellicurti, gangling, awkward Harlem middleweight, turned in another surprise victory when he whipped promising Walter Franklin, Bronx middleweight. This fight was replete with action and would have stolen the show had not the main event proved so spectacular. Franklin had the class but Dellicurti made the fight his way and came through the winner after a tough encounter. Dellicurti weighed 151¼ and Franklin 157¼.

Irwin Kay and Johnny Mack put up a whirlwind scrap for six rounds which ended in a draw. Kay is a stablemate of Garcia's. Holman Williams proved too skillful for Carl Dell in their six-round bout. Dell was floored in the first round. Jackie Conn was beaten in his four-rounder with Mutt Womer but was far from disgraced. He made a corking fight but his opponent proved too strong. Gerald D'Elia won over Steve Padon in the four-round opener. The gate receipts amounted to $35,433.

George Parnassus, manager of Garcia, so far is independent of any alliances. He says he is a free lance. He is not tied up with the Mike Jacobs enterprises and can go where he can get the most money. Hostak and Garcia would draw a tremendous gate in Seattle and although New York would be deprived of that attraction, the bout belongs and should be staged there. Maybe Nate Druxman has already made overtures for the match. THE RING Editor will offer a belt for such a fight and would personally present it to the winner.

Without any intention of taking sides with either Tony Galento or Lou Nova in their recent conflict, the point that stood out prominently was the efficient and deliberate manner in which George Blake, premier referee in this country, performed his duties. In this attitude I take issue with my boss, Nat Fleischer, who thinks that Blake did a horrible job. We each are entitled to our opinion, and here goes mine!

Blake did not interfere with either principal. He allowed them plenty of leeway. He did not look too conspicuous while in the ring and let the limelight fall upon the principals, which is as the case should be. Plenty of referees today assume the fact that the public pays to see them perform and prove meddlesome, officious and incompetent.

It is true that Galento was very rough but Galento gives no quarter and asks for none. Nova landed a low blow for which he was cautioned, but no complaint came from Galento.

There was really nothing to the fight in the way of spectacular action but the outstanding performance in my opinion was that exhibited by George Blake as referee. I like a referee who lets the men fight it out. I detest interference by ring officials.

Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland lightweight, subbing for Paul De Bello, banged out a decisive eight-round triumph over Ambrose Logan at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in their eight-round tussle. Vaughn scored a knockdown in the seventh round. Frank Terry whipped Larry Anzalone in the eight-round semi-final.—Eddie Clark has closed negotiations to take over Downey Field, at Hollywood, Fla., this winter and expects to open operations around December 1. Allie Frank will assist him as matchmaker and the outlook looks very promising.

John O'Brien, veteran New York manager, who is remembered for handling Billy De Foe and Carl Duane, stars of another generation, has interested himself in Jorge Brescia, South American heavyweight. He thinks that Brescia has enough in him to cope with the various heavyweights around today posing as contenders. Brescia has fought everyone worth mentioning, including Joe Louis.—Bill Rand, newcomer in the promotional field in Chicago, seems intent on giving the Mid-West fans some action and is looking for high class material to show at the Chicago Stadium. He is anxious to hear from managers who have something worth while to sell.

Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight, preserved his winning streak by taking over Lew Feldman in their eight-round bout at the New York Coliseum. Bellus proved too rough and strong despite Lew's agile efforts to avoid trouble. Bellus scaled 138 and Feldman 134¾. Joe Iannotti, a corking featherweight prospect, disposed of Al Kerner in the second round of the semi-final.—Al Reid scored over Salvatore Bartolo in the headlining eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Reid's aggressiveness and body punching enabled him to win all the way. Baby Yack and Lee Harper fought to a draw in the semi-final of eight rounds.—Eddie Dunne defeated Jimmy Murray in the feature eight-rounder at Joe McKenna's White Plains County Center. Dunne had little trouble. Oliver White kayoed Joey Green in the second round of the six-round semi-windup.

Joey Fontana, tough little New York lightweight, aided by six pounds, had a narrow escape from Bobby "Poison" Ivy, courageous Hartford battler, in the final eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Ivy proved a troublesome package and gave his opponent trouble from one round to another. The weight advantage aided Fontana toward the finish to come on and assert his advantage but he knew he was in an argument at the finish. Fontana weighed 135 against 129½ for Ivy. Vincenzo Dell Orto banged out an eight-round victory over Hank Nakamura in the semi-final. Hank was the aggressor all the way but Dell Orto's superior boxing skill kept him in front. Nakamura weighed 127½ and Dell Orto 130.

Maxie Berger, Montreal welterweight, avenged a previous defeat at the hands of Leonard Del Genio at the New York Coliseum before 12,000 excited fans in an eight-round affair. The fight was bitterly fought and the outcome was in doubt until the last session. At the seven-round mark the fight appeared to be even-stephen but Maxie's rally in the last session clinched the decision. The fight was thrilling enough to call for a return engagement. Del Genio weighed 146¾ and Berger 141¾.

Doug Marsh whipped Jack Lowery in the six-round semi-final. Jack Wofford, a likely looking heavyweight, stopped Monte Mark in the third of their scheduled six-rounder, while Sammy Crocetti bested Artie Weinberg in another six.—Augie Arellano, subbing for Sammy Luftspring, scored a surprise in whipping Ralph Vona in eight rounds at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Augie scored two knockdowns in the seventh round.

Baby Yack disposed of Lou Transparenti in the second session of their scheduled eight in the semi-windup. Oddly enough, Yack and Arellano had been beaten in their previous starts by the two rivals that they conquered on this night.—Vinnie Vines, undefeated Schenectady welterweight, gave Dennis Deegan a sound whipping at the White Plains County Center. Vines scored two knockdowns and won all the way. Vines weighed 142¾ and Deegan 150½.

The metropolitan area of New York City found four clubs all running on the same evening—Tuesday. In Brooklyn, Tony Canzoneri gained the decision over Eddie Brink in eight hard rounds of fighting at the Broadway Arena. Canzoneri is intent on continuing his campaign to reach the top again. At the Coliseum, Mike Belloise came through to victory over Al Reid in eight good rounds of fighting. Belloise's superior boxing skill enabled him to come through to victory. Charley Gomer disposed of Joe De Jesus, who subbed for Lew Jenkins, in the fourth round of their eight-rounder at the Queensboro Arena in the concluding show of the summer season. Tommy Speigal whipped Julio Gonzales in the eight-round semi-final. Eddie Dunne conquered Tony Ferrara in the headlining eight-rounder at the White Plains County Center. This was Joe McKenna's first show of the winter season and he attracted a capacity crowd.

The Coliseum drew around $3,500; the Broadway about $3,000; White Plains almost $2,000; and Queensboro, $1,800, which is a good indication for the coming season. Give the fans fights and they will turn out.

Vincent Pimpinella added further to his prestige when he whipped Milo Theodorescu, rugged Rumanian, in the final eight-round fracas at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Vince proved too fast for his sturdy opponent and garnered enough points by boxing to win the verdict by a comfortable margin. Pimpinella weighed 150 against 149 for Milo. Oliver White scored a technical knockout over Tony Fernandez when the latter was unable to finish the fourth round because of a badly cut eye. Both had scored knockdowns in the third sessions.

Harry Balsamo, Harlem's hard hitting middleweight, found the comeback trail very hard to follow. Although winning the decision over Babe Orgovan in their eight-round tussle at the Queensboro Arena, Harry had an extremely rough voyage ahead of him. Only his fighting spirit and right-hand hitting kept him in front to win the verdict. Orgovan weighed 161¼ and Balsamo 165½. Ralph Vona scored over Augie Arellano in the eight-round semi-final.—Willie Joyce, Chicago lightweight, making his debut here, scored handily over Joe De Jesus in the feature eight-round fracas at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Joyce scored a nine second knockdown in the sixth round and held the lead all the way. Tommy Campanella drew with Joe Butch Lynch in the semi-windup of six sessions.

Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, captured an eight-round verdict over Johnny Mack, New Britain, Conn., in the feature fracas at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Beauhuld did not encounter much trouble and won with plenty to spare. Mack weighed 137½ and Beauhuld 140¼. In the eight-round semi-final, Maxie Shapiro won all the way from Harry Gentile. Shapiro remains undefeated in the pro ranks and is expected to develop into one of the finer drawing cards in the small local clubs this winter.

Ben "Evil Eye" Finkel, a quaint character identified with boxing, proved his ability as a performer by appearing on a recent "We, the People." radio program and stole the show. Finkel enjoys a unique position in boxing circles as a professional hoodoo or jinx. He claims to have brought home many of his clients as winners. He also has a manager who looks after the duties of booking him for engagements. Lew Diamond is handling those duties and doing them well.

Paul Junior came down from Portland, Maine, to score a startling upset when he put George Zengaras, rugged Greek lightweight, away in the fourth round of their eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Zengaras was a big favorite to whip Junior, despite a previous defeat suffered at the hands of Paul.

A left hook which George was unable to avoid caused his downfall. The ringing of the bell saved Zengaras from a certain knockout in the second round and after taking a fearful licking in the third and fourth sessions, the referee called a halt. Junior weighed 138½ and Zengaras 137¾.

Mistos Grispos, Greek lightweight, got a bad break when his eight-round bout with Ambrose Logan was called a draw. Grispos did all the fighting and it's a mystery where the officials were when this fight took place—although it wasn't much of a scrap, Grispos won in easy fashion. Grispos scaled 138½ and Logan 139¾.

Billy Beauhuld and Jimmy Tygh fought their way to a slashing eight-round draw at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Billy started off quickly but Tygh managed to overtake him to get an even break. Johnny Marcelline whipped Monty Pignatore in the eight-round semi-final.—In the closing summer show at Fort Hamilton Armory, Willie Joyce, Chicago lightweight, now in New York, did not have much trouble in whipping Frankie Terranova in the feature eight-rounder. Joyce has plenty of class and is going to be a difficult hurdle for any ranking lightweights.

Jimmy Bronson and Billy Brown have certainly established themselves with the Bronx Coliseum fans by the thrilling matches they've been staging. In their latest masterpiece—the return engagement between Lew Jenkins and Primo Flores—the fight was even more spectacular than their first installment which ended in the fourth round when the doctor called a halt. In the return mill, Jenkins was given credit for a technical knockout in the fifth round when the referee called a halt but only after the two belligerents had the fans in a frenzy with their dynamic hitting.

Flores was floored in the first round but rallied strongly in the second and floored Jenkins twice in the third. Jenkins was weak and groggy and only the over-anxiety of his opponent saved him from certain defeat. The fourth found Flores battering away with two hands but could not floor his opponent. Jenkins went down again in the fifth but retaliated unexpectedly and landed a hard right on Flores' chin that almost finished him. He covered up against the ropes and after receiving another barrage of blows, Referee Arthur Donovan called a halt to save Flores from further punishment. Jenkins weighed 130¾ and Flores 135¾. Jose Basora, young Puerto Rican middleweight, disposed of Tony Greb in the third round of the scheduled semi-final.

Allie Stolz, 128¾, disposed of Jimmy Gilligan, 123¾, in the first round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Uneven matches of this type do not help the club or the fans. Stolz floored his foe for a six count, and upon arising, dropped him for the full count. Jack Tolson, 151¾, failed to come out of the corner for the fifth round and was beaten on a technical knockout at the hands of Frankie Bruno in the eight-round semi-final. Bruno outweighed his opponent by eleven pounds. How the Commission approved of this match is hard to explain.

Two little wildcats were thrown into the ring at the St. Nicholas Palace when Al Reid, game, aggressive Bronx featherweight, eked out an eight-round decision over Joey Fontana, East Side lightweight. Reid spotted his opponent five pounds but that did not prevent him from forcing the fight, plunging in and battering away at every opportunity. Fontana fought him back, punch for punch, and the fight may have been decided in the final session which was earned by Reid. A return match will be welcomed by the fans who paid $3,000 to see their rivalry. Reid weighed 128¼ and Fontana 133¼.

Maxie Shapiro, undefeated East Sider, showed form by the classy manner in which he whipped Mickey La Marr. Shapiro has the class reminiscent of Ruby Goldstein and Sid Terris and if he is carried along in the right manner he is going to be the next Jewish idol of New York City. Vincenzo Dell Orto, a five-to-one favorite over Dominick Barone, who subbed for Hank Nakamura, went down to defeat after eight rough rounds of fighting. Barone started off to a good lead in the first round and was never headed. It was the best night's entertainment that the St. Nick's have provided the fans so far. The entire card was replete with action.

Mickey Farber, East Side lightweight, made his return to the ring after many months of absence to take on Johnny Cabello, rugged Puerto Rican rival, in eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Farber did well, considering his inactivity, and almost finished Cabello in the first round with a terrific left hook on the chin. Johnny recovered, however, and came on to give Farber plenty of trouble the rest of the journey. Farber weighed 135 and Cabello 133. George Zengaras was declared the winner over Ambrose Logan in the eight-round semi-final. George was too strong for his New Haven foe and won with little trouble. Zengaras scaled 137 and Logan 139.

Billy Newman took a big gamble when he guaranteed Sixto Escobar a nifty sum to meet Tony Olivera, his bantamweight charge, in an overweight meeting at Oakland. Fortunately, the show proved a success from a financial standpoint and now Mr. Newman is in a position to commercialize on the victory that Olivera scored over the bantamweight champion in an overweight meeting. Escobar is one of those unfortunates who cannot seem to get going when the title is not at stake. He has lost on many occasions when there was nothing at stake. But put Escobar in a titular meeting with the toughest of contenders then you see a cleanly conditioned, physically fit specimen who has shown his superiority over his rivals when the chips are down.

Ruby Goldstein, idol of another generation, has assumed charge of the Mahopac Billiard Academy, located at 601 West 158th Street, New York City, where he will make his headquarters. Ruby, in addition to his many activities, is looking for some likely fistic talent. Anyone who is trying to get a start in the boxing game might do well by hooking up with one of the greatest natural boxers that ever lived. Meyer Ackerman, who wrote several fine stories for THE RING, is assisting with the publicity and the managerial side of Ruby's project and that combination may have what it takes to make a success of things. They are both hustlers.

Charley Gomer, rugged Baltimore lightweight, is making things hum locally. He opened the Jamaica Arena and came through with an easy victory over Jimmy Murray in the feature eight-round scuffle. George Sheppard expects to have Gomer clash with Lew Jenkins in the near future and it might be the turning point in his career. Gomer weighed 135½ and Murray 141¾.

Mike Angiere defeated Ernest Robinson in the semi-final of six sessions. Lou Barbetta disposed of Pat Celli in the third of their scheduled sixer. Maurie Waxman, who is handling the publicity for the Jamaica Arena, is acting as Eastern correspondent for the San Francisco *Referee* in the absence of Frank Tabor. Frank is now on the Coast, where he is actively interested in boxing promotion around Oakland and San Francisco.

Gossip spread around the gymnasiums that the National Sports Alliance was going to disband was incorrect. At the special meeting which was called by President Cook, it was announced that the N. S. A. would continue. It is true that the members have become lax in their duties during the past few months, but the organization has accomplished a lot of good, considering its limited financial support.

The recent organization, Boxing Managers' Association, has supported the theory that the Alliance will go down with the wind and the managers will be able to sponsor their own organization, to the exclusion of trainers, seconds, announcers, timekeepers and all others who were eligible to join the Alliance. The managers should support whole-heartedly the Alliance, which is a helpful organization.

What the Alliance needs is the undivided support of boxing's leaders. The managers of the champions and managers of the headliners are the men who should get into line and lend assistance. They should be the standard bearers and could command the respect that the organization is entitled to—not knock it.

Boxing's troubles always come from within the ranks. The types who are selfish, money hungry and always looking out for their own interests are the ones who should be eliminated. Boxing is greater than any individual in the sport and if this organization can weed out the undesirable element, then the N. S. A. will not have been formed in vain.

The leading boxers of Great Britain have rushed to the call of their country and practically the entire industry is at the beck and call of the government. The latest to volunteer his services is Al Foreman, former British featherweight and lightweight champion, now making his home in Canada. He has joined the Royal Air Force.

Dave Forbes, who at one time was associated with THE RING as a correspondent and now lives in Canada, was turned down by the Air Force for poor eyesight, but Dave is eager to lend a helping hand and expects to join the Intelligence Service.

The world loves a winner is a popular expression, and by the same token, the world is jealous of one also. Al Weill, who is now managing two champions, Lou Ambers and Joey Archibald, is one of the greatest hustlers in the boxing industry. It is said of Weill that he is awake twenty-four hours a day and no one can get the jump on him. He recently surprised the boxing world when he announced that he had taken over the management of Arturo Godoy, South American heavyweight, and had matched him with Joe Louis for a Garden meeting this winter.

WISCONSIN NEWS

By MATT DOUGHERTY

PETE LELLO, Izzy Kline's ranking lightweight from Chicago, again proved that class tells the tale when he climaxed a beautiful job of ringcraft on Detroit's Billy Hodges by knocking him out in the eighth round at the Eagles Club. Hodges' only round was the second, where he looked pretty dangerous with switching left and right hooks. After that, he didn't have a look-in, as Lello outsmarted and outfought him all the way. Pete pumped in body punches to set the Negro up for the finisher and after maneuvering him into position, crossed a terrific right that had "finis" written all over it. This defeat marked the second time that Hodges has failed to come through here against a top-notch opponent.

Through eight long frames Jackie Callura clowned against Henry Huerta. For four, even six rounds, the Slapsie Maxie, slapstick comedy stuff was entertaining. But eight proved to be an overdose. We would all like to see Jackie against a fellow who could really make him tend to business. Frankie Gaudes graduated to an upperclassman by belting out Joe Ojida in the first round.

Georgie Feltes lived up to West Allis' hopes by punching out a clean decision over Tony Di Pasquale. In his usual busy fashion, Joey Spiegal outpeppered Bob Ryan of Chicago in four, and Marty Collura punched out a close one over Bobby Wilson in the curtain raiser.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—The feature amateur bout of the month saw Charlie Presser, a very promising young mitt slinger, edge out Charlie Busalacchi in five . . . . Sumac poisoning floored Wes Ramey and forced Billy Mitchell to postpone his setto with Wishy Jones . . . . Ernie Valente has gone back to his old standby and friend in his amateur days, Al Bertagna . . . . Any talk about Ned Hewitt leaving Curtis Brown is poppycock. Curt will groom Ned for the 1940 Golden Gloves . . . . Tony (Martin) Cianciola came back long enough to whip Solly Stark in six at Minneapolis. Tony plans to head east again shortly.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

THE Lima Lawn Tennis Club is promoting professional boxing here at the Exposition Grounds. Here are the results: Walter Ledgard scored over the featherweight, Henry East, in an eight-rounder; Manuel Izcue disposed of Alfredo Sarria in three rounds, while Oscar Peschiera knocked out his opponent, Mario Ramos (73 kilos) in two rounds. The two middleweights, Walter Busse and Joseph Cossio, fought a fine eight-rounder, with the former receiving the decision.

The local promoter, Ruggero de Santis, was not successful during the last few months. The newcomers who invaded Lima did not tally up to expectations, and fresh announcements have been made about a new lot of boys who are to be here shortly. The local middleweight, Zacarias Flores, demonstrated to the Lima fans that he was the better man when he beat Kid Charol II of Cuba in a ten-rounder at the Capac Pit a fortnight ago. Cabro Sanchez, ex-Chilean welterweight champion, fought ten fast rounds with Angel Sebastian, the young Argentine hitter, and scored a clean victory. Abelardo La Torre dropped Nato Avalos twice in an eight-rounder fought on the Charol-Flores card. The dwarf boy tried all he could to even up the account against him, but he was severely trounced. They are featherweights. Santiago Carty, Peruvian middleweight, was no match for Indian Liedgard of Buenos Aires.

Roberto Carrillo, ex-lightweight local champion, scored a convincing victory over the Argentine boxer, Angel Sebastian, in a ten-rounder.

Cachorrin Carrasco, Peruvian lightweight champion, successfully defended his title against the challenger, Mario Verano, in a twelve-rounder at the Manco Capac Boxing Stadium in the presence of a packed house. During the fray, which was rather violent, Verano touched the canvas with his back once for eight counts.

Alf Ross, veteran French middleweight, who has returned from his visit to the south of the republic, fought a draw with Indian Liedgard in ten rounds. The fans disagreed with the verdict.

Another Argentine, Ché Paglia, is doing well in the local rings. His easy wins over Mario Verano and Roberto Carrillo have made him quite popular. He again proved his superiority over Armando Foglia, veteran Italian fighter, by gaining the unanimous decision in a ten-rounder. The only man who gave Paglia a setback is Bon Bon Coronado, who won by hair's breadth.

José Bon Bon Coronado was not only the challenger but also the winner of the national lightweight title from Cachorrin Carrasco over the twelve-round route at the Manco Pit before a packed house. On the same card, Roberto Padilla, featherweight, beat Abelardo La Torre in six. Luis Mesones, local welterweight, decisioned Manuel Samané in a six-round fight.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

WAR!

The biggest battle of any century commenced on Sunday, September 3, 1939, at 11 a.m. and automatically put a damper on all other fights scheduled for the coming winter season. By order of the government, all places of entertainment where, crowds might gather, had to close, so that in common with other sport boxing came to a full stop.

Of course, when things are a bit more settled, we shall have inter-service boxing, with a great many of our leading boxers taking part, and I'll see that THE RING gets the results.

Tommy Farr, our ex-heavyweight champion, and Len Harvey, the present heavyweight champion, have joined the Royal Air Force, and Lightweight Champion Eric Boon awaits to be called up, as do many others.

Fred Henneberry, the Australian champion, who has made such a brilliant impression here, has joined an ambulance unit as driver and awaits the coming of his buddies, the Australian troops.

Consequently, the best summary one can give is, "ALL QUIET ON THE BOXING FRONT."

I shall attempt to keep this column alive with what quips and pars I can, and I must earnestly solicit the cooperation of readers that if they find this column has to be somewhat shortened for lack of news, not to blame me, but to blame Adolf Hitler, the Mad Man of Germany, who is the direct cause of it.

Nevertheless, after we crush this Fascist menace, and when things return to normal, so shall the "Timely Chatter" chat along as merrily as ever.

Meanwhile, before hostilities commenced:

Fred Henneberry, the Australian middleweight, retrieved his reputation in his contest with Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich at the Liverpool Stadium.

Henneberry, in his previous contest, was booed out of the ring, and in his dressing room he told Stan Sheldon, his manager, "Get me another contest, Stan, in this town and I swear I'll make them cheer me when I leave the ring, or else I'll quit the ring and return to Australia.

Genial Johnny Best, the Smiling Matchmaker of the Stadium, fixed Henneberry with Sadd, who had recently given Champion Jock McAvoy a good contest for the British middleweight title, and the way the Australian handled the red head was nobody's business.

As Henneberry predicted, he made the fans cheer and yell their heads off from the first gong to the last by his nonstop aggressiveness, and at the end of twelve rounds, when he was declared the winner, he received a tremendous reception from the crowded house.

Len Wickwar of Leicester won comfortably on points in ten rounds from Ted Hinton of Birmingham at Coventry.

Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green scored a clever points victory over Tommy Williams of Twickenham, lated Wales, in twelve at Ashford, Kent.

Terry Morgan of Blaenavon continued his winning ways when he outpointed Billy Griffiths of Abertiwr in ten at Cardiff.

Len Beynon, Welsh featherweight champion, defeated Frank Kenny, Scottish featherweight champion, in the fourth at Swensea when the latter's seconds skied the towel after Kenny had received a badly cut eye.

Ernie Simmons of Leicester outpointed Tommy Windsor of Peterborough in eight at Deptford. Joe Slark of Egham won well over Syd Hardy of Deptford in another eight-rounder.

Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green came in a last minute substitute at the Mile End Arena to meet Freddie Morris of Stepney in ten and after a good contest, Cunningham was declared the winner. Joey Brown of Limehouse suffered his first defeat in a hard-hitting ten-rounder against Jeff Cowan of East Ham.

Len Wickwar of Leicester outpointed Gerry McReady of Belfast in ten at Loughborough.

Douglas Coleman of Tonrefail defeated Ginger Edwards of Porthcawl on points in ten at Bridgend.

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THE RING

Albert Pritchard of Hereford won a good contest against Len Isaacs, Llwympia, on points at the end of ten rounds at Crumlin.

Yorkie Bentley of Canada repeated his former win when he met Roy Mills of Sunderland in a return contest of ten rounds at North Shields.

Jack Davie of Blantyre won well over Ginger Mason of Portobello after ten rounds at Portobello.

Alf Hughes of West Hartlepool registered a meritorious win when he outpointed Frank Bonsor of Nottingham in ten rounds at West Hartlepool.

In the main event at Morecambe, Len Harrison of South Kirkby proved too good for Joe Bruce of Salford in a very good contest over ten rounds and won on points.

Bert Ison of Leicester outpointed Billy Kane of Staveley in a good contest of ten rounds at Leicester.

Terry Morgan of Blaenavon scored a good success at Cardiff when he outpointed Billy Griffiths of Abertiwr in ten.

Billy Clinton of Croy, Invernesshire, gained a narrow points victory over Jack McKenzie of Belfast in ten at Belfast.

A successful boxing show was recently staged "somewhere in England" which will go down in history as the first of its kind in the Great War of 1939. Eric Boon, lightweight champion of Great Britain boxed with his pal, Harry Silver of Clapton; Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champion, boxed with Wally Pack, ex-amateur middleweight champion; Dave Crowley and Harry Groves, ex-amateur, gave a good exhibition, as did Jack "Kid" Berg, who only arrived two days previously from U. S. A., and Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green.

The way these boxers were received by the troops, and the reception they were given, was a revelation. Further shows of this kind are certain to be asked for from the organizers, Jack Harding, manager of the National Sporting Club, and Sydney Hulls.

It did not take long before the government got down to business and allowed boxing shows to take place throughout Great Britain, and now civilians as well as troops will be able to enjoy a good scrap. (Pardon the pun!)

Boxing is flourishing in Ireland now that England has halted its program.

Fate still dodges Eric Boon, youthful lightweight champion of Great Britain, in his attempt to win outright the Lonsdale Challenge Belt in the record time of ten months, and beat the record now held by Jim Higgins of Scotland, for now comes the news that the Board of Control has decided not to allow permission for Eric Boon to take part in any professional boxing championship until he has defended the lightweight championship against Dave Crowley, the official contender.

Ronnie James of Swansea, one of the foremost challengers for Eric Boon's lightweight title, defeated Southpaw Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington in a hard-hitting contest of twelve rounds at Swansea.

The National Sporting Club will devote itself to providing boxing tournaments for the Services, and serving officers of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force will be eligible for honorary membership of the club. Sir Noel Curtis Bennett said he was in touch with Lord Chatfield and other authorities regarding the possibility of staging a Services tournament at Earl's Court.

Jackie Brown, the bantamweight champion of the Northern Area, has joined the Army Service Corps.

George Markwick, ex-heavyweight champion of the British Army, has rejoined his regiment, the Royal Field Artillery, and by the time these notes appear, he will be doing service against the enemy of the civilized world.

Others who have joined the Army are Taffy Jones of Wales, Boy Houghton of Widnes, Boy Parkes of St. Helen's, Martin Miller of St. Helen's, while Eddie Phillips, Len Harvey and Tommy Farr have joined the R.A.F.

Many others who attempted to join were told to wait to be called up, and many more are doing service at home as ARP Wardens and War Reserve Police. More of this later.

Kid Tanner, the British Guiana streak of lightning, had little difficulty in outpointing Frank Kenny, the featherweight champion of Scotland, in a ten-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool.

"Ginger" Stewart, official lightweight champion of Scotland and a lad who has come on by leaps and bounds, will be doing his bit "over there" with the Cameronians, a Scottish regiment which was nicknamed in the last war, "The Fighting Ladies," owing to their going into action in kilts.

Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow, a welterweight with a good record, has joined the Royal Artillery.

Readers around the country who are not able to get their current number of THE RING Magazine can arrange for same to be sent direct to them if they will send Postal Order of 1/7½ post free, as from October issue. This rise in price is on account of the increase of price of shipping the books to Europe. Don't delay in ordering your RING from John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin St., London, E. 1. You may be unlucky owing to the great demand. So long, pals, till next month.

CONTINENTAL NEWS

By GEORGE FARMER

THE Big Fight has commenced and the Allies are once more back into the far-flung days of 1914. Instead of deciding disputes in the ring with gloved fists, Herr Hitler has decided to do things with bombs. But it won't be long before he'll be down for the Full Count and fighting will be resumed in the way of true sportsmanship—in the ring.

Naturally there is nothing or little of any import along the boxing front, and your correspondent regrets having so little to report. We all hope that in the near future, when things have been straightened out, the game will once more drift into normal proportions and that we can once again give you good and interesting reading.

Numerous shows in England, Germany, Italy, Belgium, France and Holland have been cancelled. At Vienna, however, Carl Blaho, lightweight champion of Germany, by kind permission of Herr Hitler, successfully defended his title against Carl Bielski. Hein Wiesner of Austria knocked out Menabeni of Italy, and Ernst Weiss, bantamweight champion of Europe, outpointed Bruno Secchi of Italy. George Sporer was decisioned by Hans Norbert.

Valentin Angelmann, former world's I.B.U. flyweight king, was involved in a road accident which fortunately had no serious consequences.

Things were under way to match Marcel Cerdan with Gustav Eder for the former's I.B.U. welterweight championship of Europe, but the project has been dropped through, owing of course, to hostilities.

Sten Suvio, the Finnish welter, lost on points to Gustav Eder, Heinz Seidler stopped the Swiss heavyweight kingpin, Walter Van Buren, in four heats. Richard Vogt stopped Nico Droog of Holland in six stanzas, and lightweights Willy Seissler and Curt Bieslet boxed a draw.

The writer would like to thank Kenneth Brand for his letters and the fine pictures he has sent. We shall try to return the compliment. We also thank all those who have been so kind in writing in the past. I shall be glad to continue to get letters from my readers. The address: 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England.

SOUTH AFRICA REPORTS

By KEN DUNCAN

WITH dark, heavy war clouds gathering over the British Empire, South African boxers have been concentrating more on polishing their rifles than their punches lately. Johannesburg's hopes of a long period of prosperity, restored by the timely comeback of Laurie Stevens and the revivification of Big Ben Foord, one-time British Empire heavyweight champion—which, of course, doesn't mean a lot to America—were extinguished as quickly and suddenly as they were fired.

However, while Johannesburg was brooding over the approaching war in Europe, Durban impresarios got busy and staged a highly successful tournament. Tommy Bensch, the South African heavyweight champion, appeared on the card and was the recipient of a boxing lesson in ten chapters from Al Conquest, a Canadian now domiciled in the Union.

As Tommy Bensch recedes into the background, another emerges into the foreground. He is young Alf James, an adventurous Johannesburger, who fought his way through a tough, annealing school of heavy lightweights and light welterweights in England and has returned to his native land a fully-equipped and thorough fighting machine.

He had the critics ladling out the praise after his first appearance in which he whipped Snowy Smith in eight rounds.

Like most South Africans, James has speed and good footwork. Unlike most of his countrymen, he packs a heavy punch, which he used with telling effect on a gallant but hopelessly outclassed Smith.

James was a protege of Phil Zwick, who helped him through most of the eighteen victories he reeled off in England.

An early clash between the newly-crowned South African welterweight champion, Laurie Stevens, and James is on the cards.

Australian Herb Bishop suffered his second reverse in this country when he took a points beating from Dicky Barton in eight rounds. Bishop had previously gained a points decision over his conqueror. Max Hodgetts, a Carnera-like heavyweight towering to a height of six feet seven inches and weighing 205 pounds, knocked out Billy Allen.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

WALTER (POPEYE) WOODS, New York's hard punching Irish middleweight, was the victim of one of the rawest deals ever accorded a visiting fighter, when he was given a draw following his exciting 10-rounder with Ralph De John, local favorite, at the Coliseum. Woods' won by a city block, but the officials voted for a draw, a verdict that was booed for nearly an hour and almost resulted in killing boxing for all time in this fistic center.

The fight was a thriller from start to finish. De John opened a deep cut over Woods' left eye in the first round, which appeared so serious the acting club physician, Dr. Mengerelli, insisted the bout be stopped. Referee Jack Michaels attempted to look at the cut and Maxie Tropp, one of Woods' seconds, started an argument with the arbiter that terminated in both swinging punches. None landed and state troopers leaped into the ring to restore order. The gendarmes were most efficient, grabbing Tropp by the throat and pinning him against the ropes while others duplicated the trick on Michaels. The bell rang, and Popeye's other second, Nick Florio, was working feverishly on Woods' cut to stop the flow of blood. De John started from his corner at the bell but the ring was full of state troopers and he couldn't move!

Instead of claiming a victory by a "technical kayo" as Woods had not left his stool, Manager Gabe Genovese ordered De John back to his corner and there they stood, awaiting official action. Finally, while fans stormed about the ring, Deputy Commissioner Jack Hodges restored order, the troopers left the rostrum and the fight once more got under way. It was nip and tuck until the fourth when Woods put De John down for nine, and from the sixth to the 10th Popeye's left jabs smeared Ralph's face with gore, De John fighting back gamely, but taking plenty.

De John put up a courageous fight and proved he could stand up under punishment few had ever given him credit for being able to absorb. In fairness to De John, he was as upset over the decision as the crowd, for he announced after the battle: "Popeye beat me tonight, but I'll whip him yet." It was the third time the two have met and the third time De John has failed to defeat his nemesis. A crowd of 4,236 saw the contest.

The prelims were studded with sensational action, all ending in knockouts. In every case the victor was being outpointed before connecting with the winning punch! The results: Johnny Whiters, Pontiac, Mich., heavyweight, technically kayoed Pete Tamalonis, Buffalo, (5); Eddie Miller, Scranton middleweight, knocked out Battling Monroe, Buffalo (5); George Dennis, New York heavyweight, knocked out Johnny Flynn, Rochester (1); Bobby Funicello, Utica lightweight, knocked out Frankie Flynn, Batavia (2).

A show featuring Patsy Perroni-Chuck Crowell, Paul De Bello-Tommy Tedesco and Larry Anzalone-Eddie Miller in eight-round bouts at the Arena had to be cancelled at a heavy expense to the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., when Perroni was stricken ill with poisoning from an ulcerated tooth, shortly after the weighing-in the day of the fight. Forced to call off the entire show the club took it on the chin to the tune of $500. All fighters' expenses, etc., were paid in full.

A swell match for Syracuse—Melio Bettina vs. Ralph De John. A record breaker for Syracuse—Billy Conn vs Ralph De John.

Sold, lock, stock and barrel, the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., franchise is now the property of Archie S. Ajemian. The new owner took office as this was written. Anthony Smith, former president of the club is now vice-president, while Arthur Cohn is secretary and treasurer. Your correspondent retains the post of matchmaker.

LEFT HOOKS—Gabe Genovese took Ralph De John to New York to show the local flash off at Stillman's . . . . De John was stale and overtrained after working nearly a month for Woods, but the fact Ralph's body was in shape enabled him to take a fearful pummelling without much danger . . . . Baron Heinrich Frederich Wilhelm August Leopold von Stumme of Los Angeles, descendant of the Royal House of Hanover, who had his estate confiscated by Hitler two years ago, but is now an American citizen, was in town eight days with big Chuck Crowell, 6 foot, 5 inch, 216-pound heavyweight . . . . Chuck is a handsome, likeable kid of 22 and he looked great in the gym . . . . With the Baron and Crowell was Rudy Rosenberg, the fighter's trainer . . . . When Rudy demonstrates how to throw punches he nearly gives you pneumonia with the breeze manufactured by his blows . . . . The Californians took Gunner Goldberg, huge local amateur heavy, back to the Coast with them . . . . Harry Winkler, a nice guy from Hollywood, blew into town the day the Baron left with Red Green, Wesley Sellers and Bobby Bonger in tow, en route to New York City . . . . General John J. Phelan of the State Athletic Commission was in town as was Arthur Donovan for the ill-fated Perroni-Crowell match . . . . Donovan was assigned to referee the joust and it is too bad Perroni was taken ill as the match figured to do around $3,500 . . . . Had a nice talk with the General, who is a stickler for rules, but not half as tough as some of the columnists would have you believe . . . . He can give and take a joke with the best of them . . . . We are making a collection of 16 mm sound and silent movies of fights . . . . What have you? . . . . Marty Burstein, sports ed of *The Patriot*, gets all the inside dope on local fight doings and publishes it . . . . Kid Polo, local bootblack, who puts his money in the bank and has plenty of it, does a neat comedy boxing act with Dolly Hamburg, the "magnificent screwball," known to all boxing fans in this vicinity . . . . We will report an important go here for you in our next.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

AMATEUR mitt slingers have sounded off the advent of ring activities for the indoor season in local circles. Before this goes to press, T.N.T. Tony DeCarlo will have headlined the first fight card presented by the Elks Club with Matchmaker Johnny Burba bringing in the strongest opponent available.

Plans are being made to resume beak-busting as done by the professional gentry with the mailed fists. The pros will most likely run biweekly shows, to be held either at Convention Hall or Edgerton Park.

Seen and heard within the sound of the gong—Tough Tony Polozzi, The Shaggy, himself, has long since joined the married men's brigade . . . . Ol' Eddie Thomas, the portside Portuguese, is planning the same scheme . . . . Tiger Jack Matheson of Hamilton, Ont., has joined the R.F.C. air service since the entrance of his country into the second World War . . . . Same with battle-seared Tommy Farr of Tonypandy, Wales . . . . Leroy "Tiger" Smith paid his friends in Rochester a visit lately . . . . As per usual, the "Tigah" looked in good shape . . . . Although he is just a middleweight, he is often forced to fight heavyweights and always holds his own . . . . Whatever became of the promising flyweight, Shorty Dowd? . . . . Joey Stefano is the city's outstanding featherweight.

MAIL BAG—Miss Dolly Sand, Philadelphia, Penn.: Tony DeCarlo has never fought in the City of Brotherly Love. Lew Tendler was a lightweight and later a welterweight.

To quote a line from Miss Mary Grayce Santoli of Rochester, N. Y., with whom all good Americans agree: Let us hope American fighters will be able to limit their fighting to American prize-fight rings and not on European battlefields.

Mr. Boate, Gold Coast, South Africa: Thanks for your gift. It has been highly appreciated.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ALTHOUGH this city ranks with the best among fistic centers, a woeful lack of talent and a closed door to most managers leaves the situation as anything but promising. The fans would welcome a new club with a live-wire matchmaker and something may materialize before long. The Queensberry club hasn't staged a show since last spring but frowns on competition of any kind.

AROUND THE TOWN—The Mineo brothers have opened their gymnasium for the fall and winter season . . . . The compact little training quarters is at East Eagle and Jefferson Streets . . . . Big Leroy Evans, former Negro amateur heavyweight, has not set the world afire since turning pro . . . . Billy Kelly in the *Courier-Express*, reports that there may be a rigid investigation of the promotion of amateur boxing in Buffalo and vicinity . . . . Speaking of the amateurs, it is likely that Buffalo will see considerably more of the simon-pure stuff than of the professionals . . . . A good young heavyweight or light-heavyweight who can fight and possesses a punch can make a fortune in Buffalo . . . . Jim Slattery, Jimmy Duffy, Rocky Kansas et al piled up plenty of dough in their winning years.

Young heavyweights or light-heavies who can deliver the goods and have excellent records should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers must be free from managerial tieups and contracts.

Vince Plunkett, veteran manager and promoter, has the sympathy of the local fraternity in the loss of his wife, who died a few weeks ago . . . . Plunkett formerly managed Steve Halaiko, two-time national amateur lightweight champion.

Jack Herman, crack matchmaker of the Buffalo Sporting Club, is ready for another bumper wrestling season.

The Buffalo Sporting Club, which has a tieup with Paul Bowser, plans to bring some of the best grapplers in the world to Buffalo during the 1939–40 season.

HERE AND THERE—This column is glad to see Joe Lewis of Cleveland back in the promoting game . . . . Boxing needs men of the Lewis type . . . . Joe knows the game from A to Z and will certainly put Youngstown, Ohio, back on the fistic map . . . . Benny Ray, another veteran, will promote at Canton, Ohio . . . . We might say incidentally that the Crescent A. A. in Buffalo may also be in the field before long with the writer, Hugh Shannon, as promoter and matchmaker . . . . Tommy Moore, Jamestown, N. Y., one of the real smart fellows in the fight business, also has plans for returning to professional boxing.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

PATSY PERRONI, transplanted Clevelander, lost a close one to Roscoe Toles on the Louis-Pastor bout at Detroit. Pat, it seems, can do as good with Louis as any of the heavies that have been boxing the champion. He went ten rounds with Joe Louis and was not in the best of shape. If Perroni decides to get in good condition and take it seriously he should give Louis a lot of trouble.

Jimmy Reeves, 1939 National A. A. U. light-heavy champion, won his first three pro bouts, beating Johnny Trotter at Chicago, stopping Eddie Reynolds in one at Columbus, then going back and stopping Jimmy Hill of Washington Court House in two rounds.

Ross Widen, the Fighting Conductor, has come forth with a middleweight prospect that looks like the goods. He is Charley McCarthy (no relation to Bergen). Ross has a number of bouts lined up for this lad, and he is an improved boxer since going under the wing of Widen, who was a pretty good fighter himself only a short time ago. McCarthy is a willing kid who loves the game, has ability to punch as well as box, and he bears watching.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Johnny Risko defeated Sandy McDonald in Arkansas . . . . Jimmy Vaughn is still around New York . . . . Mike Gameire is still in Cleveland . . . . Tiger Brown is boxing around Detroit . . . . Johnny Papke is to make matches for a pro club at the Colored Elks . . . . Amateurs are still going strong around Conneaut and Ashtabula, O. . . . . Joey Ferrando is still around his home town of Ashtabula . . . . The Arena is going to centralize amateur boxing in Cleveland . . . . There are three wrestling promoters here in Cleveland, Walter Taylor, Bob Brickman and Jack Washburn.

Dayton, Ohio—Lee Hammond has been named matchmaker for the Eagles Club in Dayton, where they intend to run weekly pro shows. Lee has been around the game for a long time; in fact, he has been acting as a referee for the past ten years. He has a lot of friends in the game and should do things with the new club.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, Hotel Chester, Cleveland, Ohio.

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SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

BILLY CONN successfully defended his light-heavyweight championship against Melio Bettina of Beacon, N. Y., before a record crowd at Forbes Field. The first five rounds saw Billy on the receiving end, but in the sixth the tide changed and the champion had things pretty well in hand from then on. At the end both boys were cut about the face as well as the eyes. There was no doubt of the outcome and at the end Bettina was well exhausted. Mike Jacobs was the promoter, and he was assisted by Jake Mintz. The show attracted 17,532 fans for a record gate in local boxing, and the receipts were $67,892.30.

Preliminary results—Georgie Abrams of Washington, D. C., bested Billy Soose in the eight-round semi-final. Emil Josephs, local lightweight, was given a gift decision in his eight-rounder against Billy Marquart of Chicago. Marquart scored five knockdowns to win handily, three nine-counts in the first and two in the fourth. Carmen Notch was beaten in eight rounds by Milo Theodorescu of New York. In the six-round opener, Harry Bobo, local undefeated ebony-hued heavyweight, won almost as he pleased from George Hughes of the Hill. Bobo tipped the beam at 206 pounds and his opponent came in at 188¼ pounds.

Jim McGirr returned to professional boxing after a lapse of over three years at his Palisades in McKeesport. In the feature ten-rounder, Fritzie Zivic, Lawrenceville pride, stopped Ralph Gizzy of Donora in the second round. Gizzy had just recently returned from Chicago, where he had been fighting for the past few months. The other ten-rounder saw Mose Brown of McKeesport win by T.K.O. in the tenth and final round over Zack Robinson of the Clairton Police A. C. Robinson was helpless when Referee Ernie Sesto stopped the affair. Joe Mattis, local middleweight, who had a very brilliant amateur career, made his professional debut in a six-rounder against Ozzie Harris of the hill and dropped a disputed decision to the colored boy. Judge Jock Simco voted for Mattis, Chick Rodgers voted for Harris, and Referee Ernie Sesto decided in favor of the colored boy. Sammy Adragna won over Tony Roma in the other six-rounder.

At Hickey Park, Millvale, Fritzie Zivic stopped Pete DeRuzza of New York in the tenth and final round of the headliner. Rich Gregory of Butler won the decision over Johnny Sheppard of Cleveland in the eight-round semi-final. Willie Polan scored his thirteenth straight win in the professional ranks by easily outpointing Jimmy Burns of Johnstown in a six-rounder. The other six, Billy Miller of the strip won over Matt Ozneik of McKees Rocks, and in the opener Lee Terry of the hill defeated Blondy Ryan, a four-round affair, and both boys being colored.

In the first professional boxing show in several years at Rochester, Billy Soose of Farrell returned to ring warfare after a lengthy absence and won by T.K.O. in the first round over Joe Fedzwick, an unknown from New York. Referee Freddie Mastreen ordered Fedzwick's purse to be held up by the boxing commission. Willie Polan of Ford City won the eight-round semi-final from Jimmy Burns of Johnstown. Jake Mintz promoted the affair.

JUST A JAB—Joe Hornick returns home from a successful invasion of the Middle West . . . . Imagine Billy Conn coming up to Charleroi and purchasing two truck loads of furniture for his home in Pittsburgh. What's the matter, Billy? Aren't there enough furniture stores in the city? . . . . Duke O'Hara, managing a stable of fighters out of McKeesport, is also a member of the McKeesport Police Department . . . . After a successful outdoor season promoting the Charleroi Police Pension Fund boxing shows, Joe Todd has moved indoors for the winter months. Joe is also promoting the boxing shows in Donora . . . . The best place in town to pick up this world-wide publication is at Hersch's Drug Store, corner Fifth and McKean Ave., Charleroi, of course . . . . Jim McGirr intends to rotate weekly professional and amateur boxing shows during the indoor season at his Palisades in McKeesport . . . . Any information regarding the fight game in this sector may be obtained *only* if a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed. My address is Ray M. Todd, 1005 Lincoln Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Hughie Glynn, Coal Region heavyweight champion, made his second start as a headline performer in a show sponsored by the Town Hall A. C. Glynn's winning streak was broken by Mickey McAvoy, veteran scrapper from Brooklyn, N. Y. After six rounds of slam-bang action, the Glynn-McAvoy match was declared a "draw." The decision was a just one as both battlers fought hard throughout the entire contest, with the slugfest being very even. Considering all angles, Glynn showed much improvement in this match and looms to go a long way in the heavyweight division.

In the six-round semi-final, Jimmy Young, Dunmore middleweight, kayoed Emil Kozel, Throop's up-and-coming pugilist. Kozel was out front until the deadly haymaker was scored by Young in the fifth stanza. Kozel proved he isn't ready for experienced ringmen as yet, as was shown in the Young scrap.

In the other six-round matches, Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, decisioned Eddie Cooper of Houston. Downey tipped the scales at 205, while Cooper weighed in at 184, but looked like a "small light-heavy." Gunboat Davis, colored gladiator from Scranton, stopped George Marinko of Swoyersville in the first round of a scheduled sixer. A left hook to the stomach finished Marinko. In the four-rounder, Walter Kelly, Archbald heavyweight, made his pro debut by stopping Caveman Stevens of Scranton in the second round. In the opening four-rounder Lou Murphy, Scranton, stopped Ted Warney of Throop in the third round.

At Hazleton—In the first professional fistic show sponsored by the newly-formed Masonic Temple A. C. of this city, of which George Unis is promoter and matchmaker, Jackie Munley, Old Forge's region middleweight champ, gained the referee's verdict of a T.K.O. win over Tony Cisco of Norristown in the tenth and final round. Cisco was ahead on points, and according to press accounts, was battering Munley from pillar to post. The bout was first stopped in the ninth round by Referee Joe Sweeney of Wilkes-Barre, but was ordered to go by the club physician, Dr. Louis Macaluse, who stated the damaged orb wasn't bad enough to stop the contest. When Cisco answered the bell for the final stanza, Referee Sweeney allowed him to continue, but stopped the bout after a minute of the final round and awarded Munley the verdict by a T.K.O. win. State Athletic Commissioner George Jones, Jr., summoned all principles before him two days later at the commission's main office in Williamsport. After summing up events, Jones declared the bout a "no-contest" affair.

In the other matches on the Munley-Cisco show, Patsy Gall, Freeland lightweight, beat Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre over the six-round route. In another sixer, Chester Martin of Kulpmont beat Joe Casper of Wilkes-Barre. In the four-rounders, Leroy Ponzi, local featherweight, decisioned George Anthony of Wilkes-Barre, while Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre colored welterweight, beat Neil Miller of Pittston.

After being on the sidelines for over two years, "Bingo" Joe Banovic came back to the fistic wars to headline a show at the Kalurah Temple in Binghamton, N. Y. Banovic won a well-earned ten-round decision over Nick Rabin, another veteran heavyweight from Bethlehem, Pa. Banovic looked good in winning from Rabin and will give the ordinary run of heavyweights plenty of trouble in future matches. In the semi-final of six rounds, Tarzan Roy, colored middleweight from Scranton, lost his first bout as a pro to Larry Kellum of Oneonta, N. Y. Kellum's awkward style puzzled the colored Coal Region clouter. Gunboat Davis, another colored Scranton middleweight, kayoed Terry Rogers of New York in the third round of a scheduled six. The show was conducted by the Arista A. C., of which John McIntyre is head man.

A BIT FOR ALL—Elmer Hill and Ed Black, colored sportsmen of Scranton, are handling the ring activities of Tarzan Roy and Gunboat Davis . . . . Father Luke Hally, former Scranton priest and a great booster of boxing, is now stationed at Williamsport, Pa. The ex-Scranton cleric was always ready to give down and out fighters a helping hand . . . . Pete Susky will be getting referee assignments on coming boxing shows in the Coal Regions . . . . Abe Adell, Scranton promoter, has a high class fight show all lined up for his next Armory fistic offering. Mike Latzo is Adell's matchmaker and operates under the Anthracite A. C. banner.

THE RING can be purchased at most newsstands in the entire Coal Regions.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ASIDE from the heavyweight championship bout between Jolting Joe Louis and Bobby Pastor, at Briggs Stadium in Detroit, things were a little slow the past month. After surviving a terrific bombardment in the first two rounds, Bob carried on until the eleventh when one sharp wallop, a hard left hook, felled him for the full count. He had made a nice comeback, but went the way of all flesh when Louis' Sunday punch landed.

"Rough Roscoe" Toles, angular Detroit colored heavy, won from the cagy and ringwise Patsy Perroni in the six-round semi-final. The only other bout on the card which saw local boxers involved was the middleweight confab between Wyandotte's Joe Sutka and George Burnette, colored middleweight champ, which saw Burnette a handy winner.

K.O. Morgan, the modern version of "Ole Man River," turned in another win, this time taking the measure of the Filipino, Pablo Dano, in a 10-rounder at Stamford, Conn. Morgan, a real Connecticut Yankee, boxed around Toledo for years before making Detroit his home, but he still likes to show his wares before the old home folks in Stamford.

Joey Miehielove, Detroit's "Socking Serb," is headlining the Fairview Gardens indoor shows, as this goes to press. Not doing too well against the clever Speedy Johnson in the Gardens opener, Miehielove took on the tall, colored puncher, Mansfield Driskell, in their next show.

Howell King, flashy Detroit colored lad, now grown to full-fledged middleweight proportions, defeated former welter and middleweight champion, Lou Brouillard, in 10 rounds at Worcester, Mass. Howell has boxed many of the leaders, among them Cocoa Kid, Eddie Dolan and Fritzie Zivic, who fought him a draw.

Billy Hodges, hard hitting Detroit colored lightweight, ran into his first knockout defeat when he suffered an eight-round kayo at the hands of Pete Lello, Gary's clouting Pole. Lello has been stopping a lot of good boys lately, among them Eddie McGeever and Lew Jenkins. He has headlined cards all over the Middle West, and boxed all of the leading lightweights.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit's roaming lightweight, turned up in White Plains, N. Y., taking an easy decision over the seasoned Puerto Rican, Julio Gonzales. McIntire has won all of his bouts in Eastern rings, and is being sidestepped by the leaders.

Orville Drouillard, Windsor lightweight, who participated many times in Michigan rings, embarked on a career slightly different from his pugilistic trade, when he joined the Canadian army, and prepared to do his battling with high explosives instead of gloves. Our hats off to one of the gamest kids who ever boxed in this section, and we hope he does OK. in his new venture.

HEARD AND SEEN AROUND THE COUNTRY—Leonard Bennett, veteran Detroit welter, conceding Tony Garcia seven pounds and stopping him in one round at Houston, Texas . . . . Al Nettlow, former "River Rouge Rapier," winning over Victor Troise in New York . . . . Young Kid McCoy, crackerjack Dearborn youngster, stopping Frankie Agnes in four rounds at Chicago . . . . Incidentally, we remember Agnes as the red-headed Irish kid who thrilled Detroit fans, though losing to Al Nettlow, in an amateur bout a couple years back . . . . Billy Bengal, Detroit middleweight, flooring his opponent twice in the first session only to let said opponent, Al Tibbits, Danville, Ill., take the play away and cop an eight-round duke.

Junior Munsell, the big Indian who went over big in Detroit, boxing around California . . . . George Sutka, Wyandotte ace, who finally stopped Munsell's winning streak, now helping train his brother Joe, and still the most popular guy in Wyandotte . . . . Speaking of popular guys, we have it straight that Jimmy Salvadore, bantam who boxed Eddie Scott here, is kingfish in his home town of Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . . Baby Breese, the "Juvenile Assassin," boxing in Kansas City . . . . Danny Danduff, former Golden Glover, touted by Frenchy Greenwood as a promising heavy . . . . Spider Jack Armstrong, the great little Canadian feather, unbeaten around New York and going great guns . . . . His former rival, now stablemate, Baby Yack, doing okay also . . . . Spider Kelly still going strong at his River Rouge A. C., all the better fighters training there.

Tommy Morris, former star amateur featherweight, embarking on a professional career under the direction of popular Johnny McIntyre . . . . Benny Goldberg, Detroit southpaw sharpshooter, eyeing up the leaders in the bantam brigade. Recent wins over Herb Gilmore, Pepito Santini and Jimmy Urso, stamp Goldberg as a kid to be watched . . . . Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight with a new lease on life, and winning all his bouts in Eastern rings . . . . Gene Molnar, former favorite at Hazel Park, Fairview Gardens and in fact, all over Michigan, now a headline welterweight around New York . . . . So long, more next month.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

NORTH ADAMS—Jackie Thompson of Albany beat Barney Villa of Schenectady in the feature bout of six rounds at the Meadowbrook Arena. Eddie Bangs of Boston and Doug Murchie of North Adams went six rounds replete with action. The decision was a draw.

Al Hanaker of Schenectady knocked out Kid Jacks of Bennington in the second round; Sammy Garrett of Saratoga stopped Don Perry of Boston in two rounds; Tommy Blair of Pittsfield and Young Villa of Williamstown went three rounds to a draw; John Tarso of Adams beat Tony Ricca of Saratoga in three rounds; Tommy Rizzi of Schenectady stopped Eddie Mason of Boston in two rounds.

Danny Buckley of Holyoke lost a decision to Billy Hagen of Haverhill in an eight-round bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. Al Castonquay of Holyoke and Eddie Bangs of Boston fought a terrific battle for six rounds which ended in Castonquay getting the decision.

Jimmy Bell of New Haven won a six-round bout from Johnny Studley of Brockton. Eddie Mason of Boston won over Roger LaVallee of Holyoke in a three-rounder; Gene Gregory of New Haven won over Jimmy Jones of Brockton; Bill Conklin of New Haven won over Joe Seppi of Hartford.

Jack Dempsey's protege, Bill Boyd, won very easily over Joe O'Gatty of Newark in a 10-round main bout. Dempsey was a ringside rooter for his man.

Eddie Rossi of Malden won over Armand Remillard of Marlboro in six; Tony Gouvia of Brockton lost to Johnny Dougwillo of Marlboro in six; John Henry Eskew of Brockton stopped Art Pelky of Franklin, N. H., in the second round; Al Brouillard of Webster outpointed Jackie O'Day of Laconia in a four spot; Jackie Parker of Worcester won from Billy White of Franklin.

Charlie Baginski of Springfield won a decision over Billy Satry of Rockville in three. Roy Sockolowski of Springfield knocked out Al Richards of Hazardville in the first round; Charlie Hurst of Springfield won a decision over Jimmy Walsh of Chicopee; Harry Carrigan of Holyoke knocked out Billy Boylton of Chicopee in the first round; Joe Dunn of Springfield won a decision over Charlie Eackosen of Rockville.

Don Lyons of Holyoke technical K.O. over James Moore of Chicopee in the first round; Joe O'Neil, Springfield, technical K.O. over Babe Borrio, Rockville, in the third round; Jack Williams of Springfield K.O.'d Frankie Worci of Rockville in the first round; Eddie Ely of Pittsfield and Ray Duffy went to a draw in three.

North Adams—Danny Buckley of Holyoke beat Johnny Brandon of Albany in the main bout of the Meadowbrook Arena show. Doug Murchie of North Adams K.O.'d Sammy Martin of Boston in the third.

Eddie Goodwin of North Adams decisioned Carlo Daponde of Springfield; Jimmy Stathis beat Pete King of Boston; Tommy Colli of Boston knocked over Young Morgan of Holyoke; Young Villa stopped Frankie Dixon of Albany; Leon Lemeiux beat Billy Smith.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow beat Snooks Lacey of New Haven in the main bout at the Valley Arena. Pat Casey of Hartford lost a decision to Doug Murchie in six; Larry Baker of Boston took the count against Unknown Morgan of Hartford in the fourth; Jerry Bell of Springfield won over Joey Dillon of New Haven.

Danny Buckley of Holyoke won over Everett Ladd of Lewiston in the main bout at North Adams. Jackie Clark of Pittsfield beat Al Bodouc of Lewiston; Al Costa of Holyoke beat Eddie O'Tash of Lewiston; Hod Dockum of Bennington beat Walt Andrews in a three-rounder. Rex Johnson of Pittsfield knocked out Leon Lemieux of Bennington in the first round; Pete King of Boston beat Johnny Green of Pittsfield.

Charlie Baginski of Springfield won over Chet O'Rourke of Worcester in a main bout of three rounds in a semi-pro show at the Valley Arena.

Al Richards decisioned Ray Sokolowski of Springfield; Jackie Cobb of Worcester decision over Eddie Ely of Pittsfield; Lew Mellody of Windsor Locks decision over Tom Bruno of Springfield; Joe O'Neil of Springfield K.O. over Pete McCoy of Springfield in the second; Joe Dunn of Springfield K.O.'d Larry Carrigan of Holyoke in the first; Benny Woishnis K.O.'d Otis Kendricks of Springfield in the second; Walter Williford of Springfield decision over K.O. O'Bate of Rockville; John Lyons of Holyoke decision over Roughhouse Vivienzio of Springfield. All above bouts scheduled for three rounds.

Jerry Maloni of Springfield stopped Mickey Makar on a T.K.O. in the third round of an eight-round main bout at the Valley Arena. Johnny Dougwillo of Marlboro outpointed Pat Casey of Hartford; Al Costa of Holyoke T.K.O.'d Eddie Dulmaine of Worcester in the fourth round; Frankie Allen of Holyoke and Jackie Clark of Hartford boxed a four-round draw.

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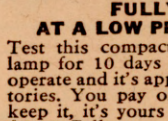

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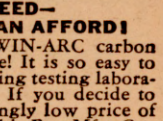

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

WARTIME boxing may prove to be more successful in Montreal and other parts of Canada than in the year or so immediately previous. Of course there are many detrimental factors, chiefly in the event of too many good battlers being enrolled to battle with more potent weapons in the cause of the Allies, or Democracy, versus Hitlerism, or Dictatorships. Already several Canadian fighters, notably Joe Marsh and Orville Drouillard, and ex-fighters, trainers, etc., have joined up. However, the game has survived all wars so far and it should continue to throughout and after this one . . . . we hope.

Montreal's last show to date featured Maxie Berger, former Canadian lightweight king, against Felix Garcia. The classy Montrealer had little trouble with his foe, flooring Garcia near the end of the first round with a perfectly timed right cross to the jaw. Berger outclassed his opponent from then on, taking advantage of every opening until a crashing right uppercut rendered Garcia helpless in the third heat. Maxie followed this impressive victory up by scoring a cleancut decision over Leonard Del Genio in New York to avenge a previous defeat inflicted by Del Genio three years ago.

Pete Sanstol's new French protege, Maurice Arneault, made a successful debut in Montreal when he whipped Myer Alper, Montreal lightweight, in the semi-final. It was a hard fought eight-rounder with Arneault finishing stronger to gain the nod. Alper put up a valiant battle against his aggressive, two-fisted, though light hitting foe, but his perpetual defect, lack of stamina again told on him.

Oliver Shank electrified the fans with a sensational knockout over Tommy Osborne, his local heavyweight rival, in exactly the same time Joe Louis disposed of Max Schmeling, 2:04 of the first round. Shank, showing immense improvement as a result of the experience gained in his fights last year with men like Al McCoy, Emil Scholz, etc., outclassed his rival from the start, paving the way with smashing left hooks and applying the finishing touch with a paralyzing right, rendering Osborne unconscious for some time. The Alberta boy, who now lives in Montreal, had a swollen right hand, sustained in training, but he did not let it "faze" him in the slightest.

Harry Hurst, Shank's lightweight stablemate, showed the punching prowess that brought him the Canadian amateur lightweight crown, by flattening Frankie DeCarlo, experienced Plattsburgh puncher, in five rounds. Hurst, engaging in his second pro fight, found his shifty opponent an elusive target for barrages to the head but upon switching to a ripping body attack he soon slowed his rival down to a walk. This colorful, two-fisted dynamiter is looked upon as a certain wearer of the Canadian lightweight crown in the near future with every promise of going right to the big money unless the war situation halts his progress. The smart youngster seems to have everything it takes.

The opener was an earnest six-rounder in which Eddie Petrin shaded Vianney Gauthier by dint of some timely counter-punching. The show showed a neat profit and should encourage the promoters to stage more. However, it does not look like another show for a while which is a mistake on the part of the promoters as they should strike while the iron is hot, instead of waiting till the hockey season gets under way. With Yvon Robert, local idol back as the local "world" champ, the mat game looks to be in for another boom. Nearly 10,000 were on hand when Robert scored over Dusek to regain his "title." If the boxing game slows down now the promoters will probably find all the worthwhile fighters enlisted by the time spring rolls around as they can't expect fighters to stay inactive all winter.

STRAY SHOTS—Eddie Carroll, the classy Ottawa boy who was about the best welter in Canada a few years ago, is back from a jaunt that took him to the Pacific Coast and the Mid-West, also as far south as Texas . . . Carroll fought in Des Moines, Iowa, several times and was also popular in Texas . . . . He is a heavy welter now and welcomes fights with middleweights . . . . Al Shank is getting back in shape and hopes to prove himself Canada's best middleweight . . . . Oliver Shank's one-round kayo over Tommy Osborne was scored a year and five days after his first battle with Tommy, in which he kayoed Osborne in two rounds . . . . He convincingly answered the pro-Osborne enthusiasts who claimed he fluked, by disposing of Tommy twice as quickly. Paul Doucet, better known as "Kid Lulu," scored a 10-round decision over Johnny Lifford of St. John, N. B., to win the Maritime junior welter title . . . . The Bathurst battler's manager, Jack Carroll, claims that Lulu is the best junior welter in Canada but both Maxie Berger and Harry Hurst would be favored to down such claims . . . . Pete Montesi, who commutes between New York and Danbury, Conn., has added young Willie Calhoun, amateur lightweight ace, to the pro ranks . . . . There is talk that Jeff Dickson of Paris may promote here but nothing has materialized to encourage that view . . . . Armand Vincent, former Montreal promoter, had tough luck as a result of the war . . . . It breaks out just as he gets himself well established as Europe's leading sports promoter . . . . Montreal could do with a Vincent now . . . . The war also caused Oliver Shank to forego two fights that had taken all summer to arrange . . . . He was to have boxed George Leslie and Ted Graham, the best heavies in the Maritimes, at Charlottetown, P.E.I., and one week before the first fight he got word they were cancelled as both his opponents were expecting to be called up for duty any day, Graham being already enlisted . . . . Well, cheerio till next month.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By ANDRES MARTINEZ
Batting for Milt Baron

JOE COEGO, in defense of his lightweight crown, drew in twelve rounds with Baby Oriental. The decision met with boos, as Coego deserved the verdict.

Joe Legon, Cuba's welterweight champion, scored a nine-round T.K.O. over Kid Bradad in one of the best fights of the year. A. Ramos put the skids under Cecilio Mestre in two rounds, and R. Alvarez outpointed Armando Diaz, alias "El Muerto."

Rayito del Ring won in ten rounds over C. Camagueyano, and Kid Jabao took a lacing from Kid Rabassa in six hotly contested rounds. Knockout Ruiz outpointed Alfred Quintero in six rounds, and J. Cervantes scored a seven-round technical kayo over Neno Rojas. E. Garcia won from M. Castro, and E. Valiente won by the knockout route over Jose Fuertes.

Joe Legon, welterweight champion, scored again over Cecilio Losada in one of the most bloody battles ever staged in Cuba. The Legon boy is certainly coming back to life.

Julio Marrero beat Miguel Puey; Jose Gomes defeated Julian Fernandez; Rufino Jimenez beat Gustavo Velez; Emilio Trajuado beat Angel Garcia; Evelio Saenz beat Juan Partillo; Raul Valdes outpointed Kid Rosalindo; E. Delgado won from Roberto Yanes; Puenti Pi beat Chino Ofarill; Eligio Alvarez won from Jose Armstrong, and Joe Hornedo beat Lazaro Diaz.

Santiago Sosa, Golden Gloves featherweight champion in 1938, beat Eligio Alvarez; Roberto Martinez beat Jose Ferrer; R. Orellano won from Rogelio Hernandez; Serafin Fernandez beat Abelardo Munoz; Arcadio Valdez beat Tranquilino Trevejo; Gilberto Preven bested Alvidio Capote; A. Martinez won from J. Diaz; S. Fernandez beat E. Calzadilla; M. Diaz beat F. Castaneda; Juan Arango won from Jose Rodriguez; Pedro Ruiz beat Roberto Ferrer; Manuel Castellano defeated Felipe Cueta; Jorge Cruz beat Miguel Pereda; Baby Galento beat Oropesa; Johnny Lawrence won from Demas Marin; Armando Abreu beat Arturo Rosales.

Angel Ruiz, corking middleweight, scored a sensational victory in six rounds over Reynaldo Gutierrez; Nicolas Hevia won from Evaristo Aparicio; Sebastian Alvarez beat Raul Montalvo; Jose Menendez won from Melquiades Dias; Jose Caceres beat Israel Hernandez; Diego Sosa beat Juan Astures; Luis Portela defeated Lazaro Cardenas; Lino Garcia beat Rolando Delgado; Manuel Lopez beat Jose Gomez; Eddy de la Toore beat Obdulio Crespo; Ramon Crespo beat Nicolas Duenas; Mario Morales won from G. Morejon; Angel Garcia beat M. Fernandez; Modesto Poey beat Carlos Gray; Julio Marrero beat Rolando Strong; Evelio Duran beat R. Hernandez; Emilio Vecundo beat Ciro Lopez, and Billy Caceres beat Domingo Goya.

ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS
By BILL REDWAY

GORDON GRAYSTON, the classy Edmonton middleweight, scored a knockout over Billy Dempsey of Moose Jaw, Sask., in Edmonton. Grayston outboxed and outpunched Billy throughout the battle and ended the affair with a right cross.

In the semi-final, Arnold Janitzen, Edmonton's non-stop featherweight, added Jimmy Rimmer to his list of knockout victims. Outstanding bout in the prelims saw Bernard Thomas, Edmonton welter, punch out a victory over clever Vic Pollok. Dunc McIntosh beat Ray Kaiser.

Ronnie "Frenchy" Beaudin, clever ex-Montreal fighter, punched out a decision over Eddie McSporran, former Western Canadian middleweight champion, in Calgary. McSporran was called out of retirement as a last-minute substitute against Beaudin.

The semi-final was a red hot eight-rounder, in which the rapidly rising young Edmonton middleweight, Leo Janitzen, held Mushy Callaghan of Calgary to a draw. In the prelims, Billy Dempsey knocked out Jack Pickles of Edmonton; Arnold Janitzen, also of Edmonton, stopped the winning streak of Angus McRae, and Phil Palmer, Calgary bantam, stopped Jimmy Rimmer of Edmonton.

Now that the promoters have gotten McSporran of Edmonton out of retirement, the smiling smasher is determined to show the fans that he can again wear the crown. He has settled down to serious training and will battle his old rival, Gordon Grayston, in Edmonton. Against Beaudin, he didn't appear to be in as good form as he was a year or two ago, but with a couple of fights under his belt, he should again be a dangerous threat to any Western middleweight.

Beaudin is overlooking the welterweight division and is anxious to battle Kid Dalke, the middleweight champion. While his battle with McSporran showed that he can do fairly well against the heavier boys, he will be in for a much harder battle with Dalke if they ever fight. Right now, it looks as if a bout with Cowboy Gordon Thompson, lightweight and welterweight champion of Western Canada, putting the latter title up against Beaudin would draw well in Calgary. Thompson would have a considerable disadvantage in weight, but he has proven again and again that he can put up a stubborn battle against a heavier opponent.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.
By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

BOXING fans failed to turn out in large numbers to witness the much ballyhooed double attraction at the Yankee Stadium between Sylvan McClean and Fearless Cecil, and Young Herbert of British Guiana and Young Blackman. The boys refused to fight, claiming that the crowd was insufficient to pay out acceptable purses, which was a reasonable contention from a financial view.

Two substitute bouts were quickly thrown into the ring, and here are the results: Busy Babsy of Trinidad made short work of Young Griffo, who was knocked for the doleful decimal in less than a minute's fighting in round two. A long overhand right from Babsy, who still had his sea legs (being only two days in the Island), spilled Griffo for the full count. Griffo seems to be a very horizontal fighter, having been stretched by Jack Sharkey a few months ago.

Lightfoot Kid bravely weathered a fistic storm from Joe Gans, who outweighed the plucky "Kid" by some ten pounds. Gans won a unanimous decision over a plucky little fighter, who has far to go if he is not overmatched. Gans also proved he has the necessary ability to go places.

Kid Francis, leading welterweight contender, returned from St. Vincent, where he scored three victories. A match between Francis and Sylvan McCann should be promoted to decide the welter title now vacated by Jack Montelle.

Caribbean Notes—Young Delaney, welterweight champion of British Guiana, knocked out Young Jack Johnson, the middleweight champion, in the sixth round, annexing the middleweight title. Johnson is a brother of Kid Tanner.

Marciel Victorino, who was knocked out here by Jack Montelle, was held to a twelve-round draw by Young Dempsey of Trinidad at Trinidad.

THE RING Magazine can be bought from A. A. Guiler of the Bornn's Bay Rum Company, St. Michael's Row, opposite St. Michael's Cathedral. Cheerio until next month.

NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

LEW RAYMOND, who has brought New Orleans back into the fistic spotlight, organized the Boxer's Protective Association of Louisiana during the month of October and the latest innovation of Raymond has further endeared him with the press and public of the Crescent City.

Dick Burke, former president of the National Boxing Association and a prominent figure here in boxing, has been named president with such notables as Fred Digby, Kill Keefe, Harry Martinez, Pete Hearty, Lenny Elmer, Emile Bruneau, Harry Frisch, Johnny Cox, Marty Burke and Bill Shaw on the committee.

Ten per cent of the admission fee on each "ducat" is collected at the gate and one per cent of each fighter's purse is also deducted and the money is turned over to the B. P. A. and will be used for any fighter, manager or anyone connected with the boxing game in the State of Louisiana that is in dire circumstances. The movement has clicked and it is Raymond's plan to have a home erected in St. Tammany parish, where all members that are sick may recuperate.

The Boxer's Protective Association will also prevent any manager from taking a fighter away from the person having the contract on him. Raymond says any fighter leaving his manager without a just cause will not get any work from the Auditorium Boxing Association, of which Raymond is the matchmaker.

A similar organization will be started for Negro fighters here with Negro sportsmen, fighters and managers at the helm. Paul Grey, matchmaker for Marty Burke, will appoint a proxy and committee. Several benefit shows will be staged, both white and Negro, and the money derived will be turned over to each respective committee.

Jimmy Perrin continued on his winning way at the expense of Frankie Covelli here during the latter part of September and the New Orleans Italian probably will move up a notch in Eddie Borden's featherweight rankings as a result of his conquest of Jimmy O'Grady's crowd-pleaser from Brooklyn. It was a good fight and enjoyed by $4500 worth of paid customers. Covelli lost no friends here in defeat and the aggressive Italian is always welcomed back. In a previous bout, Covelli kayoed Perrin in four rounds. It was sweet revenge for Emile Bruneau and the Speedy Perrin.

Leo Rodak and Nickie Camarata had it out in an encore bout in New Orleans over the twelve-round route as this edition went to press. Last month Rodak lost a close one to Nickie. The advance sale for the rematch was one of the best the A. B. A. has enjoyed since Lew Raymond took over the matchmaking post. On this occasion, Rodak won the award after twelve rounds, so now the natural thing is for a rubber engagement over the fifteen-round route.

Santos Migilore, protege of Johnny Cefalu, the former Coliseum matchmaker, made his re-entry into the boxing game a winning one last month when he defeated Young Villa of Texas. It was Migilore's first start in sixteen months and the little French Market featherweight looked very impressive. It is the opinion of sports writers and boxing fans here that if Santos sticks to his knitting he will go places with Cefalu.

Ervin Berlier, former top-flight lightweight, also started on a "comeback" last month under the management of Emile Bruneau.

Marty Burke, former heavyweight contender and pal of Jack Dempsey, is doing a tremendous business at his Vieux Carre bar, grill and gymnasium on Bourbon Street in New Orleans. It is one of the show places of the Crescent City. Pictures of heavyweight champions from John L. Sullivan to Tunney adorn the walls of Marty's bar.

But occupying the top spots are life-size paintings of Pete Herman and Tony Canzoneri, only two local fighters ever to win a boxing crown. Herman, now blind, was one of the most popular figures at opening night. Pete and his pal, Sam Saia, were guests of honor for the night.

Visiting and local fighters train free of charge at Burke's and there is no charge for spectators to the workouts. There is also a special class for business men and for the first time in years the fight mob really has a place to get together in the wee hours of the morning and talk shop. In the future out-of-town managers and promoters had best call Burke's spot when trying to locate any of the fight mob during the day or night.

Young Polite, Crescent City Negro featherweight, without a loss in 69 consecutive ring battles, 62 of which were by the kayo route, left for Los Angeles following his knockout of Little Fast Black last month. Chris Dundee, manager of Nickie Camarata, watched Polite in action against Black and Chris predicted a brilliant future for the New Orleans Negro, who only recently celebrated his 18th birthday.

Johnny Fisse, former bantamweight star, is the top conditioner here for out-of-town fighters. Johnny works with Leo Rodak and numerous other visiting boxers.

Paul Grey is doing a swell job making matches for Marty Burke's Negro fights. Grey is well-liked locally and knows just what the followers of Negro fights here want. The top cards here at present are Young Polite, featherweight; Holman Williams, Johnny Jackson, Harvey Massey, Eddie "Kid" Carson, Little Fast Black and Alex Justin. Grey runs every Friday night at the Coliseum, which has a seating capacity of 6700.

The writer can be reached at 1531 Annunciation Street in New Orleans. It will be a pleasure to give readers of THE RING and fighters and managers any information concerning the doings in New Orleans and other Southern boxing centers.

SHADOW BOXING—"Brother" Kron, one of the top Southern fight trainers, has done such a swell job of prepping Jimmy Perrin that nearly every New Orleans fighter is after his services . . . Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight protege of Johnny Fisse, won a $25 bonus for the best prelim fight of the night on the Perrin-Covelli card . . . Joey Argiz, lightweight idol from the French Market, the same section that gave Pete Herman and Joe Mandot to the boxing game, is rated the best crowd pleaser among the many New Orleans preliminary boxers . . . . Chris Dundee, manager of Nickie Camarata, is "spoiling" all the boys here in the fight game . . . . Chris never fails to send a score of boxes of candy and cigars back to his numerous friends in New Orleans when he returns East . . . . Pal Moran is waging a winning fight against the dreaded disease—tuberculosis . . . . Pal's son, Paul, is the hit of local amateur fight clubs . . . . Marty Burke also has a son fighting as an amateur . . . . And, like Pal's youngster, Marty's lad is also named Paul.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WITH the proposed World Series eve program featuring Tommy Spiegal and Johnny Stevens falling through, Promoter Benny Becker paired Young Harry Wills and Bob Thomas, rival Cincinnati Negro heavyweights, for the feature ten-round bout to be staged at the Music Hall Arena.

Columbus, O., with Whitey Morrett as promoter, has just about closed for an Ohio bantamweight championship bout between Tom Stanley's Cleveland ace, Georgie Pace and Joey Palmo of the Billy Meyer, Cincinnati, stable. The winner should be undisputed champion of the state, and with a promised title meeting with Sixto Escobar promised the victor, the Capital City should see a battle plus.

Herb Gilmore, Cincinnati featherweight, was going great guns around the Gulf Coast before he ducked over East. Herb, in Houston, Galveston and New Orleans, won a decision over Russ Gonzalez, drew with Knockout Barrado and won a decision over George Murlay. Johnny Stevens, another Cincinnatian, is winning regularly around the Lone Star State sector, as is Bob Nichols, a light-heavyweight.

George Eschman of Cincinnati won an eight-round decision over Al Pedro of Pittsburgh in Cincinnati's first indoor show. At Middletown, O., on the first of September, Sonny Hatsme, Dayton Filipino, pounded out an eight-round verdict over Bobby Hawk of Columbus, and Jimmy Saylor of Middletown whipped Tony Mason. Willie Curtsinger continued his winning ways in Wilbur Morgan's Manchester, O., arena, this time scoring over Don Knauff of Portsmouth, O.

Buddy Walker, Columbus heavyweight, scored the high light upset of the month when he won on a five-round technical knockout over Floyd Gibbons at Columbus, O.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—My systematic form of checking national boxing results and for which service I charge only $1.00 per year, offering releases on the 1st and 15th of each month, is clicking okay . . . . this service is invaluable to promoters, managers, sports editors and boxing commissioners, as well as dyed-in-wool fight fans to follow their favorites or check fighters' activities about the country . . . . complete information can be had through Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, O.

Billy Meyer's office in Cincinnati is now supplying Middletown, O., with fight talent . . . . the Meyer office will probably handle the booking for several other clubs in this vicinity during the 1939-40 indoor season . . . . Karl Ogren, the Stone Lake, Wis., manager, has finally hit pay dirt, so it seems, in his four stars of the fighting pad, namely Billy Gillespie and Arne Anderson, heavyweights; Don Swenson, welterweight, and Jimmy Collins, an Irish middleweight ringster . . . . Lark Jones' big colored heavyweight from Indianapolis, Elza Thompson, came through with another winner, this time over Buffalo Barcus on the Baer-Ritchie program at Lubbock, Texas . . . . Whitey Morrett is doing wonders in Columbus, O., as is Harry Lennon and Karl Ogren in St. Paul, and Lew Raymond in New Orleans . . . . Cincinnati will have a new club and a new set-up this winter . . . . fighters with good records and who have no managers, should contact, for action in this section, Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, O.

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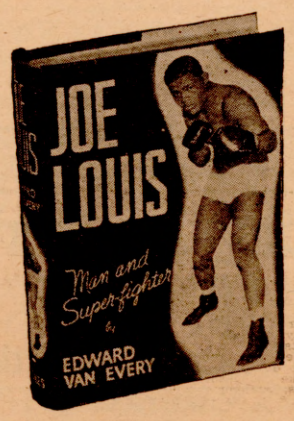

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

FOR the second time within two months, "Beltin'" Ben Brown came out on the long end of the decision with the ex-middleweight champion, Teddy Yarosz. Jack Dempsey, who refereed the second match, hoisted Brown's arm in triumph after the tenth round was over with no hesitation whatsoever. As in the first Brown-Yarosz go, the fight took place in Atlanta's Ponce De Leon Ball Park before a capacity crowd of close to ten thousand fans, who paid a gross of $10,591.45. Dempsey gave Brown, the home town boy, four rounds, the second, fourth, seventh and eighth; Yarosz, one, the first round on account of Ben delivering an accidental low blow. However, Teddy had an edge also in the fifth. Referee Jack called the third, fifth, sixth, ninth and tenth all even.

From the first to the last, the card presented by Promoter L. C. Warren was the best witnessed in Atlanta in months. The "Ole Cunnel" proved his sportsmanship when he put on a show he knew would cost him over six thousand dollars. That was a big chance, as the Atlanta fight fans have been a fickle group in the past. This time the Georgia capital has definitely proved that she is in line for big time boxing. From reports received through Promoter Warren, the first Brown-Yarosz go drew something over six thousand dollars, but was almost doubled in this most recent scrap, with Jack Dempsey as third man. Also, writes the promoter, Atlanta is back in the fight game of a decade ago.

Another good sized crowd greeted Promoter Al Jensen's professional fight program in Jacksonville. The return affair between Jim Bowden and Al Williams was responsible for the turnout and found Bowden copping his second win over the tall Miamian. The boys, light-heavies, put on a sockaroo.

In the semi-final affair, which stole the show, Ralph McGaghin and Leon Foucart went the limit to a draw. Foucart was downed three times from McGaghin right-hand wallops but got up each time to give his adversary a tough evening. Both boys received a thunderous ovation. Foucart was outweighed by 12 pounds, scaling 158.

They met in a main event the following week and this time there was no question as to who was the better man. Both put up an even fight for five rounds but from the sixth on up, Foucart drew away and won easily, in 10. However, there is an alibi for McGaghin as he went in there against the doc's orders, suffering from a wrenched back. The best fireworks of the night were displayed in the Bogieman Coleman-Clarence Ponce bout. These little bantamweights socked each other all around the ring for six action-filled cantos. Coleman rallied in the fifth and sixth, scoring two cleancut knockdowns to boot, and galloped away with a victory.

Tommy "Killer" Kiene, THE RING'S best bantamweight bet in the October issue, again took the measure of Red Hutchins in a close 10-round bout in Tampa, Florida. At the end of 10 rounds, Tommy was awarded the duke and the Southern bantamweight championship belt. This win for him was his 53rd. He has one draw and no losses to date. Kiene's light-heavyweight stablemate, Joey Cash, went to a torrid draw with Delmos Long, Fort Myers lad, in the eight-round semi. Long's famed right hand found its mark quite a number of times on Joey's chin but the Savannah lad convinced the West Florida slugger it was of granite and couldn't be put out. Cash fought back savagely for the draw.

Vic Finnazzo, Baltimore welterweight, fought a draw with Yucatan Kid at Miami Beach, keeping his record in Florida clean. Yukie made his best efforts in the closing rounds but Vic's early margin was too much to overcome. They went 10 rounds. In the semi-final, eight rounds, the Philadelphia Jumping Jack, scrappy Irish Johnny Dean, plastered Mario Perez for an easy outing. The Philly puncher weighed in at 142, about six pounds less than his fighting weight. Buck Buckalew, 133, decisioned Al Manriquez in six rounds. Manriquez tipped 134. In four-round bouts, Alex Cupiano beat Joe Lanahan in a lightweight tilt and Billy Holland decisioned Al Smith in a welterweight duel.

Journeying to Savannah where professional boxing is starting a comeback, several Jacksonville athletes appeared on Promoter Charlie Mell's inaugural presentation. Your humble correspondent also made the trip with the boys and we find Savannah is very much ready for the pro cuffers. Promoter Mell presented in the main event of 10 rounds, but which only went two, Tommy "Killer" Kiene, local pride and joy. His opponent was the clever Petey Powell, who had the misfortune of catching one of Tommy's lefts in the pit of the stomach in the second to end the bout with Kiene the winner. The semi-final, an eight-rounder, found Joey Cash, light-heavyweight stablemate of Kiene, putting on the steam to finish the winner, closely, over Billy O'Brien in a local tilt. Heavy socking featured this bout which went over with the crowd. As expected, Bogieman Coleman and Lew Williams stole the evening's honors with their slam bang six-rounder. Lew took the measure of the rough little Jacksonville boy and his exhibition of scientific boxing was a marvel. Bogieman had Williams down for a count in the fifth chapter from a left hook to the plexus but was too wild in an effort to kayo the elusive Lew as his only chance of winning. Both weighed 120. Marvin Cumbie took four rounds away from Jimmy Powell, winning his bout but had to take several rights that hurt. On the whole, every bout was a humdinger and the card was a big hit with the fans.

Ben Brown, Dixie middleweight kingpin, climbed another step nearer his goal, the title, when he followed his second win over Teddy Yarosz, with a four-round kayo over Frankie Allen of New Orleans, in Augusta, Ga. It was scheduled for 10 rounds. Ben had Frankie down for a count shortly after the bell for the fourth round sounded and a few seconds later administered Allen hors de combat. The Atlantan carried a four-pound pull in weights, scaling 160.

The following is my rating of the South's best at their weight: Heavyweight, Bob Sikes, Pine Bluff, Ark.; light-heavyweight, Jimmy Webb, Houston, Tex.; middleweight, Ben Brown, Atlanta, Ga.; welterweight, Kenny LaSalle, Houston, Tex.; lightweight, Sammy Angott, Louisville, Ky.; featherweight, Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, La.; bantamweight, Tommy Kiene, Savannah, Ga.; flyweight, none.

Jose Estrada, rugged Mexican battler from Jacksonville and St. Augustine, made Sammy Magro step through 10 torrid rounds to get a draw.

A day stay at Savannah—Watching Tommy Kiene closely, we are positive this popular lad will go far in the punch and pay game. He has the ability and displays an ever-aggressive attack as seen when he knocked out Petey Powell in two rounds. If this boy Kiene was performing where the leading bantamweights are now making their stomping grounds, no doubt the sensational Savannah southpaw would be in national recognition. Yours truly heartily recommends him to any promoter, in or out of the country. The youngster only needs a chance to show his stuff and he will undoubtedly get it within a few months when his pilot, Carl Moss, and he will trek East.

The Texas state feather champ, Nash Valdez, dubbed the Mexican jumping bean, will be in Florida for the season, according to Manager Eddie Davis and after that the fighter and manager will go to New York City for engagements . . . . Two bright and coming New Jersey glovers, they're brothers, Pete and Babe Kelly, are among the early ones to be coming to Florida and will possibly make the trip with a brother RING correspondent, I. Q. Gross. Both boys are receiving considerable praise from THE RING which featured them in a story in the New Faces column two issues back. Pete has been in Florida rings before and did well for himself. Babe is the youngest of the two and has the earmarks of being a somebody in the future.

Boxing presentations are now being given in Ware Shoals, S. C., under Ed Davenport. On his first card, the tough Wade Allison lost a close decision to Jay Chapman in 10 rounds of a welterweight fracas . . . . Jackie Carter, Southern lightweight, who is under Jack Laken, will be in South Florida as in last year, to help inaugurate the state's boxing season. Jackie was one of the most popular lads hereabouts.

Kingpin Delmos Long got his biggest and best boost in the last RING when Eddie Borden called the Fort Myers, Florida, light-heavyweight the Best Prospect of the month. Del is Fort Myers' best drawing card and improves in almost every bout. Long is quite a kayo artist. He celebrated his honor by rocking Young Rocco of Key West to sleep in three rounds in the home town before a large crowd.

On the same card, which Don De Sautel promoted, Ray Myers, Jacksonville middle, was plenty rough with Billy Parker and lost what he should have won, the decision, in a six-rounder.

Co-Promoters Harden and Freeman of Burlington, N. C., presented Hardrock Harden to the local fans and the Hardrock came through in convincing style to take the nod away from Eddie Crawford, ex-University of Tennessee football star. The scrap was filled with hard and furious fighting for 10 rounds. Both are light-heavyweights. Also on the same card Rutt Snyder, promising lightweight, won a three-round K.O. over Frog Talley; D. C. Smith won a second round T.K.O. from Carl Wilson in a short but sweet bout. A fine attendance was on hand.

Bob Sikes, Southern heavyweight monarch, took a four-round T.K.O. victory over Jack Marshall of Texas in a Little Rock ring. The Texan declined to answer the bell for the fourth due to an injury earlier in the fight, to his left weapon. A capacity crowd was present for the tussle and saw Bob, after the first round in which Marshall was the aggressor, turn in a heavy body attack that had Marshall holding on and was well on his way to a victory despite the Texan's plight. In the semi-final, Maxie Doyle scored a technical knockout in the third over Mike McCoy. The latter suffered a fractured rib due to Doyle's heavy body punching.

Fight attendance is growing by leaps and bounds due to that spectacular rise of Arkansas' sensational heavyweight, Bob Sikes. In Hot Springs crowds have hit the 2,500 spot; likewise, Pine Bluff and Little Rock heads the state with 3,000 attendance.

Florida will be a busy fight center this winter. Shows will be staged at West Palm Beach, the state's best fight club; Miami Beach, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Tampa, Fort Lauderdale, Orlando, Fort Myers and possibly Jacksonville.

The high ranking given in THE RING Magazine to the Muscle Shoals Athletic Club of Florence, Alabama, has in turn rewarded the sensational Southern amateur boxing team with some swell offers to have that club perform in various parts of the country. Challenges have been received from Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. featherweight boxing champ, who is now handling the Buffalo, N. Y., amateur club; Baltimore, Md., Kansas City, Mo., Augusta, Ga., Shreveport, La., Charleston, S. C., and the Palmer House Club of New Orleans, La. Some of these clubs ask that the Alabama amateurs come to their cities; others are willing to come to Florence; and several teams have offered to match the team at either place. C. O. McNees has charge of the Florence lads.

Two of the many examples of THE RING'S popularity in the South . . . . Bill Gore, fight trainer and manager, in Jacksonville for several days, couldn't buy a RING Magazine upon arrival in Miami after the issue had been on the stands 48 hours . . . . Writes Emerson Lucas of Florence, Alabama: "I've been taking my copy of THE RING with me and showing it to all my friends for the reason that the newsstand man here told me his copies of THE RING are gone within a week after they get in and is going to increase his order." There isn't a newsstand in Jacksonville that doesn't order THE RING. We understand that several of the stands send several issues out to little towns where this great reading edition isn't sold.

Joe Roybal of Texas, with his Three Musketeers, Ted "Mustang" Garcia, a lightweight; Pancho Villa, neat featherweight; and Georgie Gonzales, welter, all leave at this writing for a glimpse of that good Florida sunshine. Garcia should go great in Florida as his record is a most enviable one. The Mustang holds a win over Billy Deeg, Texas welter champ. Villa might be matched with Tommy Kiene, Southern bantam ace.

Tongues will wag a lot more different tune when they mention Irish Johnny Dean as a washed-up scrapper. The fighting Irishman took to the serious side at the right moment and upset the pre-fight dope and bucket by whaling the tar out of Toby Tobias in their 10-round main go at Miami beach. Toby carried a four and a half pound pull in weights, scaling 147 to Dean's 142½.

Joey Raymond, Tampa lightweight, put on his best showing and gained a hairline decision over Al Manriquez. Joey and Al weren't satisfied with fighting only six rounds and on four different occasions after the bell went to war until Referee Jimmy Peerless drew them apart. It was a rip-snorter and action was visible throughout each canto. Also on the Dean-Tobias card, Golden Boy, lightweight from Atlantic City, suffered a fractured arm with Joe Lanahan and had to lose by the T.K.O. route as the referee halted hostilities. In another unfortunate bout, Bobby Holland, welter, fractured one of Paul Westbrook's ribs and he also took a T.K.O. win in the fourth round. Henry Raymond, kid brother of Joey, outpointed Petey Peterson in four rounds of a bantam duel, and Jimmy Blair won a T.K.O. from Teddy Hall in the first.

Bobby Wilson of Orlando has returned home after several successful years in the East. He opened his home campaign with a six-round kayo of Cliff Greenwood in Tampa's Benjamin Field Arena. Kid Williams, Savannah left hook artist, stopped Richard Hernandez in two rounds of a lightweight tilt. Leon Foucart, Jacksonville youth, put a game Bob Monin down for keeps in three rounds. This Foucart can really punch and is a most unorthodox scrapper. Both are middleweights.

Lewin Williams, classy little bantamweight from Jacksonville, has the Indian sign on Bogieman Coleman for the lad has taken the measure of Bogieman in two of their three bouts. The first was a draw tilt. Lewin, if he continues to do his present good work, should be a neat contender for Tommy Kiene's Dixie title and belt. Williams is one of the finest scientific boxers that these eyes have glanced upon and if some good manager does come along and take this youngster up, he will be rewarded by this bantamweight's ability in the near future.

Leroy Kid Barry, sweet St. Augustine lightweight prospect, put it over on Jimmy Powell twice in splendid fashion. Both bouts took place in Jacksonville and headlined Jimmy Murdock's semi-pro shows. He has a good punch and proved it with Roy De Mott, who fell a kayo victim in two rounds in a swell bout that had the fans turning over . . . . Jimmy Murdock, semi-pro boxing promoter in Jacksonville, has a Two-Ton Tony Galento of his own in Charlie Battle, rugged and very short welterweight. Murdock's best prospect, however, is Frank McGrath of Jacksonville, who was a co-winner of an automobile last year in the Georgia-Florida amateur tournament. Frank is a nice boxer and with a pretty good punch.

Dale Gardner, former lightweight fighter of note around 1910 and Mrs. Gardner are now making their home in Jacksonville, Florida.

At Fort Smith, Ark.: "Old Folks" Johnny Risko, one-time heavyweight contender, did some nice going in outpointing Sandy McDonald in the 10-round feature bout. Johnny weighed 196 and Sandy, 205. At Louisville, Ky.: Wild Bill McDowell, 152, won a 10-rounder over Bob Nichols, 144.

Bill Gore, famous in the South as her best fight trainer, writes that he has opened his popular gym at 22 Southwest First Street, Miami, Florida. No doubt the gym will be filled with the fighters who are going to be kept busy throughout the season. Boxers can contact him for action.

Carl Sivers, the Jacksonville Jewish sensation who showed promise of being a real scrapper, informs this writer that he has definitely quit the boxing game.

Walter Young is running the Rossville Arena in Chattanooga, Tenn., and is sponsoring the local amateur unit. Young, besides his squad of 55 amateurs, has inter-city bouts which are good attractions. Several of the leading Chattanooga lads are: Dub Baggett and Joey Wilson, featherweights; Don Minor, Jimmy Mathis and Charlie Wolfe, lightweights; Andy Gandy, flyweight; and Joe Smith, heavyweight. All these boys show promise of going places in the boxing game, according to Stiffy Williams, well-known professional handler.

Chick Phelps, Toledo, Ohio lightie, has arrived in Miami for the season and also following him are Panama Mickey O'Brien, speedy Savannah heavy, and Roger Goss of Picayune, Miss., who is anxious to meet the best welters in the Sunshine State. Roggie is coming with brother-manager, J. J.

Fighters, managers and promoters, please send all your news to me: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON

By LES SPONSLER

HARRY JEFFRA, Baltimore's popular featherweight, who less than three years ago jumped into the ring at the Carnival of Champions in New York and punched out a well earned decision over the highly touted Sixto Escobar, has returned to the limelight again by going fifteen fast rounds in Washington, D. C., with the title-holder, Joey Archibald, only this time to be the victim of one of the worst decisions ever given in the Capitol City.

The N.B.A. has ordered a return bout between the two within thirty days, and if the bout is staged in Baltimore, there is a possibility of a new record being hung up for light boys formerly held by Benny Schwartz and Pancho Villa back in 1923.

Eddie Kurland had his first boxing show at the Armory in Hagerstown, Md., with Joe Costelac and Maynard Daniels on top in an eight. Bobby Woods in a six with Scotty Smith, another six and three fours. Kurland should get off to a good start as the town has always gone for heavyweights and both Costelac and Daniels are extra big fellows.

Wrestling has taken on a new hold at Carlins Arena, where Ed Contos has been operating consistently for more than twelve years. After an absence of eight months the Duseks are back in the fold, and with the squad of Brothers Dusek, Bibber McCoy, Golden Terror, Rudy Strongbow and a few other top-notchers, it looks as though the muscle bending game may make a strong comeback this winter.

Pop (this correspondent's dad), well known to Baltimore fans for the past twenty years, where he had charge of the ushers under my promotions, passed away September 20 at his home in Baltimore and was the recipient of more than twenty floral pieces from the boxing fraternity.

I suppose it happens in most cities, and it's hard to understand why so many fighters have to leave their home town to make good in the ring.

Vic Finazzo, a rough and tough welterweight, has been around for more than eighteen months, and although he makes great fights, win or lose, he can't seem to be able to draw any money in Baltimore or Washington.

Vic lost three or four fights in Baltimore to Bucky Taylor, Howard Scott, Frankie Wills, but then came back and knocked out Joey Greb in one of the most sensational bouts seen here in a long while. He then went to Miami Beach, Fla., and got a close one over Bobby Britton, and on a second trip to the Florida city, he boxed a draw with Yucatan Kid. However, in Baltimore and Washington, Vic cannot seem to catch on with the fans, although the writer is of the opinion that he is as good a club fighter as has shown here in four or five years.

Twin fighters are very scarce, and to my knowledge, there have only been two sets of them in the past thirty years. Canada is sending the Johnson twins to the United States, where they will get their first start in a Maryland ring. Fred Johnson is the bantam champion of central Ontario and Eric is the featherweight champion of the same territory.

Nick Brown, former all-Service bantamweight champion, has just arrived from California and has a spot picked out near Camp Holibird, Md.

Goldie Ahearn, the matchmaker for Joe Turner in Washington, D. C., a combination for the past three years, has finally come to an end. Goldie will be alone in the promotion of boxing in the Capitol City, while Joe Turner will continue the promotion of wrestling there.

Joe Wallace grabbed a good-looking Swede by the name of Gunnar Svenski, a sailor from a Swedish ship in port at Baltimore and he looks like an able-bodied middleweight. A good-looking blond, twenty-two years of age, and he can punch like a mule.

There has been a raft of good material developed in and around Maryland in the amateurs and right now Billy Collins, Bobby Woods and Billy Carrigan are running neck and neck.

SHORTS—Jack Portney is doing very good in the billiard business . . . . Billy Salvage has signed a contract with Heinie Blaustein . . . . Jackie Hatcher of Richmond is coming along very nicely with the bad leg he received while boxing Paul Lee in Baltimore several weeks ago . . . . There's talk of Salisbury, Md., running boxing shows this winter . . . . Plenty of work in this territory for good club fighters, so contact this correspondent at the Gayety Theatre Bldg., Baltimore, Md. . . . . Lew Raymond has started a real training grind and goes in on one of the National A. C. shows shortly, and under the direction of clever George Sheppard may get to the top again where he was three years ago . . . . Steve Mamakos continues to be the busiest fighter to show here in years . . . . Lou Gevinson may quit the ring, according to reports from Washington . . . . Looks like the Century A. C. will get the Harry Jeffra-Joey Archibald return title match for a date in Baltimore . . . . There is talk of Red Burman boxing Max Baer.

Washington results—Harry Jeffra won an eight-round decision over Baby Yack; Spider Armstrong one-round K.O. over Lew Transperenti; Kenny LaSalle the duke over Steve Mamakos; Lou Gevinson a T.K.O. over Nat Kadan in eight; Joey Archibald an unpopular duke over Harry Jeffra.

Baltimore results—Wild Bill Boyd knocked out Joe Wagner in seven; Bucky Taylor knocked out Cowboy Howard Scott in six; Lew Feldman a ten nod over Chalky Wright; Nick Fiorentino won from Marty Gallagher in ten; Howard Langrath knocked out Al Lowman in five.

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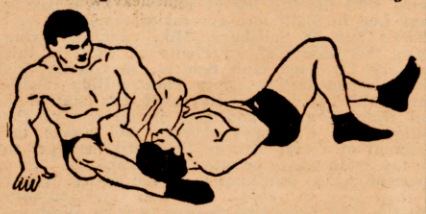

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

JIMMY GARRISON, Kansas City Irishman, punched Bruno Ahlberg of Finland at will to win a T.K.O. victory in eight rounds at the Hollywood Stadium. Ahlberg made a fight of it with his aggressiveness and courage, but Garrison's uppercuts had the Finn's head bobbing as though it were on hinges. Ahlberg's badly cut mouth caused Referee Abe Roth to stop the affair early in the eighth. Garrison weighed 140, Ahlberg, 145.

Ray Vargas, 154, won four of the six rounds from Al Hagar, 151, in an uninteresting semi-windup. Other results, all four-rounders, were: Bobby Bonger, 172, won over Charlie Murray, 172, of Texas; Charlie Miegel, 125, of Kansas City, decisioned Glen St. John, 123; Carlos Chavez, 118, and Harold Bell, 115, slugged to a draw, while Paul Woods, 124, won handily over Serio Mendoza, 122.

The writer of this column receives many letters from Negro boxers who are desirous of coming to Southern California, therefore I deem it my duty to inform all colored boxers contemplating a trip to these parts that they will find it tough sledding out here. There is but one club in Los Angeles where the colored boxers can appear, and there are dozens of Negro boxers in the city who cannot secure enough bouts to make a living. If this statement is doubted, I suggest that the skeptical parties write to either Jackie Wilson, Big Boy Bray, Georgie Crouch, Chalky Wright, Eddie Booker, Lloyd Marshall, Archie Moore, Yancey Henry, Henry Woods, or a dozen of other first-class colored boxers who are familiar with the conditions.

Nick Peters and Phil Zwick again furnished the Hollywood Stadium customers with something to talk about. In this second clash it was a low blow landed by Peters that caused the excitement. Zwick went down in the third, claiming a foul, and Referee Reggie Gilmore said the blow was a low one, but Dr. Wm. F. Carver said that Zwick would be O.K. after a short rest, so, after fifteen minutes of gabbing by handlers, athletic officials and groups of spectators, the bout was continued. The contest was halted and declared a draw at the beginning of the eighth round because of a bad cut on Zwick's nose, which Referee Gilmore said was caused by a butt. The fight was pretty much a repetition of their first clash, with Zwick having a slight advantage due to his educated left. Peters weighed 135, Zwick 127½.

Irwin Kay, 140, was awarded a close decision over Zeke Castro, 139, in a thrilling six-round semi. Other results: Frankie Kainrath, 123, Chicago, stopped Babe Antuna, 125, in two; Jimmy Lakes, 144, won over Jimmy Gleason, 143, in four; Terry Orchard, 154, Salt Lake City, decisioned Marine Saxell, and Jim Egnotoff, 192, won by T.K.O. over Jack Townend, 206, in second round of opener.

Richie Lemos and Eddie Marcus crammed a lot of action in two rounds of fighting at the Olympic Auditorium and emerged from the brief conflict with honors even, the bout being stopped and declared a draw at the end of the second round because of an injury to Marcus' eye, which Referee Charlie Randolph said was the result of a butt. This brief contest furnished the same whirlwind action that these featherweights put on in their first meeting several weeks ago, with Marcus again putting Richie on the floor for nine in the opening round. Each weighed 128¼.

Jimmy Casino, 152, and Al Smith, 149, fought a bruising six rounds to a draw in the semi. In other bouts, Gene Spencer, 135, Chicago, went four rounds to a draw with Archie Grant; Jimmy Lakes, 146, won by T.K.O. over Frank Serna, 144, in the second; Louie Vera, 128, outpointed Tino Sanchez, 125, in 4, and O. C. Loftus, 174, decisioned Bob Brown, 181, in the opener.

Ocean Park—A packed house turned out to see Babe Brandelli and Georgie Hansford stage one of the best scraps ever seen in the Ocean Park Arena. At the end of eight rounds it was declared a draw, but most of the crowd thought that Brandelli rated the nod. Tommy Garland stopped Clay Rowan in the second round of the semi.

Baby Arizmendi, 137, and Joey Silva, 135, topped a program of four ten-rounders at the Olympic Auditorium that brought out the best crowd seen at the Olympic in months. Arizmendi won the decision in a hard fought tussle which was advertised as "for the Mexican lightweight championship."

Bobby Pacho, 158, and Turkey Thompson, 159, staged the thriller of the night in the first of the ten-rounders, with Thompson, a colored youth with a Sam Langford build, getting the nod. They slugged furiously for the full distance, dishing out much punishment, with the Mexican veteran taking two trips to the canvas.

Tommy Tucker, 177, Jimmy Johnston's up-and-coming youngster, decisioned Jack Dallas, 181, in ten. Dallas, a counter-puncher, is hard to beat and he caused Tucker plenty of trouble for the first half of the fight, but the baby-faced Irishman gave Dallas a body beating in the later rounds that slowed the Texas heavy down to a whisper.

Big Boy Bray, 213, won by T.K.O. over Odell Polee, 186, in the ninth round, Referee Jack Kennedy stopping the bout because of an injured eye suffered by Polee. Each scored a knockdown in the second round.

San Diego—Shorty Hogue of Jacumba, larger of the fighting Hogue Twins, had his winning streak brought to an end by Tommy Garland of Ocean Park, who stopped him in the second round. Each weighed 158.

Lou Salica defeated Manuel Ortiz in their ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium, just as he figured to do, but the game little Mexican gave the New York Italian plenty of trouble. Salica gave Ortiz a severe beating in the early rounds and on a number of occasions it appeared that Lou was to score a K.O., but each time the Mexican gamester weathered the storm. Salica came in at 117, Ortiz tipped the beams at 116.

Gene Spencer, 134, Chicago, decisioned Johnny Verdusco, 136, handily in a fast six-round semi-windup. Other results: Harold Bell, 115, appeared a winner over Frankie Gardea, 116, but the bout was declared a draw; Frankie Martin, 129, and Rudy Oden, 129, fought a four-round draw.

Little Dado and Jackie Jurich fought a ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium that was a classic. The scrap was fast and hard fought all the way, with Dado taking an early lead and appearing like a sure winner, only to have the courageous little Jurich stage a rally in the late rounds that won the hearts of the crowd and caught the eye of the referee, who declared the fight a draw. Each weighed 113.

The scheduled six-round semi between Jimmy Casino, 159, and Ray Vargas, 154, was stopped and declared a draw in the fifth round because of Vargas' badly cut eye. They had been fighting on even terms. Other results: Zeke Castro, 135, defeated Elmer Lewis, 137, in four; Oats Zaidy, 140, and Carmen Georgino, 145, slugged four rounds to a draw, and Ken Wren, 147, decisioned Johnny Freitas, 154, in the opener.

Yancey Henry and Big Boy Bray, Negro heavyweights, staged a miserable attempt at fighting in a bout at the Olympic Auditorium, which was stopped in the ninth round and declared no-contest by Referee Jack Kennedy. They had tapped and clinched for eight rounds. It was announced that Henry couldn't fight because of a split thumb-nail, but no announcement has been made why Bray couldn't fight. An all-time record low of attendance of 1000 saw the fiasco.

In supporting bouts, all six-rounders, Francis Jacques, 188, won by T.K.O. over Pio Pico, 202, in second; Chico Romo, 139, and Henry Majcher, 146, fought a draw; Memo Llannes, 123, won over Frankie Kainrath, 124; and Hut Thompson, 146, decisioned Miller Fonseca, 146.

The bell robbed Tony Chavez of a K.O. victory in the tenth and final round in his match with Johnny Rohrig at the Hollywood Stadium. The New York boy was flat on his back at the finish and most of the crowd thought that he had been counted out, but the final gong had sounded before Referee Charlie Randolph reached ten. Chavez, weighing 142, won all the way. Rohrig weighed about 136.

Jimmy Cosino, 152, outclassed Tommy Warren, 152, in the semi. Cosino floored Warren twice during the six-round fray. In other bouts, all four-rounders, Jack Lunney, 140, won a close decision from Bobby Espinoza, 141; Harold Bell, 117, defeated Carlos Chavez, 118; Jimmy Gleason, 144, scored over Miller Fonseca, 148; and Lou Robles, 128, decisioned Bob Grimes, 129, in opener.

Ocean Park—The Hogue Twins, Shorty and Big Boy, both scored wins in a double main event at the Ocean Park Arena. Shorty, 160, decisioned Tommy Garland, 160, in six, and Big Boy, 147, laced Babe Hernandez, 148, in six, scoring two knockdowns over the Mexican.

THEY TELL ME—The Olympic Auditorium has dropped prices to 25 cents to $2.00. That may help, but what is really needed are matches that the fans want to see . . . . Bob Nestell has Chicago fans talking by his K.O. victories over Tom Keannelly and Chuck Crowell . . . . Big Boy Hogue is said to crave a match with Henry Armstrong . . . . Rudy Oden scored a nice win in decisioning Vern Bybee, classy Salt Lake City feather . . . . Cheers for Ceferino Garcia for his perseverance and determination to scale the heights after many years of effort and a number of setbacks . . . . Red Green and Wesley Sellers are having a wonderful time on their trip to New York . . . . Whitey Eckert is doing a nice job with his bantam, Harold Bell . . . . Gene Spencer, classy Chicago lightweight, has returned to the Windy City . . . . Georgie Hansford and Babe Brandelli are rematched, with the winner promised a go with Red Green. Green already holds a win over Brandelli . . . . David J. Walsh, noted boxing authority, has been added to the Los Angeles *Examiner's* staff . . . . Angelo Gileno, a handsome Italian boy, of Hawthorne, is one of the best prospects in local amateur ranks . . . . Jack Baxter, Hollywood middleweight, got off to a nice start in his pro debut by stopping Bill Malley in a round . . . . Time does not down the talk of a Red Green-Irwin Kay ten-rounder for Hollywood Stadium, but personally I'd rather see Green fight Tony Chavez at the Movie Arena . . . . Hank Hankinson was awarded $550 judgment against his former manager, Suey Welch . . . . Sunny Boy Walker whipped Jack Coggins at San Diego.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

JOHNNY KLEBER, 171, Melrose "Blond Thunderbolt," made a good start in his pro debut in the four-round opener at Boise, Idaho, when he knocked out Albert Ochs, 169, Bremerton, Wash., with a terrific right hand in 1:10 of the first round.

Art Lind, sensational Alborn middleweight, has had nineteen pro fights. He won eighteen, and the other was a draw. Quite a record! THE RING honored Lind by twice calling him the best prospect of the month.

Murray McLean's prediction that his Marv Wason would some day be a heavyweight is now a reality. Marv tipped 170 on May 1, and now, on Sept. 1, he weighs 190. That added weight should make him a more rugged fighter and harder hitter.

George Rerat, brother of Don, who pilots Billy Miske, Jr., is now in the fighting game also. George has Gene Weiss, huge 332-pound Lake of the Woods behemoth, under his wing. George has given Gene a new name—Desperate Dan Dorgan. Dorgan is being trained by Jimmy Potts, and he has the Desperate one down to 295 pounds now.

Dan claims his ancestors hailed from County Tipperary, Ireland, and were real scrappers. Weiss, now Dorgan, has had two pro bouts. He whipped Cliff Van in four and was kayoed by Sherwin Bogie in one heat.

Charley Gomer considers himself lucky that he never fought Art Lind, the hard-hitting Alborn Swede. Gomer, incidentally, rates right along with Espenson, Swenson, Wason and Lind when it comes to cleverness.

Pinkie George took Lee Sevold to New York for several matches . . . . Our letter to the Bulawayo newspaper contributor has been returned—unable to locate . . . . Ollie Bartlett of Minneapolis is promoting at Aberdeen, S. D. . . . . Chet Hall and Torch Rasley of Deer River are newcomers at Potts' Gym . . . . Rasley is a heavyweight . . . . Russ Wasser continues playing handball—wants no part of the ring . . . . Viola Aga is a ring fan and a first cousin to Lee Sevold . . . . Her favorite is an amateur, Little Jack Horner.

Johnny Kleber carries a terrific right hand. He kayoed Don Motzko in eighteen seconds of the first round with two punches when still an amateur! Charles Johnson of the *Star-Journal* said: "Kleber is undoubtedly the hardest hitter in the entire Golden Gloves, regardless of weight, and one of the hardest hitters in past tourneys."

Alipio Panichi is the new boxing promoter at Hibbing, Minn. Billy Colbert will do the match-making, as he does in St. Paul, Eau Claire and La Crosse now.

Remember Joe La Scotte, the clever St. Paul bantam, who once fought Johnny Ertle? Well, his son, Gene, isn't as clever, but he's just as hard to hit. In a six-round exhibition that turned out to be a real fight, Gene La Scotte, 154, short, stout, rugged, bobbing and weaving St. Paulite, surprised by holding Charley Gomer, 146½, St. Paul, to a draw. Gomer, out of condition, unimpressive because he elected to slug it out instead of box cleverly as he usually does, couldn't connect solidly on Gene, who clinched and held every time Gomer jabbed a left and started a right. La Scotte opened a cut on Gomer's lip with a hard left hook in the first, but Gomer evened it up with his aggressiveness. In the few remaining seconds of the sixth, Charley drove over a solid right cross that started the blood spurting from Gene's nose, but before Gomer could step in with a left or a right, the Frenchman had covered up and then the bell clanged ending the bout. That bout probably wrote finis to Gomer's career. La Scotte, incidentally, is undefeated, and plans to train down to 147.

Jesus Rodel, welter champ of Venezuela and South America, closely resembles Mike Kleber in build and facial likeness.

In a bloody six-round exhibition return go that again turned out to be a real slugfest, hard-hitting Gene La Scotte, 155, St. Paul, the fellow with a terrific left hook, ended the career of Charley Gomer, 146½, St. Paul, when he held his far more experienced rival to a draw. In the fifth, La Scotte smashed a left hook to Gomer's nose that started the gore running, and continued in the sixth. At the end, Gomer was the bloodier and bruised of the two, but his aggressiveness evened things up. La Scotte is a tough egg, and should go places if he continues to box. His left hook is one of the best seen in many moons.

Billy Whelan runs a trap-shoot in St. Paul, Ken Pearson works at the Ford plant, while Beverly Dunn and Gene La Scotte work at Montgomery Ward now.

Gene La Scotte is another Glen Lee in style, build and looks.

BOXING'S MIRROR—It was just six years ago (back in 1933) that Charley Gomer made his amateur debut in the main event spot at Sauk Centre. Weighing only 94 to his foe's 120, he took a bad pasting from Harland (Buck) Potter—the only boxer today that holds a decision over him that was not later reversed. They never were rematched. On the same card, Johnny Whitson scored over Bobby (Swede) Brown.

In a sixer at Garfield, N. J., Lee Sevold, 191, St. Paul, stopped Leslie Miller, 181, Newark, in 1:20 of the first round.

Piling up his second straight one-round kayo, Johnny Kleber, 171, lethal-punching Melrose "Blond Thunderbolt," flattened Cowboy Pete Heyward, 175, Butte, Mont., in the first of the four-round opener at Boise, Idaho.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Russ Wasser used to fight under the name of Russ Schultz years ago? . . . . That back in 1933, Britt Gorman kayoed Midget Wolgast in six, but forgot to lay claim to the title?

Aside to O. F. G. Day, Surrey, England—Sullivan and Cardiff did fight for the heavyweight championship. They fought six rounds to a draw on January 18, 1887. (Sullivan broke his right arm in the third round, not the sixth.)

St. Paul Auditorium—Promoters Karl Ogren and Harry Lennon opened the indoor season in Minnesota with a nice card. In the ten-round headliner, a rematch, huge Arne Anderson, 199, Stockholm, Sweden's heavyweight king, again knocked out Ed (Tipperary) Murray, 208, Chicago, in three heats. Murray's alibi had been that his gloves were too small.

In the eight-round semi, Gordon Wallace, 149, Vancouver, whipped the veteran Mexican, Midget Mexico, 145, San Antonio, but the decision was unpopular with the fans. In a six-round thriller, pleasing Solly Stark, 166, Deadwood, S. D., outslugged the hard-hitting Earl Peterson, 160, Appleton, and handed Earl his first setback in his last seven starts. Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul, decisively beat southpaw Billy Smith, 135, Minneapolis, in a sixer that saw Smith drop his first fight in his last twenty-three encounters. In the four-round opener, potent punching Floyd Hagen, 129, St. Paul, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Eddie Swanson, 129, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Jack O'Brien has started with amateur shows at Duluth . . . . Harold Steinman controls the destiny in full of Johnny Paychek now . . . . Steinman is a Minneapolis boy.

Minneapolis Armory—Tommy O'Loughlin has opened the indoor season in Minneapolis with a heavyweight carnival. In the ten-round headliner, rugged Tony Musto, 202, Chicago, was surprised and upset by tough trial horse Andy Kid Miller, 189, Sioux City, in a close bout. Miller hadn't even been conceded a chance to stay the limit. In the six-round semi, making his debut as a heavyweight, Marv Wason, 190, St. Paul, won an unpopular decision over hard-hitting Frank Androff, 185, Minneapolis. Hard-hitting Johnny Hanschen, 187, Minneapolis, just back from the Coast, bested blimp-built Bernie Bowman, 237-pound Chicago heavyweight, in six. Tony Yates, 146, Minneapolis, won the state welter crown from Don Swenson, 141, St. Paul, in a sixer that saw Yates floor Don in the second for an eight-count. Midget Mexico (Brescia Garcia), 145, San Antonio, beat Speedy Wallace, 145, colored Kansas Citian, in four. In the opener, Earl Peterson, 160, Appleton, beat colored Jerry Hayes, 162, Chicago, in four.

Murray McLean has purchased half interest in Tony Yates from Jack Solomon, and it is rumored Murray will also purchase the contract of Tony Musto. McLean already has Marv Wason, Earl Peterson, Emmett Weller and Louis Bell. Murray is going into this boxing business in a big way! . . . . And did you know that St. Paul's Jack Clifford, who now works at the Ford plant, once fought Gene Tunney and was on a vaudeville tour with Jack Dempsey?

Don Swenson may be suspended for not giving up his state welterweight title belt to Tony Yates, the new champ . . . . The gate for the Musto-Miller bout hit an all-time low of $700! . . . . Football, the heat, and broadcast of Nova-Galento is blamed . . . . Looks like finis to local boxing, with the last Anderson-Murray fight in St. Paul drawing only $1600! . . . . unless we have bigger gates.

Hibbing, Minn.—Arne Anderson, 199, Stockholm's undefeated Swedish champ, knocked out the bigger and now heavier Webster Epperson, 195, tall, mustached Sioux Falls darkie, in four of a tenner. Tony Yates, 146, Minneapolis' newly-crowned state title-holder, won an unpopular six-round decision over the lanky, colored Speedy Wallace, 145, Kansas City. Southpaw Billy Smith, 135, Minneapolis, beat Myles Martinez, 134, St. Paul Mexican, in another sixer. Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul, and Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, fought to a four-round draw. In the four-round opener, the promising potent-punching Floyd Hagen, 129, St. Paul, kayoed trial horse Red Grant, 128, Minneapolis, in two. Gate, $1600.

At Chicago, clever Don Swenson, 140, St. Paul, whipped coffee-colored Earl Gibbs, 136, Chicago, in an eight.

At Detroit, on the Louis-Pastor card, Lee Sevold (Savoldi), 191, St. Paul, scored a T.K.O. over Jack O'Sullivan, 189, Toronto, in two of a four-rounder. The rejuvenated Sevold was the most impressive prelim boy on the entire card, we are told, and Jack Kearns was so impressed he offered to buy half interest in Lee from Pinkie George.

St. Paul Auditorium—After being on the verge of a kayo in the second round, Johnny Paychek, 193½, Des Moines, and rated fourth best by the N.B.A., came back to outpoint rugged and game Arne Anderson, 199½, Sweden, in ten of the most savage rounds seen here for a long time. Both of these boys will some day battle for the world's crown. Anderson was cut to ribbons by Paychek's dazzling left that lived up to reports. Paychek's speed and cleverness kept him out of trouble, but Arne was always dangerous.

In the eight-round semi, hard-hitting Tony Martin (Cianciola), 155½, Milwaukee, beat rugged Solly Stark, 163, Deadwood, S. D., by a big margin in a vicious scrap. Jimmy Collins, 163½, Minneapolis Irisher, whipped Earl Peterson, 161, Appleton, in six. Webster Epperson, 195½, Sioux Falls, defeated Sherwin Bogie, 193¼, Minneapolis, in a dull sixer. In the four-round opener, Floyd Hagen, 128½, St. Paul, rolled up his fourth straight kayo in as many starts, when he kayoed another unknown in Eddie Whittler, 133, Minneapolis, in one heat. Gate was $4,600.

The Ace of Spades, "washed-up" Minneapolis Negro middleweight veteran, and Johnny Kleber, former St. Cloud district light-heavyweight king, are once again in our midst, both back from the West Coast.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BILL RAND, Chicago's outstanding promoter, presented Windy Cityites with the first nationally known fistic program since the Louis-Thomas titular combat in March, 1938.

Sammy Angott, sensational Louisville lightweight, won a split decision over Chicago's West Side Jewish pride, Davey Day, at the end of 10 rounds. Sammy, at the end of the first five rounds, possessed a comfortable lead. Davey got down to business, letting Angott lead and then Davey would step in with short jolting left hooks to the body and head. At the end of the ninth round Day had made up practically all of the deficit that he was behind; then Angott went after Davey in the 10th round hammer and tongs, scoring with both hands at close range to body and head with much frequency.

The 8,185 paid spectators contributed $14,880. Referee Tommy Gilmore voted 58—48 and Judge Ed Klein 53—47 for Angott, while William Battye, the other judge, cast his vote for Day. Thus you can determine for yourself the closeness of this contest.

In the semi-attraction of 10 rounds, Leone Efrati, Italian-Jewish importation of Emil Nanny's, after a layoff of nine months from ring warfare, drew with Eddie Dempsey, whom he had defeated and held to a draw in previous bouts. Leone scored heavily with body clouts and Dempsey managed to connect with several stinging left hooks to make it appear close for the aforementioned verdict.

In the six-round confabs, Alex Kettles won over Altus Allen. Kettles' weight advantage proved too hazardous for Allen, who was just engaging in his third pro appearance.

Another six-round conflict found Tony Zale, 160-pounder from Gary, Ind., an easy winner over Sherman Edwards, whom he punched from pillar to post until Referee Davey Miller halted the uneven encounter in the third round.

In another six-rounder, Tony Motisi, from the Catholic Youth Organization, removed his last obstacle in his quest for recognition as the most promising welterweight in the Middle West by gaining a most convincing six-round victory over the highly touted stablemate of Angott's, the veteran Johnny Durso. The final six-round tiff found Verle Davis, Kankakee punching artist, a one-round knockout conquest over Johnny Williams, Danville 147-pounder.

The opening joust of four rounds saw Johnny Janis of Brighton Park the winner over Jack Jersey, St. Paul Minn., heavyweight and protege of the ex-footballer, George Trafton.

Tony Motisi, rugged young warrior from the C.Y.O. in the welterweight division, proved his superiority over Verle Davis of Kankakee, Ill. Davis had gained for himself a comfortable lead at the end of the first four heats of their scheduled eight-rounder but ran practically out of gas in the showdown heats.

In another bout scheduled to go eight cantos, Tiger Jack Fox, formerly a leading light-heavyweight and who is now confining his activities to the heavyweight ranks, spilled young Orlando Trotter for the "count" in the second stanza. It was obvious from the outset of the match that Joe Louis' brother-in-law would meet the inevitable. The "Tiger" still retains much of his potency.

In the four-round frays, Johnny Pleasant, 1939 Golden Gloves 135-pound champion, made his debut opposite Manuel Leva of Mexico, winning along the kayo route. Kenny Lottman of Peoria was awarded the decision over Joey Ojida, young Mexican featherweight, and Pete Ferrand, another Mexican, won a scorcher from Billy Sherman in lightweight duels. These bouts were presented at the White City Boxing Club.

Tony Musto, pudgy heavyweight from Blue Island, has tailspinned into what is usually termed a slump. Tony has in recent months dropped verdicts to Gunnar Barlund, Eddie Simms, Andy (Kid) Miller and Buddy Scott. All of his opponents, with the exception of Simms, used their bicycles in order to secure victory over the determined Tony. Simms received the nod over Tony by the slim margin of two points, according to the official markings of the judges.

Lem Franklin, dynamic puncher, engaged in his first combat prior to his encounter with Tony Musto, who beat him. This time he encountered the elusive Clarence Brown. Lem for the first three rounds hammered and blasted Brown with telling punches, but couldn't put him down, while later in the contest Brown exhorted to hitting and grabbing and made a late 10th round rally, utilizing left hooks to gain the judges' and referee's estimations—a draw. This was a 10-rounder.

In the semi-feature, Phil Saeli, coming Italian protege of James Christopher, scored a cleancut decision over Johnny Balmer of Peoria in an eight-round encounter. Saeli, in a previous fight with the cagy Balmer, flattened his adversary with a left hook to the solar plexus.

Leo Rodak, Chicago's leading featherweight challenger, has been doing most of his fisticuffing in New Orleans, La. Leo was pitted against Jimmy Tygh, from whom he won quite handily, and then lost an unpopular decision to Nick Camarata, New Orleans hometowner. But financially speaking, Rodak is reaping the harvest, receiving at least $1,000 for each match.

Al Nettlow, former C.Y.O. representative, has started off on the right foot since being forced to the sidelines due to illness. Now that he is under the management of Al Weill, mentor of Champion Lou Ambers, Nettlow continued his winning ways by overwhelming Victor Troise at New York.

Willie Joyce, Gary lightweight, who has scored many a win in the Windy City, has embarked on an Eastern invasion, chalking up wins thus far over Jose Torres, nee Joe De Jesus, and half-pint Frankie Terranova, in eight-round confabs.

Bernie Bowman, blimp-built heavyweight, entered the squared circle, this time opposite a comparatively unknown named Johnny Hanschen, losing to him in six heats on the Musto-Miller fight card.

Milt Aron, West Side Jewish welterweight, received another soft touch when he gloved-off with Midget Mexico, who did even worse under the incognito of Brescia Garcia. Aron went through the motions of warming himself up to uncork one straight right hand and Mexico went out with the punch in round three.

In the semi-windup, Johnny Barbara, rugged South Bend puncher, took the measure of Tommy Pallatin, also from South Bend, in a welterweight embroglio for eight heated rounds.

In the four-rounders, Harry Fredericksen, now campaigning in the middleweight division, pounded out a triumph over Jimmy Denver; Jess Yarber, making his pro debut, beat Joe Ojida, and Billy Ryan stopped Jimmy Parks in the second frame.

The Veteran Boxers' Association held a meeting during the past month for the primary purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Alderman John Egan was appointed president. Joey Burman, great little bantamweight of a past era, was elected vice-president; Phil Collins, a former boxer and now a state referee of note, received the post of treasurer; and Eddie Shea, a featherweight who met them all in the bantam and featherweight ranks in the twenties and early thirties, gained the sergeant-at-arms appointment.

Billy Marquart, hard punching Canadian clouter, has suffered his second consecutive loss within a month in Pittsburgh, Pa. Sammy Angott defeated him in 10 and now Emil Josephs conquered him in an eight-rounder on the Conn-Bettina titular contest. Perhaps the Smoke Rings from Pittsburgh got in Billy's eyes!

Jimmy Christopher is nursing along three future professionals, who are at present campaigning in the simon-pure ranks. They are: Vito Rizzo, 120-pounder from the West Side, who has emerged victorious 22 times out of 28 matches; and Ed and Walter Baka, a pair of promising twins. They weigh but 112 pounds at present but should blossom out to featherweights in a few years.

Johnny Paychek, who is a most formidable heavyweight contender, confines his boxing jousts outside of the state. He journeyed up to St. Paul, Minn., where he romped to a win over Arne Anderson in a 10-round conflict.

In a supporting match on that same card, Tony Martin of Chicago won over Solly Stark, a Minnesota home product, in six rounds.

In a program headed by three eight-rounders, Johnny Barbara of South Bend thumped Tito Taylor for eight rounds before he put the crusher on the colored battler in the final round. Al Globe, Mexican from Dallas, outpunched Bob Ray of Danville, and George Nyberg of Toronto received the laurels over Tony Sopko in a rematch, avenging a previous loss. And in the four-round opener, Frankie Agnes, red headed Irish lightweight, became the first opponent to have his hand raised over Billy Seward in 12 starts.

Everett (Young) Rightmire, veteran 126-pound challenger, engaged in his first ring battle following his matrimonial venture. Sammy Sfaras, young Greek left hook artist, was practically fed to the wolves in his match with Rightmire, who dealt out a severe pasting to the game Sfaras.

In the eight-round semi-final attraction, Al Tibbits of Danville won a hard fought battle from Billy Bengal of Detroit. In another eight-round feature, Bob Ray, also of Danville, avenged a previous loss to Al Globe. Ray, although victorious, received a fracture of his right hand, which will prove a costly victory.

And in the four-round opening joust, Kid McCoy from Detroit pulled a surprise when he stopped Frankie Agnes in the fourth frame.

Sam Morris, protege of Joe Kneff, looked very impressive in his sparring session with Altus Allen, 1939 International Golden Gloves heavyweight champion. Sam, incidentally, hasn't as yet engaged in an amateur battle, but when he does, heavies, watch out! Sam just recently broke a bone near the fourth finger of his right hand and will be on the sidelines for two months in order to give the hand a complete rest.

Don't forget to have all news of interest relative to the boxing game in the hands of Gene Engel not later than the first of the month in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

JOHN ELIADES, popular Iowa wrestling promoter, opened up the indoor wrestling season before a large crowd of fans. In the feature bout, Jack Kennedy pinned Ed White in 19 minutes and 23 seconds.

The end came after Kennedy, Dallas, Tex., comer, had been illegally kept in the aisle by White. With a determined air, Kennedy climbed back into the ring, lifted White into the air and used a body slam to end the bout. The fall came after Kennedy had been bounced off the ropes three times and received a number of punches to the chin. In the preliminaries, Joe Corbett pinned Billy Sledge with an arm lock in 22 minutes and 45 seconds, and Gale Zeller used a stomp hammerlock to defeat Charles Harben in 17 minutes and 47 seconds.

Arnolds Park, Ia.—Amon Miller, widely known for his interest in amateur boxing and the promotion of several professional cards, has been secured to promote a series of boxing cards at Hartley, Iowa, this winter under the sponsorship of the Hartley American Legion.

Sioux City,, Ia.—Tony Novak of Kansas City, national Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, knocked out Lawrence Gatzke of Centerville, S. D., in the first round. Orlan Ott of Hartley, Ia., decisioned Carl Schroeder of Winner, S. D., in another heavyweight mix. Clayton Johnson, Sioux City bantam, decisioned Martin Frederickson of Lenox, Ia., while Dean Sorenson, middleweight from Pipestone, Minn., stopped Charley Read of Lenox in the third stanza.

Winners in the Sioux City *Journal's* amateur city title bouts were as follows: Jack Haney, 126; Willard Coonen, 147; Theodore Hollister, 175; Max Bekish, heavyweight; Don Gereau, 135; Donald Emmick, 118; Frank Schlezes, 160, and Vivian Johnson, 112.

St. Paul, Minn.—Johnny Paychek of Des Moines beat Arne Anderson of Sweden in ten rounds before 4,000 fans. Paychek won with superior boxing skill but he did not win without being in danger of being the victim of a knockout. Early in the second round, Anderson landed a stiff right to Paychek's jaw which staggered the Des Moines fighter. Paychek managed to hold on, however, and went on taking several hard blows in the following rounds. He recovered sufficiently to stab away at Anderson with his left and win the decision.

Anderson's left eye was closed and he was bleeding badly as Paychek won the closing round by a wide margin. In the tenth round, Paychek had Anderson on the verge of going down. The crowd booed the decision, but Paychek clearly earned the victory. It was Anderson's first fight over the ten-round route.

Emmetsburg, Ia.—Bill Allen, 120, Emmetsburg, took a decision over Leo Girres, 120, of Mallard, Ia., in the feature bout of a boxing card staged by the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Other results: Cliff Skrogstrom, 56, Ayrshire, defeated Billy Carpenter, 56, Emmetsburg; Gene Cookingham, 70, Ayrshire, took the decision from Keith Peterson, 70, Emmetsburg; Junior Wiese, 70, Ayrshire, outpointed Jack Weir, 70, Emmetsburg; Gene Chism, 97, Ayrshire, and Dale Hughes, 95, Emmetsburg, fought to a draw; Clarence Halstead, 120, Emmetsburg, won by a technical K.O. in the first round over Kenny Boehm, 120, Spirit Lake; W. Boitnott, 120, Cylinder, defeated Vincent Griggs, 123, of Graettinger in the semi-windup.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Reports from Des Moines, Ia., state that the fighting Baer brothers, Max and Buddy, will establish headquarters there for several weeks . . . . At present Des Moines ranks as one of the leading fistic centers west of Chicago, with Pinkie George, popular Iowa promoter, at the helm . . . . Everett Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight star, returned to action in Chicago, where he punched out an eight-round decision over Sammy Sferas of Chicago . . . . Dan Desmond, well known and popular Iowa sports editor, who has been prominently connected with Iowa amateur boxing for several years, was named as one of three judges for the Henry Armstrong-Al Manfredo bout in Des Moines . . . . Jimmy O'Grady, who promoted several outdoor boxing cards in Sioux City during the past season, has taken over the management of Johnny Pleasant, Negro lightweight . . . . Bob Morley, former amateur boxer, has been named boxing coach at Trinity College . . . . Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, scored a big hit at Minneapolis, when he gained a ten-round decision over Tony Musto of Chicago . . . . Remember, news for the column must reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia.

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KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By DICK CARTER

IRISH EDDIE McGEEVER, welterweight warrior from Scranton, stopped off in Kansas City long enough to headline Bus Breese's first card of the month in Memorial Hall. The opposition was furnished by Los Angeles' socking southpaw, Lefty Louie Flyer—but not for long. McGeever, displaying a most undiplomatic disregard for Louie's reputation, walked in and had the Californian so punched full of holes by the fourth round that the bout was stopped.

Louis "Brother" Jackson confirmed our suspicions that he is a future great by tooling out a two-round annihilation of the highly-regarded Frenchy LeMoyne, St. Louis 165-pounder.

Jordan "Bo" Davis scored another fine knockout victory when he starched Bus Talbot in the second round of their 130-pound argument.

Baby Lou Alcanter won a fair claim to the featherweight championship of Missouri by outpointing Eddie Lee, a boy from St. Lou.

Bus Breese copped a prize main event when he brought the Minnesota welterweight champion, Don Swenson, in to meet our hard-punching Harp, Pat Kissinger. Pat, greatly outweighed, was too much for Swenson, though the bout was hard fought all the way. Kissinger isn't scoring as many kayoes as he used to, but this is due only to the fact that he is developing into a fine boxer.

The semi-final to Kissinger-Swenson was won by our fast-improving Negro 132-pounder, Jackie Simmons, who outboxed Battling Chino Lopez, tough Mexican.

Charley Neaves, burly heavyweight, scored a not-too-brilliant kayo over one Matthew Frazier.

Vince McCoy, young welterweight, is doing very nicely in preliminaries and will soon be ready for better opposition. The same applies to Bob Peeples, bantamweight, who won over the veteran Skeeter Weems on the Swenson-Kissinger card.

It is rumored that boxing is going to open on the Missouri side of the river late in October with a heavyweight card featuring Buddy Baer.

Baby Breese, pride of Leonardville, Kansas, has upped and got married. The fortunate lady's name is Ila Woodhull—the best of luck to them! Would it be rude of us to beseech the lady to teach Babe the use of a left-jab? No one else has been able to.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

JOE AGUILAR, squat Denver Mexican, is Colorado's new middleweight champ, following his ten-round win over the veteran Mike Montoya in a hard fought Labor Day engagement.

Boxing lost one of its greatest characters in the death of Bob Edgren, noted sports commentator. To our humble way of thinking, Bob Edgren was far and away the best boxing writer in the country. His will be a hard place to fill.

At Monte Vista, Colo.—Babe Daniels, Walsenburg colored middleweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Mike Montoya of La Veta in a slashing battle.

Billy Pryor, lanky Pueblo middleweight, who has been fighting in Northwest rings with successful results, made a tremendous hit with Texas fight fans when he decisively outpointed Al Bernard over the ten-round route.

At Brush, Colo.—Still retaining a lot of his old-time wallop, Hank Bath, the eccentric Fort Morgan heavyweight, came back to the ring wars to score a one-round kayo over Cowboy Jack Dillon of Texas. Dillon was flattened four times before the referee halted the one-sided affair.

B. B., Alamosa, Colo.—Eddie Mack is located in Santa Fe, N. M., at the present time, where he is a special investigator for the district attorney.

Anyone wanting a list of active promoters in this neck of the woods can get it by sending a two-bit piece to the writer. Will also be glad to answer any queries on the ring game out this way. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

R. M. C., Delta, Colo.—Suggest you write Secretary Bill Morrissey of the state boxing commission to find out who holds the state bantamweight title.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

SAD news, indeed, comes from Orange where it is reported that injuries to Tony Galento's eyes may prevent him from again getting a chance at Joe Louis' title. After his victory over Lou Nova, Tony's manager admitted that the Beer Barrel Battler had suffered a hemorrhage in his right eye, probably caused by previous fights more so than the Nova tussle. When asked if this would stop Galento from fighting Joe again, Galento's manager, according to a Newark *Ledger* reporter, remarked: "Tony could lick that bum Louis with one eye."

Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, now operating a tavern in Bloomfield, was forced out of the fight game also because of an eye hemorrhage and continues to suffer from that ailment . . . . Al Balda is allowing Golden Glove entries to train free of charge at his Newark gym.

Dick O'Connor, the popular New Jersey trainer, is working his fourteenth year as trainer for the Kearny High football team. O'Connor seconds many of the state's leading fighters . . . . Buddy Brown, former Newark promoter, has built a roller skating rink in Hillside.

Billy White, Johnny Scavone's hard hitting welterweight from Baltimore, scored a seven-round technical knockout over Andre Jessurun, New York, at Newark. It was a good fight until Jessurun's left eye, which was patched as the fight started, began to bleed excessively, causing the referee to halt the proceedings. White floored Jessurun in the third for a nine count. White has now won eight out of nine fights in New Jersey, the other ending in a draw. In the semi-final six, Buster Hardy, Newark, outpointed his persistent rival, Seaborn Ashley, of Bayonne, also managed by Scavone.

Tony Galento's knockout over Lou Nova and Pat Comiskey's flattening of Jarl Johnson in Philly prove again that New Jersey has some of the best fighters in the land. One man who deserves a great deal of credit for effectively patching Galento's cuts in the Nova embroglio is Newark's popular Dick O'Connor, who went unmentioned in the metropolitan press. O'Connor is one of the most sought after seconds in the business.

Many thanks to our readers in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa for sending in boxing news and newspapers . . . . Joe Grace, the debonair Newark fight handler, reports that his favorite pugilist, Danny Tauriello, is back in action after an enforced layoff.

There is plenty of action in Newark for out-of-state boxers with ability. Boxing prosperity here is shown by the fact that in the recent bout in which Allie Stolz defeated Morris Parker the gate was $6,700. Stolz received $1,900 and Parker $800. Considering that these boys are only youngsters it proves Newark is a big league fight city. Fighters without managerial tie-ups who desire action in these parts should write to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Out in Hollywood, Johnny Rohrig, Clifton lightweight, lost a 10-rounder to Tony Chavez . . . . To Margie Walther, Bellevue, Pa.: Sorry, we have no pictures of fighters. Suggest you write to Nat Fleischer at THE RING.

LEST WE FORGET—Arthur Dixon, who trained many of the country's greatest fighters, died recently in poverty in Jersey City. Among those Dixon aided were Joe Shugrue, Frankie Burns and Charley Roden. It was due to Roden's efforts that Dixon's burial was properly cared for.

Pete Kelly, the promising featherweight from Beverly, is ready to return to action after a long rest. He may compete in Florida again where he won a series of bouts two years ago . . . . South Orange's Jay Macadon recently underwent a successful operation on his knee and has won three fights since then.

To C. Luippold, St. Louis: The address of Bill Gore is 211 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida. Yes, Gore is rated the best trainer and manager of fighters in that state and is always anxious to help aspiring battlers.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—James Jay Lawless, former Harrison heavyweight, recently failed to win a political post . . . . Roscoe Manning, Nutley middleweight, is a special cop in a Newark skating rink . . . . Joe O'Gatty has opened a hamburger stand in Newark . . . . Norman Wolfe is working in San Diego . . . . Bucky Jones is helping Jim Reilly promote at Morristown.

Among the most promising battlers in the state is Humphrey Stanard, Englewood featherweight, managed by the ambitious Bill Diamond. The Negro puncher has won 14 out of 15 bouts including among his victims Bobby Larkin, Tippy's brother; Pee Wee Bonito, Ralph Griffin, Sammy Santillo and Lew Greenberg. Stanard believes that he can whip Morris Parker. Both are former amateur champions.

Duke Slater, Miami promoter, has done a wise thing in signing Jersey Joe Walcott, Camden heavyweight, to headline one of his cards in the South this winter. Walcott is handled by Sonny Banks of Newark. Walcott is certain to please the Miami fans because he is an excellent boxer and puncher. Banks will also bring Vincent Reed and Buster Hardy to fight in Miami. If Reed wins his first fight he may be matched with Henry Armstrong and that would be a humdinger.

Maxie Fischer, Newark Hebrew lightweight, returned to winning form by outpoining Lou Fortuna, Philadelphia, in 10 at Newark. Fortuna won the first fight at Meadowbrook Bowl during the summer. In the semi-final of six rounds, William Henry Cheatum and Vincent Reed fought to a six-round draw. Both are Negroes and weighed 140. Sonny Banks was in Reed's corner and Cheatum was handled by the rotund Jimmy Krug.

Danny Daniels and Al Balda have joined hands and have opened a gym at 104 Mulberry Street, Newark, a place formerly run by Tom Ross. Daniels and Balda are catering to amateur battlers and professional preliminary boys. Ross operates a business man's training gym at 44 Commerce Street in the same city.

Freddy (Red) Cochrane, the Elizabeth battler, invites his many friends around the country to visit him at his newly opened Rickey Club in Hillside . . . . Paul Cavalier of Paterson, who is credited with much of Joe Louis' success, is now one of the state's best referees . . . . Bucky Jones is assisting Jimmy Reilly in promotion at Morristown. Reilly also expects to open at Elizabeth.

During the past month, two Newark fighters put up unsatisfactory fights with Wild Bill Boyd, Jack Dempsey's heavy, in out of town rings. Joe O'Gatty had peanuts thrown at him while losing to Boyd at Holyoke and Joe Wagner had his purse held up after being flattened by Boyd in Baltimore in the seventh.

At Trenton, Tommy Speigal, the Uniontown, Pa., gamester, won on points over Billy Mims, Philly puncher . . . . Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park light-heavy, lost a decision to Wally Sears in Philadelphia . . . . Johnny Scavone says Billy White, his hard-punching lightweight, will soon make his debut in New York.

Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, fought an eight-round draw with Jimmy Tygh at New York . . . . To Jim Hapolito, Honolulu: The reason your letter was not answered is because you failed to include a self-addressed stamped envelope . . . . Many thanks to Florence Reiser of Nice, France, for forwarding boxing news. We are always glad to hear from readers in foreign countries.

Porky Flynn, who was stopped by the great Jack Dempsey twice, is now an ironworker in Newark. When asked if he ever fought Dempsey, Flynn replies, "Yes, I shook hands with him twice" . . . . In last month's column we reported that the Buck Martin column in the Newark *Sunday Call* was really written by John Beer. A few days later Johnny came from behind his whiskers and revealed his identity . . . . Jimmy Brienza, one-time promoter, is back in the fight game with two preliminary prospects.

The Newark promoters get a headache whenever Maxie Fisher or Allie Stolz headline their cards because each demands numerous free ducats for relatives. Fisher, a veteran lightweight, started Stolz in the fight game and taught him almost everything he knew when Allie weighed 100 pounds. Fisher, then under the management of Hymie Caplan, succeeded in placing Stolz under the same management. Fisher and Caplan split relations when Caplan refused to share Stolz's earnings with Fisher as Maxie claims was promised him. Stolz, since that argument, has climbed up many rungs of the fistic ladder, and is earning more money than Fisher. Although Allie's top weight is 126 pounds, there is now talk of matching Stolz with Fisher in a regular grudge match. Such a bout would fill Laurel Garden in Newark.

Paul Cortlyn, the former Newark WPA worker, now fighting out of Houston, lost a ten-rounder to Kid Hermosilio of Mexico City at San Antonio. It wasn't so long ago that Paul told us he would never fight again. But a good offer brought him to Texas, where he has won the majority of his bouts.

Young Terry, the Trenton middleweight, is making his 'steenth comeback and more's the pity for Terry was through long ago . . . . At Atlantic City, Tony Cisco, Norristown middleweight, outpointed Eddie Dreher, Baltimore, in eight. Cisco once fought under the name of Ciaccio . . . . Joe (Butch) Lynch, Plainfield middleweight, is another fighter making a comeback.

A Southern promoter is desirous of booking Northern battlers for a winter campaign. Those with good records who are interested should write to the writer at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Prediction: We believe that Gus Lesnevich, the Cliffside Park light-heavyweight, has an excellent chance to dethrone Billy Conn when they fight in New York. In his last bout, Gus flattened the rugged Dave Clark, seconded by Joe Louis, at the Nutley Velodrome, in the first round.

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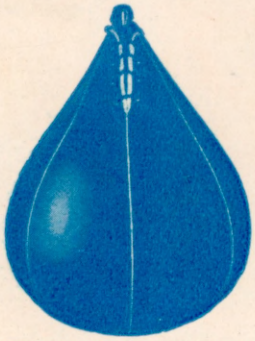

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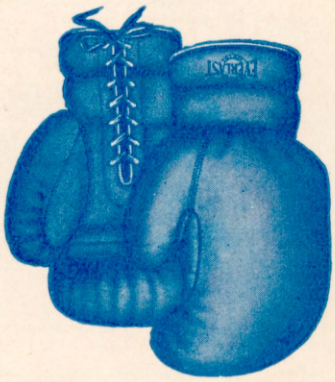

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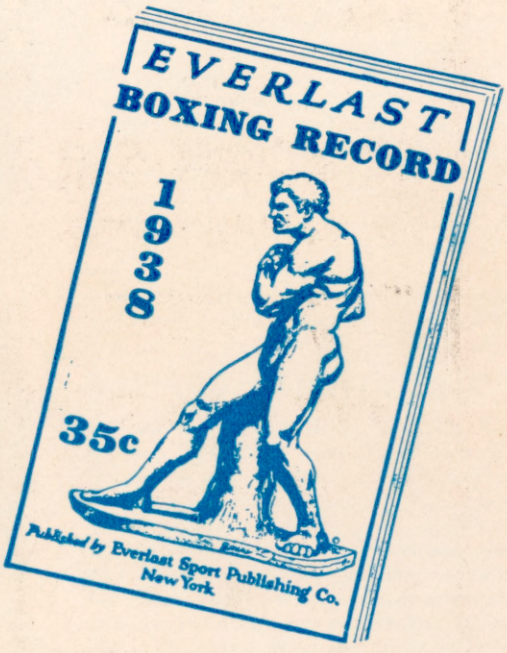

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